



UNIV. OF
TORONTO

THE

COMPANION.

BY

LEIGH HUNT.

"The first quality in a Companion is Truth."

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

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THE COMPANION.

No. I.—WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR W. TEMPLE.

PANTOMIME.

[This article is not upon the Pantomimes now playing at the two houses, but upon the general spirit of the entertainment so called, and its proper appreciation.]

HE that says he does not like a Pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. “The child,” as the poet says, “is father to the man;” and in this instance, he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged 35, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathize with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin’s quips and metamorphoses, is to want a perception which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits; it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one’s uncle; not to like, or see, a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathize with one’s children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes

upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state. Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another. The Clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter), but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender, fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept it in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the character to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer, from some particular part of the empire, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye for his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor's Fool, who loved "everything that was good;" and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to shew for it. It is the satirist, or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen, or of top-knots, the pretences of quackery; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change should be too hasty. But this view of it is only for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves now enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement. The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridling up like a pigeon: tipping out his toe like a dancer: then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the con-

verting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to shew us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy, and lo! beginning with it by degress, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for

Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old rascal it is! How void of any handsome infirmity! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon two-pence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look on the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear from his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, making himself a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram:—the sausages are abolished:—down go a dozen yards of macaroni: and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly; he slips from between with a "Hallo, I say;" and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors: while the Clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a gallon cask or a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers,

though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe; now undulating it in a waltz; or “caracoling” it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera;—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime; which is motion; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognized in the word Pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound, a *Pant-o'-mimes*; that is to say, a set of Mimes or Mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of Mimes expressing *Pan*, or Every-thing, by means of the *Toe*,—Pan-Toe-Mime. Be this as it may, Pantomime is certainly a lively representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving; there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere;—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! Look at them: they are evidently in full career; they have been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty, (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed); and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candour of their

hearts by condemning an entertainment they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense. Let those know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will,) would have given thousands to feel as they do; and would have known that it redounded to his honour and not to his disgrace, to own it.

BOOKS, POLITICS, AND THEATRICALS.

Books being a main part of our existence (for when we are not writing or enjoying the company of our friends, the reader may pretty safely predicate that we are reading,—perhaps during a walk,—perhaps with the book by the side of our plate at dinner) we intend occasionally to review new publications. We shall do this, either at large, or only in brief notices, as it happens; and in nothing do we undertake to be regular. We shall obey, in all cases, the impulse of the moment, answering only for sincerity and good intention. The opinion that we give upon any book, will be, such as it is, our own. We stake upon it our character for veracity, whatever may be thought of it as criticism. To say that a book is good, knowing it to be bad, will not be in us; much less to say that a book is bad, knowing it to be good; and as for our power to know a good book from a bad one (a qualification by no means a matter of course now-a-days with the critics) we have at least some portion of reputation to lose; which is what cannot be said of us all. This portion, whatever the amount of it may be, we stake accordingly. What the COMPANION says of anything in public, will most assuredly be one and the same thing with what he thinks of it in private; and he is willing to be thought ill or well of, according as he is found capable or otherwise of departing from this principle. There will be no wish to disguise names, if any body chuse to know them. The mask of anonymousness, which has been turned to so ill a purpose at all times, and to such atrocious ones of late years, will be no more than the most innocent of pretensions; such as a friend wears at a masquerade, when he wishes, not to be hidden, but to be known: and if the wearer offend any one, he will with pleasure take it off; equally prepared to shew a serene countenance to threat, and a remorseful one to conviction.

In short, criticism having done its best for many years, to induce the public *not* to believe it, we will see, in our small way, whether we cannot force the acknowledgment of at least one sample of trustworthiness; and this we hope to do, not only with sincerity, but with good-humour. Writers, who do not despair of entertaining, can afford to dispense with the excitements of abuse and calumny. Chatting comfortably and in good faith with our companion the reader, we shall not think it requisite for his amusement to get up occasionally and thrust out a neighbour's eye. Authors fated to die a natural death will not be troubled by us. Sims may retain, as long as he can, the left leg of his understanding. Hopkins may walk on, like the shade in Milton, with "what seems his head." Above all, live in peace all ye who would fain do so. If we attack any body, it will be those who attack without manliness; and the fair sex are hereby informed, that in the COMPANION they have a knight-errant at their service, the motto on whose shield is "Fair play to all, to the fair especially."

Our POLITICS will be addressed to those, who caring little for them in detail, are desirous of becoming acquainted with anything that concerns mankind at large. Politics, in this sense, are a part of humane literature; and they who can be taught to like them in common with wit and philosophy, insensibly do an infinite deal of good by mingling them with the common talk of life, and helping to render the stream of public opinion irresistible. In these latter times, the press has become a mighty power, which has taken its stand openly in the face of old assumptions, and is contesting the government of the world. That it will succeed is not to be doubted, if for this reason only,—that it is the interest of intellectual power to leave no part of a dispute untouched, whereas authority and assumption dare not appeal to a thousand points of knowledge. It is on this account, that the one insensibly remains master of the question, while the other (unless it be wise and make an alliance with it) is left like a sullen idiot on its throne, to starve with desertion. In our own country, we have lately had the agreeable spectacle of a prince, in whom the early lessons of liberality, which he appeared to have forgotten in his passage to the throne, seem to have retained their power of issuing forth again with a two-fold splendour, as if, in the very best sense of the word, he would shew the indestructible youth of his nature. But we have learnt to be cautious in our hopes about kings; and if an anti-liberal ministry should return, we should be more grieved

than surprised. Kings, like other people in the present state of society, are the victims of inconsistent education; and a man may do good and graceful things when he has liberal people about him, without being able to retain the liberalities that have moved him, or being superior to the will of the moment, which ever way that royal quality may turn. If his Majesty preserve Mr Canning's policy to the last, and choose to remain crowned with the good wishes of mankind, there is no regret we shall not feel at ever having mistaken him. If it be otherwise, he is but a king, subject to the common error of kings; and we have at least learnt to know, for our parts, that it is not by attacking any one for mistake, but by helping to throw the light of truth on the mistake itself, that the world with its new amount of knowledge is to be benefited. Book societies, new schools, Libraries of Useful Knowledge, "Twopenny trash" (as it has been called, and which is fast advancing beyond a great deal of Six-shilling trash, purely because it can speak the truth) all these are every day adding to the sovereign force of opinion, by increasing the consciousness of what it can do, and the calmness which is ever the accompaniment and the evidence of superiority. The winds have blown enough. Let the sun shine forth, warming and irresistible.

Meanwhile, to descend from these grand generalities, we find ourselves in a very new position—that of being ministerialists, if not absolute courtiers. How long this will last, we cannot say: but we can safely affirm, that the pleasure of finding ourselves among any crowd of human beings, (and a court is but one, and none of the very pleasantest,) can never seduce us into a preference of the few above the many. We would only add, to the old and good-intentioned opinion on that subject, that in not preferring the few to the many, we do not prefer even the many to the few: for we think, that what is good for all, is only and truly good when it is good for every one. It is justifiable that individuals should suffer in their progress to a general blessing; but society had better be dissolved at once, than remain stationary to the sorrow and discomfiture of any such bodies of human beings, as some, in their want of thought, would fain leave sacrificed to what they consider a necessity. There is no necessity, except that the common pulse of the world should continue, and that it should be fed with a healthy distribution of life and joy.

With respect to THEATRICALS, we have only room left to say, that we hope to have a criticism on some play or performer every week; and that, old stagers as we are, we have had a long interval

of absence from the theatres, owing to being abroad and other circumstances; so that "going to the play" again is a sort of new and juvenile thing with us, and we anticipate the pleasure of it accordingly. As there are many living performers whom we long to see again, so there are many we have not seen at all. We hereby give the ladies notice to put on their best airs and graces; the tragic actors to prepare their happiest miseries; the comic ones to out-do them in bringing the tears into one's eyes; and all, male and female, to study their most unstudied excellencies, and behave as if there was no such thing as a critic in life. "You dog!" says Sir Anthony Absolute; "if you have not been lying and cheating your father, I'll never forgive you." So we say to the performers:—"If you do not give way to your impulses and animal spirits, and act as if you cared no more for a critic than an old crust, we shall have no respect for you."

THE publication of this paper having been resolved upon very suddenly, and only a few days before the commencement of the new year, some perplexities arose with regard to the size of it in general, the consequent price of it, and the articles that were to appear in the first number. The advertisements in the daily papers varied accordingly; and among the articles which the change of the publishing day has rendered it advisable to omit, is one upon "Twelfth-Night." It shall be kept (if we live so long) till next year. And so, with this new piece of prefatory matter, and hoping that all will go smoothly, now that we have begun, we remain, like a suburb letter, the reader's very sincere friend, price Three-pence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received the verses of P., and hope to find room for them.

Erratum in the second page of the PROSPECTUS:—For "which keep the ear young for ever," read "keep the heart young for ever."

LONDON:

Published by HUNT and CLARKE, York street, Covent garden; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in town and country.—Price 3d.

THE COMPANION.

No. II.—WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

BAD WEATHER.

AFTER longing these two months for some “real winter weather,” the public have had a good sharp specimen, a little too real. We mean to take our revenge by writing an article upon it after a good breakfast, with our feet at a good fire, and in a room quiet enough to let us hear the fire as well as feel it. Outside the casement (for we are writing this in a cottage) the east-wind is heard, cutting away like a knife; snow is on the ground; there is frost and sleet at once; and the melancholy crow of poor chanticleer at a distance seems complaining that nobody will cherish him. One imagines that his toes must be cold; and that he is drawing comparisons between the present feeling of his sides, and the warmth they enjoy next his plump wife on a perch.

But in the country there is always something to enjoy. There is the silence, if nothing else; you feel that the air is healthy; and you can see to write. Think of a street in London, at once narrow, foggy, and noisy; the snow thawing, not because the frost has not returned, but because the union of mud and smoke prevails against it; and then the unnatural cold sound of the clank of milk-pails (if you are up early enough); or if you are not, the chill, damp, strawy, ricketty hackney-coaches going by, with fellows inside of them with cold feet, and the coachman a mere bundle of rags, blue nose, and jolting. (He'll quarrel with every fare, and the passenger knows it, and will resist. So they will stand with their feet in the mud, haggling. The old gentleman saw an extra charge of a shilling in his face.) To complete the misery, the pedestrians kick, as they go, those detestable flakes of united snow and mud;—at least then

ought to do so, to complete our picture; and at night-time, people coming home hardly know whether or not they have chins.

But is there no comfort then in a London street in such weather? Infinite, if people will but have it, and families are good-tempered. We trust we shall be read by hundreds of such this morning. Of some we are certain; and do hereby, agreeably to our ubiquitous privileges, take several breakfasts at once. How pleasant is this rug! How bright and generous the fire! How charming the fair makers of the tea! And how happy that they have not to make it themselves, the drinkers of it! Even the hackney-coachman means to get double as much as usual to day, either by cheating or being pathetic: and the old gentleman is resolved to make amends for the necessity of his morning drive, by another pint of wine at dinner, and crumpets with his tea. It is not by grumbling against the elements, that evil is to be done away; but by keeping one's-self in good heart with one's fellow-creatures, and remembering that they are all capable of partaking our pleasures. The contemplation of pain, acting upon a splenetic temperament, produces a stirring reformer here and there, who does good rather out of spite against wrong, than sympathy with pleasure, and becomes a sort of disagreeable angel. Far be it from us, in the present state of society, to wish that no such existed! But they will pardon us for labouring in the vocation, to which a livelier nature calls us, and drawing a distinction between the dissatisfaction that ends in good, and the mere common-place grumbling that in a thousand instances to one ends in nothing but plaguing everybody as well as the grumbler. In almost all cases, those who are in a state of pain themselves, are in the fairest way for giving it; whereas, pleasure is in its nature social. The very abuses of it (terrible as they sometimes are) cannot do as much harm, as the violations of the common sense of good-humour; simply because it is its nature to go with, and not counter, to humanity. The only point to take care of, is, that as many innocent sources of pleasure are kept open as possible, and affection and imagination brought in to shew us what they are, and how surely all may partake of them. We are not likely to forget that a human being is of importance, when we can discern the merits of so small a thing as a leaf, or a honey-bee, or the beauty of a flake of snow, or of the fanciful scenery made by the glowing coals in a fire-place. Professors of sciences may do this. Writers the most enthusiastic in a good cause, may sometimes lose sight of their duties, by reason of the very absorption in their enthusiasm. Imagination itself cannot always be abroad and at home at the

same time. But the many are not likely to think too deeply of anything; and the more pleasures that are taught them by dint of an agreeable exercise of their reflection, the more they will learn to reflect on all round them, and to endeavour that their reflections may have a right to be agreeable. Any increase of the sum of our enjoyments almost invariably produces a wish to communicate them. An over-indulged human being is ruined by being taught to think of nobody but himself; but a human being, at once gratified and made to think of others, learns to add to his very pleasures in the act of diminishing them.

But how, it may be said, are we to enjoy ourselves with reflection, when our very reflection will teach us the quantity of suffering that exists? How are we to be happy with breakfasting and warming our hands, when so many of our fellow-creatures are, at that instant, cold and hungry?—It is no paradox to answer, that the fact of our remembering them, gives us a right to forget them:—we mean, that “there is a time for all things,” and that having done our duty at other times in sympathizing with pain, we have not only a right, but it becomes our duty, to shew the happy privileges of virtue by sympathising with pleasure. The best person in a holiday-making party is bound to have the liveliest face; or if not that, a face too happy even to be lively. Suppose, in order to complete the beauty of it, that the face is a lady’s. She is bound, if any uneasy reflection crosses her mind, to say to herself, “To this happiness I have contributed;—pain I have helped to diminish; I am sincere and wish well to everybody; and I think everybody would be as good as I am, perhaps better, if society were wise. Now society, I trust, is getting wiser; perhaps will beat all our wisdom a hundred years hence: and meanwhile, I must not shew that goodness is of no use, but let it realize all it can, and be as merry as the youngest.” So saying, she gives her hand to a friend for a new dance, and really forgets what she has been thinking of, in the blithe spinning of her blood. A good-hearted woman, in the rosy beauty of her joy, is the loveliest object in——But every body knows that.

Adam Smith, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, has rebuked Thomson for his famous apostrophe in ‘Winter’ to the “gay, licentious proud;” where he says, that amidst their dances and festivities they little think of the misery that is going on in the world:—because, observes the philosopher, upon this principle there never could be any enjoyment in the world, unless every corner of it were happy; which would be preposterous. We need not say how entirely we agree with the philosopher in the abstract: and certainly the poet

would deserve the rebuke, had he addressed himself only to the "gay;" but then his gay are also "licentious," and not only licentious, but "proud." Now we confess we would not be too squeamish even about the thoughtlessness of these gentry; for is not their very thoughtlessness their excuse? And are they not brought up in it, just as a boy in St Giles's is brought up in thievery, or a girl to callousness and prostitution? It is not the thoughtless in high life from whom we are to expect any good, lecture them as we may: and observe—Thomson himself does not say how cruel they are; or what a set of rascals to dance and be merry in spite of their better knowledge. He says,

" Ah little think the gay, licentious proud :"

and so they do. And so they will, till the diffusion of thought, among all classes, flows, of necessity, into their gay rooms and startled elevations; and forces them to look out upon the world, that they may not be lost by being under the level.

We had intended a very merry paper this week, to bespeak the favour of our new readers:—

" A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking" paper,—

as Dryden has it. But the Christmas holidays are past; and it is their termination, we suppose, that has made us serious. Sitting up at night also is a great inducer of your moral remark; and if we are not so pleasant as we intended to be, it is because some friends of ours, the other night, were the pleasantest people in the world till five in the morning.

GOING TO THE PLAY AGAIN—"NATIVE LAND."

CHARACTER OF ROSSINI. A HINT IN BEHALF OF
LOVE AND THE SEX.

WITH the exception of Oberon, we have not witnessed a theatrical performance till the other night for these six or seven years. Fortune took us another way; and when we had the opportunity, we did not dare to begin again, lest our old friends should beguile us. We mention the circumstance, partly to account for the notice we shall take of many things which appear to have gone by;

and partly out of a communicativeness of temper, suitable to a Companion. For the reader must never lose sight of our claims to that title. On ordinary occasions, he must remember that we are discussing morals or mince-pie with him; on political ones, reading the newspaper with him; and in the present instance, we are sitting together in the pit, (the ancient seat of criticism,) seeing *who* is *who* in the play-bill, and hearing the delicious discord of the tuning of instruments,—the precursor of harmony. If our companion is an old gentleman, we take a pinch of his snuff, and lament the loss of Bannister and Mrs Jordan. Tooth-ache and his nephew occupy also a portion of our remark; and we cough with an air of authority. If he is a young gentleman, we speak of Vestris and Miss Foote; wonder whether little Goward will shew herself improving to night; denounce the absurdity of somebody's boots, or his bad taste in beauty; and are loud in deprecating the fellows who talk loudly behind us. Finally, if a lady, we bend with delight to hear the remarks she is making, "far above" criticism; and to see the finer ones in her eyes. We criticise the ladies in the boxes; and the more she admires them, the more we find herself the lovelier. May we add, that ladies in the pit, this cold weather, have still more attractions than usual; and that it is cruel to find ourselves sitting, as we did the other night, behind two of them; when we ought to have been in the middle, partaking of the genial influence of their cloaks, their comfortable sides, and their conversation? We were going to say, that we hope this is not too daring a remark for a Companion:—but far be it from us to apologize for anything so proper. Don't we all go to the theatre to keep up our love of nature and sociability?

It was delightful to see "the house" again, and to feel ourselves recommencing our old task. How pleasant looked the ceiling, the boxes, the pit, everything! Our friends in the gallery were hardly noisy enough for a beginning; nor on the other hand could we find it in our hearts to be angry with two companions behind us, who were a little noisier than they ought to have been, and who entertained one another with alternate observations on the beauty of the songs, and the loss of a pair of gloves. All is pleasant in these recommencements of a former part of one's life; this new morning, as it were, re-begun with the lustre of chandeliers and a thousand youthful remembrances. Anon, the curtain rises, and we are presented with a view of the lighthouse of Genoa, equally delicious and unlike;—some gun-boats, returning from slavery,

salute us with meek puffs of gunpowder, about as audible as pats on the cheek,—the most considerate cannon we ever met with:—then follow a crowd and a chorus, with embraces of redeemed captives, meeting their wives and children, at which we are new and uncritical enough to feel the tears come into our eyes; and finally, in comes Mr “Atkins,” with a thousand memories on his head,—husband that was of a pretty little singer some twenty years back, now gone, heaven knows where, like a blackbird. It seemed wrong in Atkins to be there, and his wife not with him. Yet we were glad to see him notwithstanding. We knew him the instant we heard him speak.

“Native Land” (a title, by the bye, which looks like one of the captives, with an arm off,) is worth going to see, for those who care little about plot or dialogue, provided there be good music. Part of the music is by Mr Bishop; the rest from Rossini. It is seldom that any of Mr Bishop’s music is not worth hearing, and one or two of the airs are among Rossini’s finest. There is *Di piacer* for instance; and we believe another, which we did not stay to hear. We fear it is a little out of the scientific pale to think Rossini a man of genius; but we confess, with all our preference for such writers as Mozart, with whom indeed he is not to be compared, we do hold that opinion of the lively Italian. There is genius of many kinds; and of kinds very remote from one another, even in rank. The greatest genius is so great a thing, that another may be infinitely less, and yet of the stock. Now Rossini, in music, is the genius of sheer animal spirits. It is a species as inferior to that of Mozart, as the cleverness of a smart boy is to that of a man of sentiment; but it is genius nevertheless. It is rare, effective, and a part of the possessor’s character:—we mean, that like all persons who really effect anything beyond the common, it belongs and is peculiar to him, like the invisible genius that was supposed of old to wait upon individuals. This is what genius means: and Rossini undoubtedly has one. “He hath a devil,” as Cowley’s friend used to cry out when he read Virgil; and a merry devil it is, and graceful withal. It is a pity he has written so many common-places; so many bars full of mere chatter; and overtures so full of cant and puffing. But this exuberance appears to be a constituent part of him. It is the hey-day in his blood; and perhaps we could no more have the good things without it, than some men of wit can talk well without a bottle of wine and in the midst of a great deal of nonsense. Now and then he gives us something worthy

of the most popular names of his country, as in the instance above-mentioned. *Di piacer* is full of smiling delight and anticipation, as the words imply. Sometimes he is not deficient even in tenderness, as in one or two airs in his *Othello*; but it is his liveliest operas, such as the *Barbiere di Siviglia* and the *Italiana in Algeri* that he shines. His mobs make some of the pleasantest riots conceivable; his more gentlemanly proceedings, his bows and compliments, are full of address and even elegance; and he is a prodigious hand at a piece of pretension or foppery. Not to see into his merit in these cases, surely implies only, that there is a want of animal spirits on the part of the observer.

As we are not so fond of sharp criticism, as when we were young and knew not what it was to feel it, we shall say nothing of one or two of the fair singers on this occasion, except that they did not appear to have a sufficient stock of the spirits we have been speaking of. To animal spirits, animal spirits alone can do justice. A burst of joy will be ill-represented by the sweetest singing in the world that is not joyous, and that does not burst forth like a shower of blossoms. Of Miss Goward's singing we can yet form no judgment, as she had a very bad cold; but she did her best with it, and did not apologise; which gave us a favourable opinion of her; and her acting increased it. If she does not turn out to be a very judicious person, with a good deal of humour, she will disappoint us. Madame Vestris, though she does not insinuate a sufficient stock of sentiment through her gaieties to complete the proper idea of a charmer to our taste, is always charming after her fashion; but from what we recollect of her, we doubt whether her performance in this piece is one of her favourite ones. The song of "*Is't art, I pray, or nature?*" she gave with too little vivacity; and her part in the *bolero* she seemed to go through more as a duty than a pleasure—which is anything but *boleresque*. Mr Wood has great sweetness of voice, with taste and sensibility; and the sweetness is manly. He was encored in the "romance"—*Deep in a dungeon*: but we preferred him in his first pleasing air, *Farewell, thou coast of glory*. We shall be glad to see him again, and to say more of him. We suspect he has more power than he yet puts forth.

There is no necessity to criticise the dialogue. The author himself probably regards it as being nothing more than one of our old unpretending acquaintances, yclept "vehicles for music;"—carriers of song, as Messrs. Clementi's are of piano-fortes. There is one scene however upon which we shall say a word. It is that in which a maimed husband comes back from the wars, and is re-

ceived by his wife with aversion and ridicule. It is true, the caricature is evident; it is the only way in which such feelings can be made ludicrous; but there is something in it from which the heart revolts. It is a dangerous point to divert ridicule from its proper objects, and give degrading representations of humanity. There is something too on these especial occasions, when the joke is carried far, (as is the case in violent double-meanings in company,) by which privacy itself is turned into publicity, and we become painfully conscious of the presence of those, with whom we could best interchange the most pleasurable ideas. We profess to be anything but pruders; we have no objection for instance to Zanina's being reconciled to "little fellows," whose ways are delightful;—but because we are not prudish, we become the more jealous in behalf of what may be called the humanities of licence.

We must own we could not help laughing at some passages of Miss Goward's acting in this scene; and perhaps we scan the matter somewhat too nicely. Those who laughed most would probably have been among the first to hug the remnant of their maimed friends to their heart. But the experiment is dangerous. There is not too much sentiment in society after all; and it is better not to risque what there is. With what relief did we not call to mind, in our graver moments, the sight we had once, in those boxes on the left hand, of a charming woman sitting next her gallant husband, Colonel C., who had returned from the wars with the frightful loss of his lower jaw. His wife married him after his return; and this we were told was she. He had his mouth and chin muffled up. But how did he not seem more than repaid in her sweet and loving presence, which we fancied that she pressed still closer to him than was visible in that of any other woman seated by her husband's side. When she looked in his face, we felt as if we could almost have been content to have lost the power of kissing with lips, that we might have received in all its beauty that kiss of the soul.

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THE COMPANION.

No. III.—WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23, 1828

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR W. TEMPLE.

FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.—MOLIERE’S TARTUFFE.
ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR. A SPECIMEN OF THE
PIECE ITSELF, AND REMARKS ON THE PERFORMERS.

THERE is something very delightful in the friendliness of intercourse that has sprung up between France and England, since the late troubles. Cabinets may quarrel again, and wars be renewed; but the more intimacy there is in the meantime between the two nations, the less they will be disposed to be gulled into those royal amusements. Formerly, this kind of intercourse was confined to kings and courtiers; and whenever these gentlemen were disposed to pick a quarrel with one another, the people were set on to fight, like retainers to a couple of great houses; their employers all the while making no more of the business, than if they were playing a game of chess. Nations are growing wiser on this head; and nothing will serve better to secure their wisdom, than an interchange of their socialities, and an acquaintance with the great writers that have made them what they are.

It was with singular pleasure therefore that we found ourselves, the other night, sitting at a French play in the British metropolis, and that play Molière’s. There, on the stage, was Molière, as it were himself; there spoke his very words, warm as when he first uttered them; there he triumphed over hypocrisy, and was wise and entertaining and immortal. But what in the meantime had become of Louis XIV and his splendour? What of all those lords and courtiers, who used to make a brilliant assemblage around him (we could not help fancying them in this very pit), and praising or withholding

their praise of the immortal man, as the king spoke or held his tongue? Gone is all that once filled that splendid "parterre," like the flowers of any other garden : gone all their plumes, and ribbons, and pulvilio, and their bowing gallantries, and the very love that here and there lurked among them, like a violet among the tulips : but there stood the spirit of Molière, as fresh as ever, and casting on their memory (when you thought of it) its only genuine lustre.

It is curious to think how this great writer had to win his way into toleration through the prejudices attached to a stage life ; and how he depended upon men who were comparatively nothing, for an intimation to the rest of the world, that a great and original genius was really worth something. It is to the credit of Louis, that he managed his kingship in this matter in good taste, and allowed the genius of Molière to be pitted against the *marquises* and *grimaciers* of his court. If he had not stood by him, those butterflies the *petits-maîtres*, and those blackbeetles the priests, had fairly stifled him. It was lucky that he wrote when the king was no older, and before he had become superstitious. It gives one a prodigious idea of the assumption of those times, and the low pitch at which an actor could be rated in spite of his being a great genius, that a shallow man of quality having found something ridiculous in Molière's mention of a "cream-tart" in one of his comedies, and not liking the raillery with which the author treated his criticism, contrived to lay hold of his head one day as the actor made him a bow, and crying out "*Tarte à la crème, Molière, tarte à la crème,*" rubbed his face against his cut-steel buttons, till it was covered with blood. For this brutality, it never entered any one's head that an actor could have a remedy, except in complaining to the king ; which the poet did, and the peer was disgraced. Another anecdote, to the same purport, is more agreeably relieved. Molière, by way of being honoured, and set on a level with gentlemen, had been made one of his Majesty's valets-de-chambre. Presenting himself one day to make the royal bed, his helper abruptly retired, saying that he should not make it "with an actor." Bellocq, another valet-de-chambre, a man of a good deal of wit, and a maker of pretty verses, happening to come in at this juncture, said, "Perhaps M. de Molière will do me the honour of allowing *me* to make the king's bed with him." Molière was a man of great heart, very generous ; but sensitive also, and subject in the midst of his pleasantries to that melancholy which is so often found in the company of wit. Any delicacy towards him must therefore have been extremely felt ; though on the subject of scorn and arrogance, he doubtless had no

proportionate soreness at heart. His wisdom and genuine superiority must have saved him from that. It was on the side of his sympathies and not his antipathies, that Molière was weak. He troubled himself with a wife too young for him; and after having ridiculed jealousy in his comedies, was fain to acknowledge that he felt it in all its bitterness himself. Candour takes away the degrading part of these mortifications: but the sting is there nevertheless. What endears us the more to his sincerity, and to the habitual kindness of his heart, is his saying to his friend Chapelle, whom he made his father-confessor on this occasion, that "finding how impossible it was to conquer his jealousy, he began to think that it might be equally impossible in the object of his affections to get rid of her coquetry." The worst of it was, that their ages were unequal. His young wife (the daughter of an actress in his *corps dramatique*, which gave rise to a scandal refuted by the date of their connection) was herself an actress, beautiful, and surrounded with admirers. She probably loved the poet as well as she could, but found that she loved people of her own age better; while he, taking his undying admiration of beauty for a right to possess it, forgot till too late that poets' hearts remain young much longer than their persons. The consequence was, that two people, both of them perhaps very worthy, became a grief and torment to one another, merely because incompatible marriages are permitted; for Molière had been a great ridiculer of marriage, and there no doubt lay a good part of the sting. He should have gone abroad more out of the society of his *corps dramatique*, and found some charmer to love less unsuitable to his time of life. There are born poetesses, in their way, among the women, whom temperance and the graces help to keep young even in person, and often in a more touching manner than the young and thoughtless. Molière should have laid his laurelled head in the lap of one these. She might have repaid his candour and tenderness with a like generosity.

But we are forgetting the play.—The house (the Lyceum) opened for these performances last Wednesday. It has been newly fitted up for the purpose, with fresh mouldings or compartments round the boxes (we forget exactly what) and a drapery of scarlet and white, very handsome. The prices, to nearly the whole of the pit, remain the same as before, three and sixpence; but six shillings are paid for seats on a bench or two, and seven for those in a part of the orchestra. Some boxes may be taken by the evening, at two, three, and four guineas, according to the number of persons and the situation of the box. The rest are let for the season at prices which look enormous; being 80, 120, or 160, guineas for 40 nights.

The performances will be three times a-week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, till Lent. Money is not taken at the door. There is a list of the places where you can get them, at the bottom of the play-bill; such as the booksellers in Bond street; Marsh's, in Oxford street; Wilson's, at the Royal Exchange, &c. We bought ours at Mr Neele's, a door or two on the left of the main entrance to the theatre out of the Strand; which we mention, in order to shew, that people may go as usual, with no more trouble than if they paid at the door.

The performances of the evening were *Tartuffe*, followed by a coronation of the bust of Molière; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, a vaudeville in one act; and *L'Ambassadeur*, another, in which Perlet, who acted *Tartuffe*, and who is the principal performer of the company, reappeared in the chief character. We shall confine ourselves to the first piece, which indeed is the only one we saw, and which is quite sufficient to see and to think about for one time. Our observations upon it will not be directed to scholars only, and readers of French; but, agreeably to the plan pursued by us in a former publication, we shall endeavour to give all such readers as have a relish for what is good, a taste of it somehow or other, let them have missed scholarship, great or small, as they may. French is a very common acquirement; yet there are numbers unable to read even French, who very much deserve to do so, and who have a genuine perception of a good thing when it comes before them.

Few readers need be informed, but all will be glad to know, that the comedy of *Tartuffe* (from which our popular play of the *Hypocrite* is taken, which made the selection of it on this occasion every way judicious) may be ranked among the *avant couriers* of the knowledge and liberality of these times. It is a masterly satire upon religious hypocrisy; and on its first appearance at Paris, in an age full of well-fed devotees and gallant confessors, was received accordingly. The first three acts were brought out originally before the court at Versailles in the year 1664; but what may be called the first public representation of the entire piece, did not take place till 1667, when it was performed at Paris, and prohibited next day by an order from the First President of Parliament. Molière himself had to announce the prohibition, which he did in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, we reckoned this evening upon having the honour of presenting you with the *Hypocrite*; but Monsieur the First President does not wish us to play him." Our author must have reckoned very confidentially on the king's protection, to be able to joke in this manner.* The time indeed

* Another turn was given to this bon-mot in one of the provinces. The bishop, in a place where they were going to perform the comedy, had lately died. His successor was not equally disposed in favour of theatrical representations; and orders were given to the actors, that they should quit the town before he made his appearance, which he was to do the next day. Accordingly, when the time was come for giving out the performances of the next evening, the announcer, affecting not to know that his lordship was to arrive so soon, said "The *Hypocrite*, gentlemen, to-morrow."

was lucky for him so far. Louis was then young and gay, and equally victorious in war and gallantry. He had a minister the avowed patron of men of letters (Colbert), and a general who loved humour and original genius (Turenne).^{*} He did not think fit to let the piece re-appear for a year or two; but Molière remained on the best terms with him; and in 1669, *Tartuffe* rose again in spite of its enemies, and has remained ever since a stock acting piece,—the glory of the French stage, and the hatred of bigots and impostors. Perhaps they are more bitter against it in their hearts this very moment, than they have been for these hundred years; the Jesuits having trimmed their dark lanterns once more, and pieces of this kind offering the most insurmountable barriers against the re-action of priestcraft.[†]

It has been thought curious by some, that in the English Hypocrite the ridicule should be confined to sectarians, while in the original it attacks hypocrites of the establishment. This is to be accounted for on a variety of grounds. In the first place the Catholic establishment, especially as it existed in France at that time, did not make such an exclusive matter of difference of opinion, as the hierarchy in England; while on the other hand certain disputes in it were so fierce, and yet all parties pretended pretty nearly to such an equal measure of piety, that to make an heterodox person of the *Turtuffe* would have been absolutely to neutralize the satire on hypocrisy. It would have been a mere party libel. An English Methodist pretends to peculiar sanctity; but formalists of a similar description in France were hardly known till a later period. Again, a Catholic establishment is of a much more miscellaneous nature than a Protestant; admits a host of lay members; and otherwise affords pretences for quacks and hypocrites of all sorts. It is a much larger world; in which vice may be found in the particular, with less offence to the main body. Then again, there is confession, and the admission of interferers and regulators into the tenderest privacies of life. These people were very often at variance with the rest of the families whose heads they lorded it over (as Molière has taken care to shew); they were sometimes very officious in state matters and at court, where indeed the clerical power claimed a kind of sovereignty of its own, independent of that of the civil and executive, (a pretension, against which our anti-popery men are still warning us); and above all, at the time when Molière wrote, the king was not only young, and gay, and inclined to “cut,”

^{*} See in the works of La Fontaine a pleasant account of a chat that took place on the road between Turenne and that poet, when the former was on his way to one of his campaigns.

[†] The speech of Father Nitard to the Duke of Lerma may be taken as a specimen of the pitch of the insolence, worthy of *Tartuffe*, to which priests could be transported in those days. He was a Jesuit, and *confessor* to Louis's mother-in-law, the Queen of Spain. He told the Duke one day “that he ought to treat him with more respect; as he had every day his God in his hands (the Eucharist) and his Queen at his feet.”

his religious mortifiers, but the Great Condé, then in favour, was a sworn enemy of bigots; the Pope had not long since been bearded by the French authorities in Rome; Cardinals and Bishops were for the most part laymen at heart, and mixed not only with politics but with the pleasures of life; in short, "the cloth," as a matter of any solemnity, was at a disadvantage; and to pretend to an unusual measure of sanctity, was in some sort to offend priests as well as laymen. Molière himself tells us, that he had the approbation of the Legate; and that the greater part of the Bishops, to whom he had taken care to read his work, were "of the same way of thinking as his Majesty."* Nevertheless, a tremendous cry was raised against it, even before it appeared. The author was called, he tells us, a libertine, a blasphemer, a devil incarnate; and no sooner was it brought out, than very worthy people, acted upon by the cries of bigotry, joined in the wish to have it suppressed. The President of Parliament, who agreed to become the instrument of the suppression, was the celebrated Lamoignon, the friend of Boileau, and reckoned one of the best men in the world. Boileau helped him perhaps afterwards to a better judgment. Menage tells us expressly, that he himself spoke to the President about it, and told him that the moral of the play was excellent, and calculated to be of public service.†

Menage, in the same passage of his book, ventures to prefer Molière's prose to his verses. That learned wit had no very great taste in verses at any time, and had been accustomed to a very bad taste in particular, which Molière rooted out. The classical scholar was judicious and generous enough at the time to acknowledge the reformation; but perhaps he never heartily forgot his old propensities. Perhaps also he grudged Molière that extraordinary facility in versifying, which Boileau has recorded with astonishment.‡

The happy power for which Boileau here praises his friend, is one of the most remarkable things in the *Tartuffe*. Those who know the Hypocrite of the English stage, know the other in a certain way; and know it well. But there is no comparison in the two styles; every word telling with double force in the Frenchman's mouth, and uniting with the familiarity of prose the terseness of wit in rhyme. Let the reader imagine the best colloquial verses of Dryden or Pope, full of wit and humour, uttering the finest knowledge of life, comprising a plot no less interesting than simple, agitating the feelings deeply before they have done, and dismissing the audience in the most generous disposition for truth; and they have a picture of this great and perfect comedy. An English

* "Premier Placet, présenté au Roi, sur la comédie du *Tartuffe*."

† Menagiana, p. 43. Edit. 1694.

‡ Menage tells us, that when he himself sat down to write verses, he first "got together" his "rhymes;" and that his rhymes sometimes took him three or four months to "fill up!"—*Id.* p. 261.

audience, in their own language, could not relish a comedy in rhyme so well as the French can. Their manners are less conscious and mixed up. They could not so easily take an artificial grace for a natural one. But heard through the dimness of a language not habitual to us, we become just enough sensible of the grace and power of the versification, to admire the comedy the more, without being the less sensible of its truth and nature.

In venturing to lay a scene of it before the reader, we have therefore not ventured to do it in rhyme. It is indeed an injustice to the author, in one sense, not to do so (supposing we were able to do it); but it would be hurting the effect of his truth and humour, which are the greater matters. We have selected the scene more particularly, because it exhibits what we conceive to be the greatest and most original trait in the author's genius; to wit, his delight in putting a good, broad, sustained, and even farcical-looking joke, knowing it to be founded in exquisite truth, and resolving to relish it with us unalloyed, for that reason. It is the spirit and *gusto* of the truth, taking place of the formal image; and only making us hail and incorporate with it the more. The scene is between Orgon, the credulous master of the house who makes an idol of Tartuffe; and Dorina the servant, a great enemy of the impostor, and burning to see him detected. Tartuffe has not yet made his appearance, and this is the first time Orgon has made his. Let the reader admire the singular skill, with which in the midst of this "joke run down," the audience are let into the interior of the host's credulity, and of Tartuffe's power and worldliness. Orgon says but two things alternately throughout; and the performer must be imagined at once giving us a sense of this monotony of ideas, and varying the expression of them for the true comic effect. A little pause must be fancied occasionally, and a face full of meaning. The author of the Hypocrite has not ventured upon it;—but, imagine it in the hands of Munden! To complete the scene, Orgon's brother-in-law, another enemy of Tartuffe's, is present, wondering all the while at his infatuation. Orgon has just come from the country, and after interchanging civilities with his brother, begs him to excuse him a little, while he talks with the servant and asks after the welfare of his house. He addresses her accordingly:

"Well, Dorina, has everything been going on as it should do these two days? How do they all do? And what have they been about?"

Dor. My mistress was ill the day before yesterday with a fever. She had a headache quite dreadful to think of.

Org. And Tartuffe?

Dor. Tartuffe! Oh he is wonderfully well; fat and hearty, a fresh complexion, and a mouth as red as a rose.

Org. (turning about with an air of fondness) *Poor soul!*

Dor. In the evening my mistress was taken with a sickness, and could not touch a bit at supper, her head was so bad.

Org. And Tartuffe?

Dor. Oh, seeing she could not eat, he eat by himself; and very devoutly swallowed two partridges, with a good half of a hashed leg of mutton.

Org. Poor soul!

Dor. My mistress did not shut her eyes all night. The fever hindered her from getting a wink of sleep, and we were obliged to watch by her till morning.

Org. And Tartuffe?

Dor. Tartuffe, happy gentleman, with a comfortable yawn, goes me right from table to bed, where he plunges into his warm nest, and sleeps soundly till morning.

Org. Poor soul!

Dor. At last we prevailed upon Madame to be blooded, and she had great relief from it.

Org. And Tartuffe?

Dor. Monsieur Tartuffe was very much relieved also. He found himself charming; and to repair the loss of the blood which Madame had sustained, took four draughts of wine with his breakfast.

Org. Poor soul!

Dor. In short both are very well now; so I'll go and tell my mistress you are coming, and how happy you are to hear she is recovered."

We have left ourselves very little room to speak of the actors. In fact we must see them again, before we can venture to speak much; and then we shall feel diffident, except in speaking of what all the world may judge of. French nature is in some respects so different from ours,—we mean, that the same nature, where great passions are not concerned, exhibits itself in such various ways through the medium of national manners,—that all critics ought to be cautious how they pronounce upon it, especially those who know more of the language in books than as it is spoken; which we confess to be our case. We shall therefore wait, and judge cautiously. Meantime we cannot help saying, that M. Perlet appears to us a performer of the very first merit, full both of sensibility and judgment, relishing, self-possessed, various,—“up,” as the phrase is, to every situation, and every part of it; and with an equal perception of the gravest as well as the lightest things he has to say. There was an air of singular depth and intention throughout his performance; and when he turned with that preternatural insolence of heart, after his detection, and pausing before he spoke, with his arm up, and an air of frightful preparation, told the master of the house “to go out of the house himself, for it was his,”—there was something ghastly and awful in it. The house was so still, we felt as if we could almost have heard the rain out of doors. Yet the same man, we are told, is wonderful in clowns and idiots, and is but a young actor. We must not forget Madame Daudel, a sort of younger Mrs Davison; very pleasant. She acted Dorine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is real poetry in the work by an unknown author entitled *The Poet's Pilgrimage*; and we hope soon to have an opportunity of shewing it. *Medium*, G.—T. M. B.—W.—S. T. P. *A Well-Wisher* (very kind and welcome), and our cautious friend who signs himself “*Your obedt. humble servant, as it may prove,*”—are received, and will be separately noticed next week.

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No. IV.—WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

FINE DAYS IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

WE speak of those days, unexpected, sunshiny, cheerful, even vernal, which come towards the end of January, and are too apt to come alone. They are often set in the midst of a series of rainy ones, like a patch of blue in the sky. Fine weather is much at any time, after or before the end of the year; but, in the latter case, the days are still winter days; whereas, in the former, the year being turned, and March and April before us, we seem to feel the coming of spring. In the streets and squares, the ladies are abroad, with their colours and glowing cheeks. If you can hear anything but noise, you hear the sparrows. People anticipate at breakfast the pleasure they shall have in “getting out.” The solitary poplar in a corner looks green against the sky; and the brick wall has a warmth in it. Then in the noisier streets, what a multitude and a new life! What horseback! What promenading! What shopping, and giving good day! Bonnets encounter bonnets:—all the Miss Williamsses meet all the Miss Joneses; and everybody wonders, particularly at nothing. The shop windows, putting forward their best, may be said to be in blossom. The yellow carriages flash in the sunshine; footmen rejoice in their white calves, not dabbled upon, as usual, with rain; the gossips look out of their three pair-of-stairs windows; other windows are thrown open; fruiterers’ shops look well, swelling with full baskets; pavements are found to be dry; lap-dogs frisk under their asthmas; and old gentlemen issue forth, peering up at the region of the north-east.

Then in the country, how emerald the green, how open-looking the prospect! Honeysuckles (a name alone with a garden in it) are detected in blossom; the hazel follows; the snowdrop hangs its white perfection, exquisite with green; we fancy the trees are already thicker; voices of winter birds are taken for new ones; and, in February new ones come—the thrush, the chaffinch, and the wood-lark. Then rooks begin to pair; and the wagtail dances in the lane. As we write this article, the sun is on our paper, and chanticleer (the same, we trust, that we heard the other day) seems to crow in a very different style, lord of the ascendant, and as willing to be with his wives abroad as at home. We think we see him, as in Chaucer's homestead:

He looketh, as it were a grim leonun;
And on his toes he roameth up and down;
Him deigneth not to set his foot to ground;
He clucketh when he hath a corn yfound,
And to him runnen then his wives all.

Will the reader have the rest of the picture, as Chaucer gave it? It is as bright and strong as the day itself, and as suited to it as a falcon to a knight's fist. Hear how the old poet throws forth his strenuous music; as fine, considered as mere music and versification, as the description is pleasant and noble.

His comb was redder than the fine corall,
Embatteled, as it were a castle wall.
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;
Like azure were his leggès and his tone;
His nailès, whiter than the lilly flower,
And like the burnèd gold was his colour.

Hardly one pause like the other throughout, and yet all flowing and sweet. The pause on the third syllable in the last line but one, and that on the sixth in the last, together with the deep variety of vowels, make a beautiful concluding couplet; and indeed the whole is a study for versification. So little were those old poets unaware of their task, as some are apt to suppose them: and so little have others dreamt, that they surpassed them in their own pretensions. The accent, it is to be observed, in those concluding words, as *coral* and *colour*, is to be thrown on the last syllable, as it is in Italian. *Colòr*, *colóre*, and Chaucer's old Anglo-Gallican word, is a much nobler one than our modern *colour*. We have injured many such words by throwing back the accent.

We should beg pardon for this digression, if it had not been part of our understood agreement with the reader to be as desultory as we please, and as befits Companions. Our very enjoyment

of the day we are describing would not let us do otherwise. It is also an old fancy of ours to associate the ideas of Chaucer with that of any early and vigorous manifestation of light and pleasure. He is not only the "morning-star" of our poetry, as Denham called him, but the morning itself, and a good bit of the noon; and we could as soon help quoting him at the beginning of the year, as we could help wishing to hear the cry of primroses, and thinking of the sweet faces that buy them.

NEW TRAGEDY OF THE SERF.

LITTLE need be said of the new tragedy at Covent Garden, called the *Serf*. It turns upon the love of two brothers (a prince and a natural son) for the same lady. The lady's affection is for the latter. The prince, maddened with jealousy, forgets the regard he has had for a loving brother, and takes advantage of his illegitimate birth to inflict on him a series of degradations, the most prominent of which is putting him into livery, and making him wait at table on himself and his mistress. The brother, maddened in his turn, aims his sword at the tyrant, and is about to be condemned to death, when his pardon is procured by the self-sacrifice of the lady, who agrees to marry the prince provided her lover obtains his freedom. The compromise brings torture, instead of relief, to the poor lover; and the end is, that he fights with and is mutually slain with the prince, the lady arriving only in time to be clasped in his dying arms. It must not be forgotten that all this misery is brought about by another serf, a sort of Iago, who, because his wife had been forcibly taken from him by his feudal lord, the father of the two young men, is resolved to undermine their house, and be the death of as many aristocrats as possible.

There is "capability" in this plot; and one of the characters, the lady, is touchingly conceived; a right woman, who, with equal sense and sweetness, endeavours to make peace between the brothers; and failing, is driven upon one of those pieces of self-sacrifice, which it is so much more flattering to one sex to expect from them, than for the other to exact. In this, however, as in every other respect, the execution of the piece is a mere commonplace. The opinions are old; the language is old; the very liberalisms are old, lagging in, as it were, after the age has got beyond it, and halting us to read a superfluous moral. The tragedy is attributed to a young nobleman, author of some fashion-

able novels, from one of which the plot is said to be taken. We know not how this may be; but the incident of the livery, upon which so much stress is laid, looks a little as if it came out of a sphere of life where such things are of consequence. It may be in keeping with the time of the piece; but people cannot enter now-a-days into the excessive degradation of wearing a particular sort of coat; nor very well pitch their imaginations back into those ages of lords and footmen. It is not that they would care nothing for the coat, but that they have far got beyond the question; and cannot, in the present state of their knowledge, and their tranquil scorn of those old abuses, sympathize properly with the frenzy produced by its infliction. They think the man ought to despise it. Tragedy should turn as little as possible upon those *fashions* of a passion, and identify itself with what is lasting. The other liveryman, the new Iago, is less mixed up with the symbol of his servitude; but then it was a dangerous thing to give us an Iago not clever,—a devil without any pepper of wit. And the man too, to account for his freedom of speech, and to remind us the worse of Shakspeare in the insipidity of it, is made a “jester.” He is Yorick and Iago in one, and has not a word to say for himself. “Be still my heart”—“Distraction’s in the thought”—“You cannot surely be serious, Madam?”—these are the sort of phrases above which the dialogue seldom rises. The only good-looking things, the two or three plums of comfort, stuck in this very daily bread, were picked out by the newspapers, and are not new enough to repeat. The piece was given out when we saw it (the second night) with much more applause than objection; but we hold it impossible to have a run. The circles may help it to a promenade.

We would rather say nothing of the actors. Perhaps it would not be fair upon them in a piece like this. We must not forget, however, to mention our gratitude for the very capital selection of music, which is played at this theatre between the acts. Not having yet been at Drury Lane, we know not whether it is the same there. But here the lovers of Haydn and Mozart recognise with delight the most beautiful passages of those authors; not a hasty beginning or so, hacked into indifference, and interrupted by the rising of the curtain, before the best passages are arrived at; but the passages themselves, selected with the greatest taste, and recalling the happiest of one’s musical evenings. On the night in question, for instance, there were some of the loveliest bits out of Haydn’s symphonies, and the divine *andante* movement in Mozart’s symphony in E flat.

Since writing the article on the *Serf*, the piece has died. We shall be more cautious in future how we make haste to criticise new plays, as we had much rather have to state why things succeed, than why they fail. It has been denied in the papers, that the author is the nobleman alluded to. A lady of quality has been mentioned, of whom surely it is unworthy. Rank, it would seem, has had something to do with it. But these are not points with which we mean to busy ourselves.

ITALIAN OPERA.—TANCREDI.—RE-APPEARANCE OF
MADAME PASTA.

GOING to the King's Theatre again, is a very different thing from renewing one's acquaintance with the other theatres. We confess, with all our love of Italian and of singing, we do not like it so well. The quiet seems pleasanter at first; treading upon matting is a sort of polite and gingerly thing; and it is interesting to look around for those beautiful faces belonging to Lady Charlottes and Carolines, dropping their lids down upon us as if they wore coronets, and not always the better for it. But the cue of polite life is to take indifference for self-possession; and you are not seated long before you begin to feel that there is an air of neutralization and falsehood around you. The quiet is a dread of committing themselves;—people come as much to be seen as to see;—the performers in the boxes prepare for disputing attention with those on the stage;—men lounge about the allies, looking so very easy, that they are evidently full of constraint; the looks of the women dispute one another's pretensions;—if you have been long away, you are not sure that something is not amiss in your appearance, that you are not guilty of some overt-act of a wrong cape, or absurd reasonableness of neckcloth; in short, you feel that the great majority of the persons around you have come to the Opera because it is the Opera, and not from any real love of music and the graces. The only persons really interested, with the exception of a few private lovers of music here and there, are the young and inexperienced; musicians, who come to criticise the music; and foreigners, whom it is pleasant to hear speaking their own language. After all, these last are the only persons who seem at home. The musicians are apt to be thinking too much of their flats and sharps, and compasses of voice. The young people, though they dare not own it to themselves, soon get heartily tired of everything but looking at the company; and the private lover of music gets as tired with the glare and common-place of nine-tenths of the performance.

Thanks and glory to PASTA, who relieved us from all this spectacle of indifference and pretension, the moment we heard the soul in her voice, and beheld the sincerity in her face. Pit and boxes were at once forgotten, quality, affectation, criticism, everything but delight and nature. Like a lark, she took us up at once out of that "sullen earth," and made us feel ourselves in a heaven of warmth and truth, and thrilling sensibility. If these are thought enthusiastic phrases, they are so. What others could we use to do justice to the enthusiasm of genius, and to the delight it produces in those golden showers out of its sky?

We saw Madame Pasta, for the first time, years ago, in the character of the Page in *Figaro*, and afterwards, in that of the female (we forget her name) in the *Clemenza di Tito*, who sings with her lover the beautiful duet, *Deh prendi un dolce amplesso*. In the Page, if we recollect, we thought her heavy and ungain. In the other part, we remember that Begrez, a singer not given to too much passion, stood while he was singing the duet with her, holding her hand, not indifferently as they generally do, but with tenderness and affection, cherishing it against his bosom; a piece of nature, which we have since attributed to her suggestion. If we are wrong, we beg his pardon. At all events, it was creditable to him, suggested or not.

Since we have seen Madame Pasta again, the heavy kind of simplicity which we recollect in her *Figaro*, must either have been the consequence of her having a greater tact for nature and truth, than she at that time felt experience enough to put forth; or her performance of the part may have been better suited to the character than we took it for. The Page, in that very breath-suspended and conscious piece, which is always hovering on the borders of strange things, is in reality in a very awkward position, and extremely sensible of it; and we are not sure, if we could have seen Madame Pasta in it, with as much knowledge of her then, as we persuade ourselves we have now, that we should not have found her the exact person for the character, and presenting a portrait, full of truth, in its very ungainness and want of teaching.

Truth is the great charm of this fine vocal actress. She waits upon it, without claim or misgiving; and like a noble mistress, truth in turn waits upon her, and loves her like her child. We never saw anybody before on the stage who impressed us with a sense of this sort of moral charm in its perfection. Even Mrs Siddons had always a queen-like air in her nature, which seemed to be conscious of the homage paid it, and to crown itself with its glory. Madame Pasta, as the occasion demands, is tranquil, grave, smiling, transported, angry, affectionate, voluptuous; intent at one minute as a bust, radiant as a child with joy at the next; intellectual as a Muse, full of wily and sliding tones as a Venus; in short, the occasion itself, and whatever it does with the human being. Imagine a female brought up in solitude, with a natural sincerity that nothing has injured, walking quietly about a beautiful spot,

reading everything that comes in her way, accomplished, at ease, getting even a little too fat with the perfection of her comfort and her ignorance of anything ungraceful; and imagine this same female gifted with as much sensibility as truth, and weeping, laughing, and undergoing every emotion that books can furnish her with, as she turns over the leaves; and you have a picture of this noble performer, and the extraordinary effect she produces without anything like theatrical effort. Not that she cannot indulge the critics now and then with the idea of a stage-actress, and set herself to make her *bravura* effective; but truth is at the bottom even of that, and she is sure to throw in some tone, and sweet reference to nature; as much as to say to the lovers of it, "Do not imagine I have forgotten you." She is like a nature full of truth, brought out of solitude into the world;—and too much habituated to sincerity, too sweet in the use of it, and too conscious of the power it gives her, to forego so rare, so charming, and so triumphant a distinction.

We do not pretend to make any discovery in this matter. The accounts we heard of her in *Medea* shewed us that the discovery had been made already; and it has been set forth by a critic, worthy of that name, in an article comparing this "perfection of natural acting" with that of the French. With a reference to this article, which is to be found in the "Plain Speaker," vol. 2, and which we regret we have no room to quote, for nothing need be said of the opera itself, we must conclude. *Tancredi* is said to be one of the most popular of Rossini's operas, but is by no means one of his best; being crammed, in fact, as full of common-places and old threadbare recitative, as nine-tenths of it can hold. It is theatrical clothes-man's music. But there is good in the remainder; and the fine air, *Di tanti palpiti*, is part of it. If any one thinks he has heard this air a hundred times, till he has got tired of it, let him never mind, but go and hear it from Madame Pasta; he will then find he has never heard it before. We have left ourselves as little room to speak of the other performers, some of them excellent in their way, especially Madame Caradori; but after our new, true, and most original acquaintance, even the best of conventional singers become comparatively uninteresting. Caradori is like a sweet and perfect musical instrument, by the side of her; not that she does not act too better than most singers; she even contrives, in her manners, to give us an amiable as well as clever idea of her; but Pasta, coming upon all this, even in her most tranquil moments, seems like the very noon-tide of humanity risen upon a cold morning of it. There is more effective grace in the least of her movements, though she is too fat, and sometimes looks heavily so, than in all the received elegancies of the stage;—so beautiful as well as great is truth. By the way, we had forgotten to say that her voice is not perfect. Who asks whether any voice is so, when sensibility and sincerity speak together, and the sound is hugged into one's heart!

SIZE AND PRICE OF THE COMPANION.

THE major part of our Correspondents this time will find answers on the wrapper which accompanies this number ; but having been shorter in it than we supposed, we begin with them here.

Medium and a *Well-wisher* (both of them very agreeably and sincerely, which is hitting the two points most worthy of each other) object to the small size of the Companion, considering the price. We have had the same objection from several private quarters, and acknowledge that it is well-founded. When we hear of other persons, who object to our price without saying a word of our merits, we, of course, feel all the indifference of wounded authorship ; but we like those who tell us, as these our friends do, that they are sorry they come to the end of their reading so soon. The former put us upon the hard task of comparing our little work with those heaps of compilation and common-place with which the economical faculties of the public have been so long beguiled into heavy dinners ; that is to say, a tart, or a cheesecake, compared with the majesty of a peck of dough : which is unfair. Our other admonishers we love and agree with, and could find it in our hearts to give them as many Companions as they chose for nothing. The truth is, our minds misgave us on this point, when we set up the paper ; but by universal agreement, we had given the public a former paper, the Indicator, at a price below what it ought to have been ; we recollected under what circumstances of trouble and ill-health we wrote those closely-filled pages, and how little we gained by them ; and, in our new publication we allowed ourselves to go to something of the other extreme, till we could see what our head would bear, as well as our pocket. We did not desire to write so little ; on the contrary, we have found the space insufficient for what we had to say ; and we no sooner found also that we could write thus much more with impunity, than we resolved upon making some addition. It is now in contemplation to double the size of the Companion ; but we cannot say at what addition of pence. At all events, we trust we shall do our best to make it worth the enormity. It was not desirable to begin in this manner at once, because diminution would have had an ill look ; but addition is another matter ; and we are happy in being able to state, that our facts are in accordance with appearances, and that we make the addition not in consequence of failure, but of success.

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THE COMPANION.

No. V. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

MADAME PASTA. AN OBJECTION TO CONCERTS AND ORATORIOS. THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH, EVEN AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

WE wish to add something to our last article respecting the truth and beauty of this singer's performance. It has been suggested to us, that Madame Pasta is not so much absorbed as people may think her in the business of the scene; that she finds time, like other singers at the opera, for those little interchanges of bye-jokes and grown-children's play, by which they occasionally refresh themselves from a sense of their duties; and that in a concert-room, or an oratorio, where no illusion is going forward, we should find more defects in her as a singer than we are aware of. Finally, another friend tells us, that we make a good deal of what we see; and in our gratitude for a favourite quality, find more of it to be grateful for, than exists anywhere but in our own imaginations.

We doubt whether we are not committing the dignity of the critical character, in thus admitting that our opinion can be disputed privately. A correspondent is another matter. He approaches his critic with a curtain between; and the latter retreats further into the mystery and multiplicity of his plural “we,” leaving his questioner uncertain how many secret faculties and combined resources of experience he may not have ventured to differ with. But to acknowledge that we are mortal and individual men, “singular good” fellows, who can be disputed with over one's

wine and tea, face to face; and be forced to say "I;" and give a reason, with no more privilege to be wrong than any other man's reason; all this would be very frightful to us, if instead of being critics or judges, sitting aloof above sympathy, and periwigged with imposture, we did not profess to be what we really are, nothing but Companions; men, who get from sympathy all they know, and do not care twopence for anything but truth and good-fellowship.

We say then to these our objectors, public or private (for after all there is no difference between them then, except as to the dry matter of fact; we take a real bottle with one, and an imaginary one with the other)—we say, filling our glass, and looking them in the face, with all that bland beatitude of certainty, so convincing in any man, especially if he does not proceed to argue the point (as we have an unfortunate propensity to do)—My dear So-and-so, you are most horribly in the wrong. I wonder at a man of your intelligence. You surprise me. Do you think so indeed? Well, you astonish me. I'm sure, if you would but reflect a little—Well, I never—You are the last man I should have thought capable of using that argument. Nothing will ever persuade *me*, &c.

These answers ought to be convincing. But as some unreasonable persons may remain, who are not so easily convinced, and as we have a conscience that induces us not to leave them out, we shall proceed to observe, that all which is urged against us on the point in question may be very true, and Pasta yet remain just what we have described her. In the first place, it is not necessary to suppose her absorbed in the business of the scene, in order to do it justice. It would be impossible she could do so, if she were. "If a man," said Johnson, "really thought himself Richard the Third, he would deserve to be hung." All we contend for is, that Madame Pasta has the power, to a surprising extent, of pitching herself into the character of the person she represents. The greater this power the more suddenly she can exercise it. She touches the amulet of her imagination in an instant, and is the person she wishes to appear. It is a voluntary power of the extremest degree, in one sense; and yet, in another, it is the most involuntary; that is to say, she can abstract herself at a moment's notice from circumstances not belonging to the scene, and yet in the next she is under the influence of the character imagined, as

much as if she were a child. We will venture to illustrate this by a reference to authorship and to ourselves. We shall be talking for instance in the midst of half-a-dozen friends: they shall all be talking with us: and we shall be thinking no more of authorship than of the Emperor Nicholas. On a sudden, it becomes necessary that we should look at our paper, and give a turn to some story or other piece of writing, serious or merry. In a moment, we are as abstracted as if we were a hundred miles off. We hear the conversation no more than people hear the rumbling of the coaches when they are not thinking about them; and with the laugh hardly off our lips, become as grave as the heroine of our story; or, with the tears almost in our eyes, sit down to give the finish to a joke, and tickle ourselves into laughter with the point of it. Now why should we not believe, that what we ourselves can do, others cannot do twenty times as well?

That Madame Pasta should not feel everything just as strongly as she imagines it, and that she should give evidences to near observers that she can occasionally amuse herself, as other favourite performers do, with certain quips and cranks among one another, takes away nothing of the imaginative truth of what she has to do, and only adds to the evidences of the voluntary power. We certainly doubt whether she could do this so well in some characters as in others. We should guess that she was least able to do it much, and most inclined to do it at all, when performing characters that tried her feelings the most severely. There are stories of Garrick's turning round with a comic grin in the thick of the distresses of King Lear; and similar stories have been related of Mr Kean. Believe them, if you will; but do not believe that those great performers felt less the truth of what they were about. Perhaps what they did was necessary, as a relief to their feelings; just as sensitive men will shock company sometimes by cracking jokes upon some topic of distress. It is not because they do not feel it, but because they do, and because some variety of sensation is necessary to enable them to endure their feelings. If an actor were to feel, unmixed, all he seems to feel in such characters as Lear, he would go nigh to lose his senses in good earnest. Tragic actresses, the most eminent, have been known to faint and

go into fits upon the performance of a trying character. Perhaps they would not have done so, had their personal character contained variety and resource enough in it to call in the aid of this occasional volatility. Even Garrick is known to have looked prematurely old. Yet Garrick had everything to support him—fortune, prudence, and a good constitution. When we hear actors, equally great in their way, but less happy in bodily frame, rebuked severely for certain excesses alleged against them, we sometimes think it a pity that the rebukers do not know what it is to go through all that wear and tear of sensation, and to be at a loss how to keep up a proper level of excitement in their general feelings. We are not sure that Madame Pasta does not unconsciously let herself grow fatter than might be wished, out of an uneasy feeling of something to be supported and strengthened in this way; especially when it is considered that persons of her profession lead artificial lives, and cannot so well be kept healthy as others, by good hours, and a life otherwise uninterfered with.

As to a concert-room or an oratorio, it is a dull business compared with singing amidst the feelings of a scene. Such places are fittest for instrumental performances, and for instrument-like singers. In the concert-room, the audience expect little passion, and find it. They are themselves in a dull and formal state; there is often a majority of musicians present, and a majority of musicians cannot be of the first order, nor do they desire anything of the first order in others. They wish the singers to act up simply to their own notions of excellence, which are but a reflection of themselves. All is quiet, mechanical, mediocre. Up gets a lady or gentleman, book in hand, and out of this is to disburse us the proper quantity of notes, checked by that emblem of reference to the dead letter. She does so; is duly delivered of a B, or a D; and everything is “as well as can be expected.”

So in an oratorio. The audience are all assembled, as grave as need be; the season, and the usual dull character of oratorios, helps to formalize them; there is a good deal of mourning in the house; and sacred music is to be performed, mixed with a little illegal profane. That is to say, there is nothing real in the business, and nobody can be either properly merry or mournful. Which is just the case. In comes a gentleman dressed in black,

hitching his way along sideways, and leading a lady up the alley behind the orchestra ; another follows, and another, equally polite and preparatory ; it is Madame So-and-so, in a hat and feathers ; it is Miss W. or Mrs. Z., all dressed like other gentlewomen, which is odd ; and like other gentlewomen they take their seats, and look as if they ought to drink tea. Music-books make their appearance, as in the concert-room ; and up rises the lady or gentleman to sing in the same formal manner, and be discreet in their flats. The sacred music drags ; the profane music hops ; and the audience wish themselves in their beds.

Madame Pasta may probably not excel at such exhibitions as these. We do not desire that she should. It would not be easy to persuade us that, sing where she may, her singing would not be better than the most formal perfection ; but the worst thing we can say of an oratorio is, that not even she can take us there. Put her on the stage, or in a company among friends ; let loose her feelings ; and then we have the soul of music ; and this is the only real music in the world.

That we make what we find on such occasions, and listen with our imaginations upon us, is only saying in other words that the occasion is fit to excite the enthusiasm ; otherwise how does it happen that it is not equally excited on others ? Doubtless there must be enthusiasm and imagination to do fit justice to the same qualities in the performer. Loveliness must have love. But how is it that love is excited by some things and not by others ? How is it that multitudes are wound up to enthusiasm by one orator and not by another, and that Madame Pasta produces the same sensation from Naples to Berlin ? She is not an unknown singer, trumped up by a solitary enthusiast. Cities are her admirers ; and she would take hearts by storm everywhere, whether critics explained or not by what magic she did it.

It is nevertheless very pleasant to us to know what the magic is. We never feel the value of criticism, except when it enables us to double our delight in this manner ; for none can hold in greater contempt than we do the common cant of criticism, or less pride themselves in finding out those common defects to which critics in general have a natural attraction. It is truth that gives Madame

Pasta her advantage ; the same truth, yes, the very same spirit of sincerity and strait-forwardness, which is charming in conversation, and in matters of confidence ; which enables one face to look at another, unalloyed with a contradiction, and makes the heart sometimes gush inwardly with tenderness at the countenance that little suspects it. The reason is, that some of the most painful infirmities with which the state of society besets us, are then taken away, and we not only think we have reason to be delighted, but are sure of it. For this we know no bounds to our gratitude ; and it is just ; for you could not more transport a man shaken all over with palsy by suddenly gifting him with firmness, than you do any human being, in the present state of things, by making him secure upon any one point which he ardently desires to believe in. There is therefore a moral charm, of the most liberal kind, in Madame Pasta's performances, which argues well for her personal character ; and personal character, wish as we may, always mingles more or less with the impression created by others upon us. It is indeed a part of them, which helps to make them what they are, off a stage or on it, pretending or not pretending. It is true there is a difference between moral truth and imaginative ; and it does not follow that, because Madame Pasta tells the truth in everything she does on the stage, she should be an example of the virtue elsewhere. It is an argument, however, that she would be so ; just as the taste for an accomplishment implies that a person is more likely to excel in it, than if there were no such taste. Madame Pasta has to look sorrowful, and no sorrow can be completer :—she has to look joyful, and her face is all joy,—as true and total a beaming, as that of a girl without a spectator, who sees her lover hailing her from a distance. We have seen such looks ; and they have stood us in stead of any other certainty. Madame Pasta knows the truth well, and knows how to honour it ; and this is an evidence that the inclination of her nature is true, whatever the world may have done to spoil it. We are aware, mind, of no such spoliation. Our impulse, if we knew this charming performer (which is a pleasure incompatible with the confounded critical office we have taken upon us) would be to give as implicit belief to everything she said off the stage, as on it. But we wish to guard against

a wrong argument; and to show the triumph and the beautiful tendencies of truth, whether borne out in all their quarters or not.

We will conclude with the extract we alluded to last week, and which our new dimensions allow us to indulge in. It is from a book written by one of the deepest thinkers of the time; so that the reader will see we are not the only critics, nor the best, whom Madame Pasta has rendered enthusiastic. Now if she can do this with critics as well as communities, what greater proof of her merits can any party desire?

“ I liked Mademoiselle Mars exceedingly well, till I saw Madame Pasta whom I liked so much better. The reason is, the one is the perfection of French, the other of natural acting. Madame Pasta is Italian, and she might be English—Mademoiselle Mars belongs emphatically to her country; the scene of her triumphs is Paris. She plays naturally too, but it is French nature. Let me explain. She has, it is true, none of the vices of the French theatre, its extravagance, its flutter, its grimace, and affectation, but her merit in these respects is as it were negative, and she seems to put an artificial restraint upon herself. There is still a pettiness, an attention to *minutiæ*, an etiquette, a mannerism about her acting: she does not give an entire loose to her feelings, or trust to the unpremeditated and habitual impulse of her situation. She has greater elegance, perhaps, and precision of style, than Madame Pasta, but not half her boldness or grace. In short, everything she does is voluntary, instead of being spontaneous. It seems as if she might be acting from marginal directions to her part. When not speaking, she stands in general quite still. When she speaks, she extends first one hand and then the other, in a way that you can foresee every time she does so, or in which a machine might be elaborately constructed to develop different successive movements. When she enters, she advances in a straight line from the other end to the middle of the stage with the slight unvarying trip of her countrywomen, and then stops short, as if under the drill of a *fugal-man*. When she speaks, she articulates with perfect clearness and propriety, but it is the facility of a singer executing a difficult passage. The case is that of habit, not of nature. Whatever she does, is right in the intention, and she takes care not to carry it too far; but she appears to say beforehand, “ *This I will do, I must not do that.* ” Her acting is an inimitable study or consummate rehearsal of the part as a preparatory performance: she hardly yet appears to have assumed the character; something more is wanting, and that something you find in Madame Pasta. If Mademoiselle Mars has to smile, a slight and evanescent expression of pleasure passes across the surface of her face; twinkles in her eyelids, dimples her chin, compresses her lips, and plays on each feature: when Madame Pasta smiles, a beam of joy seems to have struck upon her heart, and to irradiate her countenance. Her whole face is bathed and melted in expression, instead of its glancing from particular points. When she speaks, it is in music. When she moves, it is without thinking whether she is graceful or not. When she weeps, it is a fountain of tears, not a few trickling drops, that glitter and vanish the instant after. The French themselves admire Madame Pasta’s acting, (who

indeed can help it?) but they go away thinking how much one of her simple movements would be improved by their extravagant gesticulations, and that her noble, natural expression would be the better for having twenty airs of mincing affectation added to it. In her Nina there is a listless vacancy, an awkward grace, a want of *bienveillance*, that is like a child or a changeling, and that no French actress would venture upon for a moment, lest she should be suspected of a want of *esprit* or of *bon mien*. A French actress always plays before the court; she is always in the presence of an audience, with whom she first settles her personal pretensions by a significant hint or side-glance, and then as much nature and simplicity as you please. Poor Madame Pasta thinks no more of the audience than Nina herself would, if she could be observed by stealth, or than the fawn that wounded comes to drink, or the flower that droops in the sun or wags its sweet head in the gale. She gives herself entirely up to the impression of the part, loses her power over herself, is led away by her feelings either to an expression of stupor or of artless joy, borrows beauty from deformity, charms unconsciously, and is transformed into the very being she represents. She does not act the character—she *is* it, looks it, breathes it. She does not study for an effect, but strives to possess herself of the feeling which should dictate what she is to do, and which gives birth to the proper degree of grace, dignity, ease, or force. She makes no point all the way through, but her whole style and manner is in perfect keeping, as if she were really a love-sick, care-crazed maiden, occupied with one deep sorrow, and who had no other idea or interest in the world. This alone is true nature and true art. The rest is sophistical; and French art is not free from the imputation; it never places an implicit faith in nature, but always mixes up a certain portion of art, that is, of consciousness and affectation with it.”—*Hazlitt's Plain Speaker*.

WALKS HOME BY NIGHT IN BAD WEATHER.

WATCHMEN.

THE readers of these our fourpenny lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night; and this has made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moonlight, *mud-light*, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter; and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper. It is a remarkable thing in nature, and one of the good-naturedest things we know of her, that the mere fact of looking about us, and being conscious of what is going on, is its own reward, if we do but notice it in good-humour. Nature is a

great painter (and art and society are among her works), to whose minutest touches the mere fact of becoming alive is to enrich the stock of our enjoyment.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old umbrellas have their weak sides; and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be "aggravating." But then you ought to have boots. There are sights, indeed, in the streets of London, which can be rendered pleasant by no philosophy; things too grave to be talked about in our present paper; but we must premise, that our walk leads us out of town, and through streets and suburbs of by no means the worst description. Even there we may be grieved if we will. The farther the walk into the country, the more tiresome we may choose to find it; and when we take it purely to oblige others, we must allow, as in the case of a friend of ours, that generosity itself on two sick legs may find limits to the notion of virtue being its own reward, and reasonably "curse those comfortable people" who, by the lights in their windows, are getting into their warm beds, and saying to one another—"Bad thing to be out of doors to night."

Supposing then that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort in other respects, we say that a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out,—the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But their words and looks on the other hand may set you well off. We have known a word last us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it. To a lover, for instance, no walk can be bad. He sees but one face in the rain and darkness; the same that he saw by the light in the warm room. This ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes; and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air; and in the thick of all that seems inclement, has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

To resume then, like men of this world. The advantage of a late hour is, that everything is silent, and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer, than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or the tree; sorrow is suspended; and you endeavour to think, that love only is awake. Let not readers of true delicacy be alarmed, for we mean to touch profanely upon nothing that ought to be sacred; and as we are for thinking the best on these occasions, it is of the best love we think; love, of no heartless order, legal or illegal; and such only as ought to be awake with the stars.

As to cares, and curtain-lectures, and such like abuses of the tranquillity of night, we call to mind, for their sakes, all the sayings of the poets and others, about "balmy sleep," and the soothing of hurt minds, and the weariness of sorrow, which drops into forgetfulness. The great majority are certainly "fast as a church" by the time we speak of; and for the rest, we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage; so we take out our licence to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them, is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door; which, while it does so, reminds us also that there is help for them to be had. I see him now, the pale blinker, suppressing the conscious injustice of his anger at being roused by the apprentice, and fumbling himself out of the house, in hoarseness and great coat, resolved to make the sweetness of the Christmas bill indemnify him for the bitterness of the moment.

But we shall be getting too much into the interior of the houses.—By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands; a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Crickets are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him "go along?" We dodge him in vain; we run; we stand and "hish" at him; accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone. We turn again, and there he is, vexing our skirts. He even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being cruel; or if we were only an overseer; or a beadle; or a dealer in dog-skin; or a political economist, to think

dogs unnecessary. Oh, come ; he has turned a corner ; he is gone ; we think we see him trotting off at a distance, thin and muddy ; and our heart misgives us. But it was not our fault ; we were not "hishing" at the time. His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma ; our "article" would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which your sympathizers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone ; for we have no companion this time, except our never-to-be-forgotten and etherial companion, the reader. A real arm within another's puts us out of the pale of walking that is to be made good. It is good already. A fellow-pedestrian is company ; is the party you have left ; you talk and laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account ; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters ; "mud-shine," as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot well be worse ; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming any obstacle ; mere action is something ; imagination is more ; and the spinning of the blood, and vivacity of the mental endeavour, act well upon one another, and gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg, you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand, like a roaring trophy.

We are now reaching the country : the fog and rain are over ; and we meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. No ; useless they are not ; for the inmates of the houses think them otherwise, and in that imagination they do good. We do not pity the watchmen as we used. Old age often cares little for regular sleep. They could not be sleeping perhaps, if they were in their beds ; and certainly they would not be earning. What sleep they get, is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box,—a forbidden sweet ; and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons in-doors, which together with

the amplitude of their coating and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be "somebody." They are peculiar and official. Tomkins is a cobbler as well as they; but then he is no watchman. He cannot speak to "things of night;" nor bid "any man stand in the King's name." He does not get fees and gratitude from the old, the infirm, and the drunken; nor "let gentlemen go;" nor is he "a parish-man." The church wardens don't speak to him. If he put himself ever so much in the way of "the great plumber," he would not say "How do you find yourself, Tomkins?"—"An ancient and quiet watchman." Such he was in the time of Shakspeare, and such he is now. Ancient, because he cannot help it; and quiet, because he will not help it, if possible; his object being to procure quiet on all sides, his own included. For this reason, he does not make too much noise in crying the hour, nor is offensively particular in his articulation. No man shall sleep the worse for him, out of a horrid sense of the word "three." The sound shall be three, four, or one, as suits their mutual convenience.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat, and lump, and indifference. By the way, what do they think of in general? How do they vary the monotony of their ruminations from one to two, and from two to three, and so on? Are they comparing themselves with the unofficial cobbler; thinking of what they shall have for dinner tomorrow; or what they were about six years ago; or that their lot is the hardest in the world, (as insipid old people are apt to think, for the pleasure of grumbling); or that it has some advantages nevertheless, besides fees; and that if they are not in bed, their wife is?

Of characters, or rather varieties among watchmen, we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford street, next the park. We called him the dandy, on account of his utterance. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word "past" as it is in *hat*,—making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his "Päst ten" in a style of genteel indifference, as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street

towards Hanover square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third, who cried the hour in Bedford square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. There was a fashion among his tribe just come up at that time, of omitting the words "Past" and "o'clock," and crying only the number of the hour. I know not whether a recollection I have of his performance one night is entire matter of fact, or whether any subsequent fancies of what might have taken place are mixed up with it; but my impression is, that as I was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of—ONE. This paragraph ought to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner.

A fourth watchman was a very singular phenomenon, a *Reading Watchman*. He had a book, which he read by the light of his lantern; and instead of a pleasant, gave you a very uncomfortable idea of him. It seemed cruel to pitch amidst so many discomforts and privations one who had imagination enough to wish to be relieved from them. Nothing but a sluggish vacuity befits a watchman.

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding Watchman*. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white, coming sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his common-places at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, "Everything's in imagination;—here goes the whole weight of my office."

But we approach our home. How still the trees! How deliciously asleep the country! How beautifully grim and nocturnal

this wooded avenue of ascent, against the cold white sky! The watchmen and patrols, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their "good mornings;"—not so welcome as we pretend; for we ought not to be out so late; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. Some fowls, who have made a strange roost in a tree, flutter as we pass them;—another pull up the hill, unyielding; a few strides on a level; and *there* is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house,—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word; and how surely does it deposit every one for himself in his own nest!

NEW PIECES AT DRURY-LANE.—A WORD TO THE
MANAGER.

WE are sorry to have nothing favourable to say of the new after-piece at this house (the *Haunted Inn*); nor yet of the grand operatical piece, the *Black Prince*, which has been got up with great care. Mr Peake, the author of the farce, is a clever man, with a real turn for humour, and even for invention, as his immortal old Charity-boy testifies, that Wilkinson used to perform. Item, Mr Reynolds, the adapter of the grand piece, is an old dramatic acquaintance of ours, whom we long to speak well of, especially after his good-humoured *Memoirs*; and finally, we like extremely what we hear of the fair and straight-forward dealing of the Manager, Mr Price, who is just the man to get this long-suffering theatre up again, if he takes care not to encumber it with mediocrity. *Good actors in good pieces* ought to be his motto. We began to think it was, when we heard of the way in which he had got up the *Critic*; and he seems to have speculated in the same manner, by the actors that appear in the new afterpiece. The *Black Prince* put us out of this reckoning. Not that there is no good actor in it; but there is a dearth of good actors. We are sorry, on the other account, that the new afterpiece has failed; and we would suggest to Mr Price, that it has not failed the less, because the play-bills tell us that it has "decidedly" succeeded.—

That word “decidedly” was added out of the consciousness of the reverse. Now Mr Price is a man of energy, with a great desire (if we mistake not) to be sincere. Let him in future not mince these matters with the public, of success and failure. Let him say boldly that a thing has *not* succeeded; and the public will as surely take his word for the contrary, whenever that is the case, as they will take it in *neither* case, if he goes the way of all managerial flesh. But then, it may be asked, how is he to secure the success? By securing a good piece, let it be never so old, *provided there be plenty of good performers in it*. Only let the public be sure, that there is something to be seen at the theatre, in which the talents of good performers *are really fetched out*, and they will go to see it, let it be as old as Methusalem. We never knew an instance to fail. The success of the *Critic*, night after night, is an evidence of it. Is the reader old enough to remember the way in which *Love-à-la-Mode* was got up, and what a treat it was, when we used to have on the stage, all at once, Lewis in Squire Groom, Simmonds in Beau Mordecai, Irish Johnstone in Sir Callagan, and Cooke in Sir Archy? These are the things to draw crowded houses, and to make people as fond of a set of performers, as of a room full of old friends. Good parts, and good actors will not disdain to play in them. Good actors, and the people will no more refuse to enjoy them than they would any other good.

 THE ROYAL LINE.

WILLIAM I.	The sturdy Conq'r, politic, severe;
WILLIAM II.	Light-minded Rufus, dying like the deer;
HENRY I.	Beau-clerc, who everything but virtue knew;
STEPHEN.	Stephen, who graced the lawless sword he drew;
HENRY II.	Fine Henry, hapless in his sons and priest;
RICHARD I.	Richard, the glorious trifler in the East;
JOHN.	John, the mean wretch, tyrant and slave, a liar;
HENRY III.	Imbecile Henry, worthy of his sire;
EDWARD I.	Long-shanks, well nam'd, a great encroacher he;
EDWARD II.	Edward the minion, dying dreadfully;
EDWARD III.	The splendid veteran, weak in his decline;

RICHARD II.	Another minion, sure untimely sign ;
HENRY IV.	Usurping Lancaster, whom wrongs advance ;
HENRY V.	Harry the Fifth, the tennis-boy of France ;
HENRY VI.	The beadsman, praying while his Margaret fought ;
EDWARD IV.	Edward, too sensual for a kindly thought :
EDWARD V.	The little head, that never wore the crown ;
RICHARD III.	Crookback, to Nature giving frown for frown ;
HENRY VII.	Close-hearted Henry, the shrewd carking sire ;
HENRY VIII.	The British Bluebeard, fat, and full of ire ;
EDWARD VI.	The sickly boy, endowing and endow'd ;
MARY.	Ill Mary, lighting many a living shroud ;
ELIZABETH.	The lion-queen, with her stiff muslin mane ;
JAMES I.	The shambling pedant and his minion train ;
CHARLES I.	Weak Charles, the victim of the dawn of right ;
CROMWELL.	Cromwell, misuser of his home-spun might ;
CHARLES II.	The swarthy scape-grace, all for ease and wit ;
JAMES II.	The bigot out of season, forc'd to quit ;
WILLIAM III.	The Dutchman, call'd to see our vessel through ;
ANNE.	Anna, made great by conquering Marlborough ;
GEORGE I.	George, vulgar soul, a woman-hated name ;
GEORGE II.	Another, fonder of his fee than fame ;
GEORGE III.	A third, too weak, instead of strong, to swerve ;
GEORGE IV.	And fourth, whom <i>Canning</i> and Sir Will preserve.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The advice of a *Constant Reader* will meet with due consideration.

Correspondents shall be noticed in our pages, and *not* in the covers, if it be only to gratify our "fast and faithful friend, F. F." We trust we have settled the matter of pence in our present number. The *Poet's Corner* in our correspondent's letter was highly welcome to us. We only wish we may deserve it.

The merits of our rival companions, *Tabitha Single's* cat, poodle, and parrot, shall undergo the requisite meditation.

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE TRUE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

WEAK and uninitiated are they who talk of things modern as opposed to the idea of antiquity; who fancy that the Assyrian monarchy must have preceded tea-drinking; and that no Sims or Gregson walked in a round hat and trowsers before the times of Inachus. Plato has informed us (and therefore everybody ought to know) that at stated periods of time, everything which has taken place on earth is acted over again: there have been a thousand or a million reigns, for instance, of Charles the Second, and there will be an infinite number more: the tooth-ache we had in the year 1811, is making ready for us some thousands of years hence; again shall people be wise and in love, as surely as the May-blossoms reappear; and again will Alexander make a fool of himself at Babylon, and Bonaparte in Russia.

Among the heaps of modern stories, which are accounted ancient, and which have been deprived of their true appearance by the alteration of colouring and costume, there is none more decidedly belonging to modern times than that of Vertumnus and Pomona. Vertumnus was, and will be, a young fellow, remarkable for his accomplishments, in the several successive reigns of Charles the

Second; and, I find, practised his story over again in the autumn of the year 1680. He was the younger brother of a respectable family in Herefordshire; and from his genius at turning himself to a variety of shapes, came to be called, in after-ages, by his classical name. In like manner, Pomona, the heroine of the story, being the goddess of those parts, and singularly fond of their scenery and productions, the Latin poets, in after-ages, transformed her adventures according to their fashion, making her a goddess of mythology, and giving her a name after her beloved fruits. Her real name was Miss Appleton. I shall therefore waive that matter once for all; and, retaining only the appellation which poetry has rendered so pleasant, proceed with the true story.

Pomona was a beauty, like her name, all fruit and bloom. She was a ruddy brunette, luxuriant without grossness; and had a spring in her step, like apples dancing on a bough. (I'd put all this into verse, to which it has a natural tendency; but I have't time.) It was no poetical figure to say of her, that her lips were cherries, and her cheeks a peach. Her locks, in clusters about her face, trembled heavily as she walked; the colour called Pomona-green was named after her favourite dress. Sometimes in her clothes she imitated one kind of fruit and sometimes another, philosophizing in a pretty poetical manner on the common nature of things, and saying there was more in the similes of her lovers than they suspected. Her dress now resembled a burst of white blossoms, and now of red; but her favourite one was green, both coat and boddice, from which her beautiful face looked forth like a bud. To see her tending the trees in her orchard (for she would work herself, and sing all the while like a milk-maid)—to see her, I say, tending the fruit-trees, never caring for letting her boddice slip a little off her shoulders, and turning away now and then to look up at a bird, when her lips would glance in the sunshine like cherries bedewed,—such a sight, you may imagine, was not to be had everywhere. The young clowns would get up in the trees for a glimpse of her, over the garden wall; and swear she was like an angel in Paradise.

Everybody was in love with her. The squire was in love with her; the attorney was in love; the parson was particularly in love.

The peasantry in their smock-frocks, old and young, were all in love. You never saw such a loving place in your life; yet somehow or other the women were not jealous, nor fared the worse. The people only seemed to have grown the kinder. Their hearts overflowed to all about them. Such toasts at the great house! The Squire's name was Payne, which afterwards came to be called Pan. Pan, Payne (Paynim), Pagan, a villager. The race was so numerous, that country-gentlemen obtained the name of Paynim in general, as distinguished from the nobility; a circumstance which has not escaped the learning of Milton:

“Both Paynim and the Peers.”

Silenus was Cy or Cymon Lenox, the host of the Tun, a fat merry old fellow, renowned in the song as Old Sir Cymon the King. He was in love too. All the Satyrs, or rude wits of the neighbourhood, and all the Fauns, or softer-spoken fellows,—none of them escaped. There was also a Quaker gentleman, I forget his name, who made himself conspicuous. Pomona confessed to herself that he had merit; but it was so unaccompanied with anything of the ornamental or intellectual, that she could not put up with him. Indeed, though she was of a loving nature, and had every other reason to wish herself settled, (for she was an heiress and an orphan), she could not find it in her heart to respond to any of the rude multitude around her; which at last occasioned such impatience in them, and uneasiness to herself, that she was fain to keep close at home, and avoid the lanes and country assemblies for fear of being carried off. It was then that the clowns used to mount the trees outside her garden wall to get a sight of her.

Pomona wrote to a cousin she had in town, of the name of Cerintha.—“Oh, my dear Cerintha, what am I to do! I could laugh while I say it, though the tears positively come into my eyes; but it is a sad thing to be an heiress with ten thousand a-year, and one's guardian just dead. Nobody will let me alone. And the worst of it is, that while the rich animals that pester me, disgust one with talking about their rent-rolls, the younger brothers force me to be suspicious of their views upon mine. I could throw all my money

into the Wye for vexation. God knows I do not care twopence for it. Oh Cerintha! I wish you were unmarried, and could change yourself into a man, and come and deliver me; for you are disinterested and sincere, and that is all I require. At all events, I will run for it, and be with you before winter; for here I cannot stay. Your friend the Quaker has just rode by. He says 'verily,' that I am cold! I say verily he is no wiser than his horse; and that I could pitch him after my money."

Cerintha sympathized heartily with her cousin, but she was perplexed to know what to do. There were plenty of wits and young fellows of her acquaintance, both rich and poor; but only one whom she thought fit for her charming cousin, and he was a younger brother, as poor as a rat. Besides, he was not only liable to suspicion on that account, but full of delicacies of his own, and the last man in the world to hazard a generous woman's dislike. This was no other than our friend Vertumnus. His real name was Vernon. He lived about five miles from Pomona, and was almost the only young fellow of any vivacity, who had not been curious enough to get a sight of her. He had got a notion that she was proud. "She may be handsome," thought he; "but a handsome proud face is but a handsome ugly one to my thinking, and I'll not venture my poverty to her ill-humour." Cerintha had half made up her mind to undeceive him through the medium of his sister, who was an acquaintance of hers; but an accident did it for her. Vertumnus was riding one day with some friends, who had been rejected, when passing by Pomona's orchard, he saw one of her clownish admirers up in the trees, peeping at her over the wall. The gaping, unsophisticated admiration of the lad made them stop. "Devil take me," said one of our hero's companions, "if they are not at it still. Why, you booby, did you never see a proud woman before, that you stand gaping there, as if your soul had gone out of ye?" "Proud," said the lad, looking down:—"a woudn't say nay to a fly, if gentlefolks wouldn't tease 'un so." "Come," said our hero, "I'll take this opportunity, and see for myself." He was up in the tree in an instant, and almost as speedily exclaimed, "God! What a face!"

"He has it, by the lord!" cried the others, laughing:—"fairly

stuck through the ribs, by Jove. Look, if looby and he arn't sworn friends on the thought of it!"

It looked very like it certainly. Our hero had scarcely gazed at her, when, without turning away his eyes, he clapped his hand upon that of the peasant with a hearty shake, and said "You're right, my friend. If there is pride in that face, truth itself is a lie. What a face! What eyes! What a figure!"

Pomona was observing her old gardener fill a basket. From time to time he looked up at her, smiling and talking. She was eating a plum; and as she said something that made them laugh, her rosy mouth sparkled with all its pearls in the sun.

"Pride!" thought Vertumnus:—"there's no more pride in that charming mouth, than there is folly enough to relish my fine companions here."

Our hero returned home more thoughtful than he came, replying but at intervals to the raillery of those with him, and then giving them pretty savage cuts. He was more out of humour with his poverty than he had ever felt, and not at all satisfied with the accomplishments which might have emboldened him to forget it. However, in spite of his delicacies, he felt it would be impossible not to hazard rejection like the rest. He only made up his mind to set about paying his addresses in a different manner;—though how it was to be done, he could not very well see. His first impulse was to go to her and state the plain case at once; to say how charming she was, and how poor her lover, and that nevertheless he did not care twopence for her riches, if she would but believe him. The only delight of riches would be to share them with her. "But then," said he, "how is she to take my word for that?"

On arriving at home he found his sister prepared to tell him what he had found out for himself,—that Pomona was not proud. Unfortunately she added, that the beautiful heiress had acquired a horror of younger brothers. "Ay," thought he, "there it is. I shall not get her, precisely because I have at once the greatest need of her money and the greatest contempt for it. Alas, yet not so! I have not contempt for anything that belongs to her, even her money. How heartily could I accept it from her, if she knew

me, and if she is as generous as I take her to be! How delightful would it be to plant, to build, to indulge a thousand expenses in her company! O those rascals of rich men, without sense or taste, that are now going about, spending their money as they please, and buying *my* jewels and *my* cabinets, that I ought to be making her presents of. I could tear my hair to think of it."

It happened luckily or unluckily for our hero, that he was the best amateur actor that had ever appeared. Betterton could not perform Hamlet better, nor Lacy a friar.

He disguised himself, and contrived to get hired in his lady's household as a footman. It was a difficult matter, all the other servants having been there since she was a child, and just grown old enough to escape the passion common to all who saw her. They loved her like a daughter of their own, and were indignant at the trouble her lovers gave her. Vertumnus however made out his case so well, that they admitted him. For a time all went on smoothly. Yes: for three or four weeks he performed admirably, confining himself to the real footman. Nothing could exceed the air of indifferent zeal with which he waited at table. He was respectful, he was attentive, even officious; but still as to a footman's mistress, not as to a lover's. He looked in her face, as if he did not wish to kiss her; said "yes, ma'am" and "no, ma'am" like any other servant; and consented, not without many pangs to his vanity, to wear proper footman's clothes: namely, such as did not fit him. He even contrived, by a violent effort, to suppress all appearance of emotion, when he doubled up the steps of her chariot, after seeing the finest foot and ancle in the world. In his haste to subdue this emotion, he was one day nigh betraying himself. He forgot his part so far, as to clap the door to with more vehemence than usual. His mistress started, and gave a cry. He thought he had shut her hand in, and opening the door again with more vehemence, and as pale as death, exclaimed, "God of Heaven! What have I done to her!"

"Nothing, James,"—said his mistress, smiling; "only another time you need not be in quite such a hurry." She was surprised at the turn of his words, and at a certain air which she observed for the first time; but the same experience which might have

enabled her to detect him, led her, by a reasonable vanity, to think that love had exalted her footman's manners. This made her observe him with some interest afterwards, and notice how good-looking he was, and that his shape was better than his clothes: but he continued to act his part so well, that she suspected nothing further. She only resolved, if he gave any more evidences of being in love, to dispatch him after his betters.

By degrees, our hero's nature became too much for his art. He behaved so well among his fellow-servants, that they all took a liking to him. Now, when we please others, and they shew it, we wish to please them more: and it turned out, that James could play on the *viol di gamba*. He played so well, that his mistress must needs enquire "what musician they had in the house." "James, Madam."—A week or two after, somebody was reading a play, and making them all die with laughter.—"Who is reading so well there, and making you all a parcel of mad-caps?"—"It's only James, Madam."—"I have a prodigious footman," thought Pomona. Another day, my lady's-maid came up all in tears to do something for her mistress, and could hardly speak. "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Oh James, Madam!" Her lady blushed a little, and was going to be angry.

"I hope he has not been uncivil."

"Oh no, Ma'am: only I could not bear his being turned out o'doors!"

"Turned out of doors!"

"Yes, Ma'am; and their being so cruel as to singe his white head."

"Singe his white head! Surely the girl's head is turned. What is it, poor soul!"

"Oh nothing, Ma'am. Only the old king in the play, as your ladyship knows. They turn him out o' doors, and singe his white head; and Mr James did it so natural like, that he has made us all of a drown of tears. T'other day he called me his Ophelia, and was so angry with me, I could have died."—"This man is no footman," said the lady. She sent for him up stairs, and the butler with him. "Pray, Sir, may I beg the favour of knowing who you are?" The abruptness of this question totally confounded our hero.

“For God’s sake, Madam, do not think it worth your while to be angry with me, and I will tell you all.”

“Worth my while, Sir! I know not what you mean by its being worth my while,” cried our heroine, who really felt more angry than she wished to be: “but when an impostor comes into the house, it is natural to wish to be on one’s guard against him.”

“Impostor, Madam!” said he, reddening in his turn, and rising with an air of dignity. “It is true,” he added, in a humbler tone, —“I am not exactly what I seem to be; but I am a younger brother of a good family, and”——

“A younger brother!” exclaimed Pomona, turning away with a look of despair.

“Oh those d—d words!” thought Vertumnus: “they have undone me. I must go;—and yet it is hard.”

“I go, Madam,” said he in a hurry:—“believe me in only this, that I shall give you no unbecoming disturbance; and I must vindicate myself so far as to say, that I did not come into this house for what you suppose.” Then giving her a look of inexpressible tenderness and respect, and retiring as he said it, with a low bow, he added, “May neither imposture nor unhappiness ever come near you.”

Pomona could not help thinking of the strange footman she had had. “He did not come into the house for what I supposed.” She did not know whether to be pleased or not at this phrase. What did he mean by it? What did he think she supposed? Upon the whole, she found her mind occupied with the man a little too much, and proceeded to busy herself with her orchard.

There was now more caution observed in admitting new servants into the house; yet a new gardener’s assistant came, who behaved like a reasonable man for two months. He then passionately exclaimed one morning, as Pomona was rewarding him for some roses, “I cannot bear it!”—and turned out to be our hero, who was obliged to decamp. My lady became more cautious than ever, and would speak to all the new servants herself. One day a very remarkable thing occurred. A whole side of the green-house was smashed to pieces. The glazier was sent for, not without suspicion of being the perpetrator; and the man’s way of behaving strength-

ened it, for he stood looking about him, and handling the glass to no purpose. His assistant did all the work, and yet somehow did not seem to get on with it. The truth was, the fellow was innocent and yet not so, for he had brought our hero with him as his journeyman. Pomona, watching narrowly, discovered the secret, but for reasons best known to herself, pretended otherwise, and the men were to come again next day.

That same evening my lady's maid's cousin's husband's aunt came to see her,—a free jolly maternal old dame, who took the liberty of kissing the mistress of the house, and thanking her for all favours. Pomona had never received such a long kiss. "Excuse" cried the housewife, "an old body, who has had daughters and grand-daughters, aye, and three husbands to boot, God rest their souls; but dinner always makes me bold,—old and bold, as we say in Gloucestershire,—old and bold; and her ladyship's sweet face is like an angel's in heaven." All this was said in a voice at once loud and trembling, as if the natural jollity of the old lady was counteracted by her years.

Pomona felt a little confused at this liberty of speech; but her goodnature was always uppermost, and she respected the privileges of age. So, with a blushing face, not well knowing what to say, she mentioned something about the old lady's three husbands, and said she hardly knew whether to pity her most for losing so many friends, or to congratulate the gentlemen on so cheerful a companion. The old lady's breath seemed to be taken away by the elegance of this compliment; for she stood looking and saying not a word. At last she made signs of being a little deaf, and Betty repeated as well as she could what her mistress had said. "She is an angel for certain," cried the gossip, and kissed her again. Then perceiving that Pomona was prepared to avoid a repetition of this freedom, she said, "But lord! why doesn't her sweet ladyship marry herself, and make somebody's life a heaven upon earth? They tell me she's frightened at the cavaliers and the money-hunters, and all that; but God-a-mercy, must there be no honest man that's poor? and mayn't the dear sweet soul be the jewel of some one's eye, because she has money in her pocket?"

Pomona, who had entertained some such reflections as these

herself, hardly knew what to answer; but she laughed, and made some pretty speech.

"Ay, ay," resumed the old woman. "Well, there's no knowing." (Here she heaved a great sigh). "And so my lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardener, lord love her, and rears me cart-loads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself neither. No, no; for that matter, there were peaches before it; and Eve didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have had no peaches now, for all her gardening. Well, well, my sweet young lady, don't blush and be angry, for I am but a poor foolish old body, you know, old enough to be your grandmother; but I can't help thinking it a pity, that's the truth on't. Oh dear! Well; gentlefolks will have their fegaries, but it was very different in my time, you know; and lord! now to speak the plain *scripter* truth; what would the world come to, and where would her sweet ladyship be herself, I should like to know, if her own mother that's now an angel in heaven had refused to keep company with her ladyship's father, because she brought him a good estate, and made him the happiest man on God's yearth?"

The real love that existed between Pomona's father and mother, being thus brought to her recollection, touched our heroine's feelings; and looking at the old dame, with tears in her eyes, she begged her to stay and take some téa, and she would see her again before she went away. "Ay, and that I will, and a thousand thanks into the bargain from one who has been a mother herself, and can't help crying to see my lady in tears. I could kiss 'em off, if I warn't afraid of being troublesome; and so God bless her, and I'll make bold to make her my curtsey again before I go."

The old body seemed really affected, and left the room with more quietness than Pomona had looked for, Betty meanwhile shewing an eagerness to get her away, which was a little remarkable. In less than half an hour there was a knock at the parlour door, and Pomona saying "Come in," the door was held again by somebody for a few seconds, during which there was a loud and apparently angry whisper of voices. Our heroine, not without agitation, heard the words "no, no," and "yes," repeated with vehemence, and

then "I tell you I must and will; she will forgive you, be assured, and me too, for she'll never see me again." And at these words the door was opened by a gallant-looking young man, who closed it behind him, and advancing with a low bow, spoke as follows:—

"If you are alarmed, Madam, which I confess you reasonably may be at this intrusion, I beseech you to be perfectly certain, that you will never be so alarmed again, nor indeed ever again set eyes on me, if it so please you. You see before you, Madam, that unfortunate younger brother (for I will not omit even that title to your suspicion) who, seized with an invincible passion as he one day beheld you from your garden wall, has since run the chance of your displeasure, by coming into the house under a variety of pretences, and inasmuch as he has violated the truth, has deserved it. But one truth he has not violated, which is, that never man entertained a passion sincerer; and God is my witness, Madam, how foreign to my heart is that accursed love of money, (I beg your pardon, but I confess it agitates me in my turn to speak of it), which other people's advances and your own modesty have naturally induced you to suspect in every person situated as I am. Forgive me, Madam, for every alarm I have caused you, this last one above all. I could not deny to my love and my repentance, the mingled bliss and torture of this moment; but as I am really and passionately a lover of truth as well as of yourself, this is the last trouble I shall give you, unless you are pleased to admit what I confess I have very little hopes of; which is, a respectful pressure of my suit in future. Pardon me even these words, if they displease you. You have nothing to do but to bid me—leave you; and when he quits this apartment, Harry Vernon troubles you no more."

A silence ensued for the space of a few seconds. The gentleman was very pale; so was the lady. At length she said, in a very under tone, "This surprise, sir—I was not insensible—I mean, I perceived—Sure, sir, it is not Mr Vernon, the brother of my cousin's friend, to whom I am speaking?"

"The same, Madam."

"And why not at once, sir—I mean—that is to say—Forgive me, sir, if circumstances conspire to agitate me a little, and to throw me in doubt what I ought to say. I wish to say what is

becoming, and to retain your respect." And the lady trembled as she said it.

"My respect, Madam, was never profounder than it is at this moment, even though I dare begin to hope that you will not think it disrespectful on my part to adore you. If I might but hope, that months or years of service—

"Be seated, sir, I beg;—I am very forgetful. I am an orphan, Mr Vernon, and you must make allowances as a gentleman" (here her voice became a little louder) "for anything in which I may seem to forget, either what is due to you, or to myself."

The gentleman had not taken a chair, but at the end of this speech he approached the lady, and led her to her own seat with an air full of reverence.

"Ah, Madam," said he, "if you could but fancy you had known me these five years, you would at least give me credit for enough truth, and I hope enough tenderness and respectfulness of heart (for they all go together) to be certain of the feelings I entertain towards your sex in general, much more towards one, whose nature strikes me with such a gravity of admiration at this moment, that praise even falters on my tongue. Could I dare hope that you meant to say anything more kind to me than a common expression of good wishes, I would dare to say that the sweet truth of your nature not only warrants your doing so, but makes it a part of its humanity."

"Will you tell me, Mr Vernon, what induced you to say so decidedly to my servant (for I heard it at the door) that you were sure I should never see you again?"

"Yes, Madam, I will; and nevertheless I feel all the force of your enquiry. It was the last little instinctive stratagem that love induced me to play, even when I was going to put on the whole force of my character and my love of truth! for I did indeed believe that you would discard me, though I was not so sure of it as I pretended."

"There, sir," said Pomona, colouring in all the beauty of joy and love,—“there is my hand. I give it to the lover of truth; but truth no less forces me to acknowledge, that my heart had not been unshaken by some former occurrences.”

“Charming and adorable creature!” cried our hero, after he had recovered from the kiss which he gave her. But here we leave them to themselves. Our heroine confessed, that from what she now knew of her feelings, she must have been inclined to look with compassion on him before; but added, that she never could have been sure she loved him,—much less had the courage to tell him so, till she had known him in his own candid shape.

And this, and no other, is the True Story of Vertumnus and Pomona.

NEW COMEDY OF THE MERCHANT'S WEDDING.

THE *Black Prince*, produced the other day at Drury lane, was founded on some of the greatest writers of the greatest age of our poetry; and it did not succeed. The new piece produced at Covent garden, called the *Merchant's Wedding*, is founded on some of the least writers of that age (great men nevertheless); and it has succeeded. The reason is, that the noble limbs of the former were torn asunder to patch up a modern body; and a poor monster was made up, not the less absurd for having a left leg not his own, and a fine eye put in his head with no brain behind it. In the latter case, the adapter has shewn a proper reverence for his work; the play is almost entirely to be found in the two authors (Mayne and Rowley), on whom it is founded; and if the rest is Mr Planche's own, it does great credit to his taste. There was a pretty passage in this gentleman's preface to his *Oberon* (the piece that Weber composed) which shewed that he knew how to be in the company of men of genius; and his modesty has been rewarded.*

A letter, by the way, has appeared in the newspapers, wondering how it was that certain passages from Beaumont and Fletcher nearly got the *Black Prince* condemned, while certain other passages, the invention of the ingenious adapter, were loudly applauded. We know not how this might have been the first night. It was not so the night we saw it. But you may piece-meal anything

* We allude to his quotation from Saadi, the Persian moralist.

with incongruous materials, till the very incongruity makes the best things in it appear the worst. It is an involuntary parody, in which the nobler the original the more humiliating the joke. What is the use of a piece of gold stuffed in a pudding, but to jar one's teeth? Is a casement the better for a broken pane, stopped up with velvet? When we heard such lines out of Beaumont and Fletcher, as that exquisite one spoken by the poor dying boy—

“ 'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away,”

we only hoped that the rest of the house might not hear it, lest finding it where they did, they might mistake and receive it profanely. We hurried it onward in imagination, as we should a beauty through a mob.

The *Merchant's Wedding* has not succeeded because it is eminent either for plot or character, still less because it can have a tenth part of the effect, which the originals produced when all its localities were alive, and the audience knew to what the wit referred. The adapter has even been obliged on this account to leave out a good deal of smart imagery, and has sometimes cut short (not so wisely, we think) the most robust and original of the speeches, where the passion would have carried them through with the audience; which is not the case, we admit, with mere ventures of joke and double-meaning: nor ought to be. But the piece has succeeded for several reasons: first, that audiences are more discerning than they used to be, owing, we doubt not, to the large increase of popular knowledge and the publications that give it eyes; second, that the scenes are numerous and full of action, the persons coming and going as if in some bustle of real life; third, that there is good stuff in the dialogue, the words being as lively as the action; fourth, that the scenery and costume are excellent, old, picturesque, and of a peculiar interest, being old English, and exhibiting our ancestors as they lived in doors, and the streets as they walked about them; and last not least, because this crowd of people is represented by a crowd of good actors,—at least, the best parts are in good hands, and the others in hands not unworthy. Nothing languishes, for default of action. There is Farren (excellent) in the old usurer, with a groan a mile long; Blanchard, in

the other old merchant, with little to say, but looking it admirably, a perfect stock-fish of the Exchange; Charles Kemble, in the confident wooer, victorious, and looking as if he ought to be so; Keeley, made a real fish of by his "insolent companions," who dress him up in scales and fins when he is drunk, and shew him,—a most helpless and meek monster; Bartley, who wears his size gallantly, and bullies as if he had really grown big in a tavern; Miss Chester, "a fine woman, Sir," as the old gentlemen say;—(there was one, and a very polite one, near us, who seemed to have come on purpose to see her);—she looked just such an heiress as the gallant *Plotwell* would carry off, whether for love or money; Mrs J. Hughes, in the cunning and wooden-faced *Dorcas*, as odd a little body, with a head to match, as if she had escaped out of a pantomime; and Mrs Chatterley, not so loud or imposing as she used to be some years back, but with more ideas in her head; besides others, who really all do well what they have to do, and never let the ball to the ground.

We have no room to detail the plot, nor is it necessary. There is a fool shewn for a fish,—a ticklish point for the stage,—out of our old friend Lazarillo de Tormes; but the language and the real animal spirits carry it off;—an old usurer, whose sins are paid off by the torture of a marriage with a young pretended devotee, who first astonishes him with her extravagance, and then turns out to have been falsely married to him, to get an estate back for her lover;—a heap of jokes and tavern-plots among the would-be gallants of those times—(Charles Kemble in his first simple dress, between two of them in their gorgeous ones, looked like Milton when his two court-friends used to visit him on "gaudy days");—and a very gallant scene, but more ticklish than the other, though we doubt not it finally turned out the most popular of all, in which *Plotwell* gets into the heiress's chamber at night, and forces her to marry him by dint of certain perils to her character. There is as gallant a want of sentiment in it as need be, and about as much compliment to the sex; in both of which points it is worthy of remark, that the writers of those times take the unfavourable or the favourable side, in proportion as they were mere wits, or wits ennobled with poetry; Shakspeare being at the top of those who

have said the sweetest things of womankind. But some amends is made for the scene before us, by the generosity with which *Plotwell* afterwards tears up the forced deed of marriage; and in the scene itself, and all other scenes where the spirit is superior to the letter, there is an instinctive sense on the part of the audience, that the spirit only, and the gallant sketch of the thing, is to be taken as the real business,—something beyond the matter-of-fact, surmounting it with its plumes of wit and vivacity, and prepared to do anything else that real gallantry may require, as it afterwards does in the circumstance just mentioned. Thus *Ranger*, in the pleasant hey-day comedy of the *Suspicious Husband*, in a scene which the old play may have suggested, rattles away to the borders of what might seem even unfeeling; but one touch of genuine womanhood on the part of the lady, though moved by the thoughts of another man, enables him to show us, that he has never lost his good-nature; and even *Ranger* becomes grave and affectionate under the fall of that sweet shadow of tenderness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent of a very companionable nature, an old play-goer, encourages us to proceed, and says that our “theatricals will carry us through.” We are happy to sit with him in the pit, and do hereby offer him an imaginary pinch of snuff, the only sort that we take.

On the other hand, S. G. says he must drop our acquaintance, if we have nothing but plays and the weather to talk about; which is hard, if he be an Englishman. Furthermore, he does not like our verses; and concludes by asking our opinion of the “new-fashioned system of Scientific Institutions.” We fear our Correspondent would like our science still less than our verses; for we know still less about it. We profess only to be ardent and most expectant admirers of that mighty part of knowledge; and on that account we recommend to his notice the prospectus of a scientific weekly paper, which is to appear on the 1st of March, and is entitled the *Verulam*.

After the receipt of S. G.’s letter, our friend W. W. will not wonder that we translated his initials into “doubly welcome.”

E. C. and F. C. N. will oblige us by consulting the answers to Correspondents on the wrapper of the Monthly Part; or in case they have it not, we may as well repeat in this place, for their benefit and that of other correspondents whose taste for verse surpasses their practice in writing it, that for reasons which they will be good enough to surmise and to give a handsome construction to, we are obliged to be cautious how we supersede our own quantity of labour with contributions from hands less accustomed to composition.

In looking over again the letter of F. F. we fear we have committed a violation of courtesy in giving it public notice; but the mistake was involuntary, and must be excused by the nature of the letter itself; which was so well written, and turned with so much delicacy and cordiality, that in our enjoyment of the spirit of it, we overlooked the passage we allude to.

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THE COMPANION.

No. VII.—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

LARGE BONNETS.—A NEW WANT OF GALLANTRY.— SECRET OF SOME EXISTING FASHIONS.

WE have been requested to remonstrate with the huge bonnets that are now in fashion, and that are found by play-goers to be very inconvenient in the pit. A lady (provided she has no other lady before her similarly dressed) can see out of it as comfortably as if she were sitting in a chaise, and perhaps feels the snigger for that sort of calash; but the unfortunate persons behind her, deprived both of the pleasure of the scene, and of the consolation of beholding the back part of a human head, are as much at a loss as if the chaise were actually before them. Imagine thirty or forty of those vehicles, placed unaccountably about the pit, with a fair mystery in each, like the lady in the lobster! The lady would be speedily detached, with a merry violence, and the vehicles rolled away. But head and bonnet are not to be divorced. In vain the fair wearers are requested to take them off. They wonder at you; they frown; they “cannot think of such a thing.” The ladies who make the request (for this is a difficult office for a gentleman) acknowledge that compliance is hardly to be expected. The head is dressed for the bonnet; and besides, where is so huge a machine to be put? Thus then the ladies sit on, seeing but not allowing to see. The persons in the shadow of their borders contrive, by leaning their heads sideways, cribbing a bit on the seat, and other desperate

resources, to partake painfully of what is going forward; but those more immediately in the dark, particularly the unhappy person right behind, give the thing up as hopeless. The bonneted lady intercepts the main part of the scene. Charles Kemble is swallowed up. The wing of an army is made no more of than that of a chicken. Enter a house and grounds:—no matter:—the yawn of the bonnet engulphs them like a lawyer's bag. At the opera, you may get a leg now and then, or the point of a shoe.

Nothing that we can say could remedy an evil of this description. The fashion must change of its own accord. Opposition meanwhile would only make it worse; modes of this kind going upon no principle of reason or convenience, but upon pure will and novelty.

Masterless *fashion* sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.

Its sole object being to differ with those who are not of it, difference of any sort only convinces it that it is just what it ought to be. When the many take to it, then and then only it alters, disobliging them in its vicissitude, and changing to some equally wilful shape. Its very death is out of the spirit of contradiction.

There is one thing indeed: Ladies may choose to stop away, who find themselves much worried. They may also suffer from like bonnets, and be perplexed between the wish to be relieved and their disinclination to relieve others. Here and there a goodnatured conscience may take a bonnet with it another time, which shall be removeable. We sat near a lady the other night, who said very prettily, "A bonnet has come in my way, and I have not the face to ask for its removal; for I have been sitting all the while, never thinking of my own." This inclined us to make application to the interceptor; but we desisted, for fear of being refused, not liking to see a woman at a disadvantage.

A word upon that point,—suggested by what we have heard of refusals given to gentlemen who have been bolder. We are very much for equalizing the principles of right and wrong in both sexes; and in accordance with this notion of ours (which we do not mean to insist upon in this work, but which we conceive to be anything but hostile to womanhood) we will venture to remark, that there may be a want of gallantry in women as well as in men.

Gallantry, in the sense we mean it, and indeed in the only true and good sense, may be defined—the inclination of one sex to oblige the other, in the manner most fitted to imply a delicate consciousness, and a grateful wish to be thought well of. A man actuated with this spirit, and performing the least service for a woman, seems, though with the least possible ostentation, or the least claim in return for shewing it, to evince his gratitude to the whole sex, and to all that he has ever known of them, gentle and lovely. A woman, acting in the same spirit, and on a similar occasion, evinces the like tenderness of respect for the whole circle of manhood; and by the very waiving of an exclusive homage (too often implying her weakness instead of her strength) shews her right to the equal participation of a throne of power and esteem. In love, for instance, there is nothing more touching than the equality to which it brings both parties, and the delight they take in being neither less tender, humble, or grateful, the one than the other. Imagine under these circumstances an adored mistress reversing the usual order of compliment, and kissing in a transport of thankfulness the lover's hand! The case will be still stronger, if she suspect that the love is greater on his side than her own. This is what we should call the height of gallantry in a woman; and assuredly, if the man be worthy of her, and she of him, she will gain everything by it, instead of losing. We put an extreme case; but excess often lets us better into the merits of a question, than a more moderate way of putting it. It includes all the letter, and is sure to lose none of the spirit. From bonnets to the eyes within them, and from the eyes to love, the steps are not great; and so we come back to our fair friends in the pit; and do hereby show them, that when they give sharp answers respecting those enormities to the sex in whose eyes they ought to be fairest, they commit precisely the same mistake which they would be the loudest in exclaiming against, were a man deficient towards them in politeness and gallantry. They take an unhandsome advantage of him. To be ungallant towards a woman, is to use a man's power where it is least becoming, and there is nothing to resist it. To be ungallant towards a man, is to take advantage of the opinions that are held respecting the deference he owes the sex, and do just

what a woman pleases, let manhood think of it as it may. To settle the rights of this matter, and at the same time to relieve both the sexes from the hitherto unheard-of enormity of *ungallant women*, we propose, that as a man without gallantry is metaphorically and fearfully pronounced by the other sex to be "no man," so a woman, labouring under a similar deficiency, be hereafter pronounced to be no woman. She must take her place with him in the third sex, or non-sex, lately discovered by a periodical writer, and entitled *Nimmen* :—Man, Men; Woman, Women; Noman, Nimmen. The case is clear, and the sex vindicated.

As to fashions, nothing can alter those but the setters of them. They have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are, for the most part, those that bring custom to the milliner. If we keep watch on an older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of old people. Even fashions of popular convenience, as the trowsers that have so long taken place of smallclothes, continue very often on the strength of some general defect, to which they are useful. The old are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young; and among the latter, there are more limbs perhaps, to which loose clothing is acceptable, than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those cloaks, than would be proud of themselves in a shoe and stocking. The male fashions of the last twenty years, we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected, that the French partook of them, and that our modes have generally come from that country, we suspect that the old court in France had more to do with them, than Napoleon's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country, and the old noblesse in the other, wore bibs and trowsers, when the Emperor went in a plain stock and delighted to show his good leg. For this period, if for this only, we are of opinion that whether the male fashions did or did not originate in France, other circumstances have conspired to *retain* them in both countries, for which the revolutionary government cannot account. It is true, Mr Hazlitt informs us in his

“Life of Napoleon,” that during the Consulate, all the countries were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Bonaparte luckily settled the matter by deciding in favour of nature and cleanliness. But here the revolutionary authority stopped: nor in this instance did it begin: for it is understood, that it was the plain head of Dr Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused, and afterwards interested, the giddy polls of his new acquaintances; who went and did likewise. Luckily, this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trowsers, and the huge neckcloths, whence come they? How is it, at least, that they have been so long retained? Observe that polished old gentleman, who bows so well, and is conversing with the most agreeable of physicians. He made a great impression in his youth, and was naturally loth to give it up. On a sudden, he finds his throat not so juvenile as he could wish it. Up goes his stock, and enlarges. He rests both his cheeks upon it, the chin settling comfortably upon a bend in the middle, as becomes its delicacy. By and bye, he thinks the cheeks themselves do not present as good an aspect as with so young a heart might in reason be expected; and forth issue the points of his shirt-collar, and give them an investiture at once cherishing and spirited. Thirdly, he suspects his waist to have played him a trick of good living, and surpassed the bounds of youth and elegance before he was well aware of it. Therefore, to keep it seemingly, if not actually within limits, forth he sends a frill in the first instance, and a padded set of lapels afterwards. He happens to look on the hand that does all this, and discerns with a sigh that it is not quite the same hand to look at, which the handsomest women have been transported to kiss; though for that matter they will kiss it still, and be transported too. The wrist-band looks forth, and says, “Shall I help to cover it?” and it is allowed to do so, being a gentlemanly finish, and impossible to the mechanical. But finally the legs: they were among the handsomest in the world; and how did they not dance! What conquests did they not achieve in the times of hoop-petticoats and toupees! And long afterwards, were not Apollo and Hercules in them together, to the delight of

dowagers? And shall the gods be treated with disrespect when the heaviness of change comes upon them? No. Round comes the kindly trowserian veil (as Dyer of 'The Fleece' would have had it); the legs retreat, like other conquerors, into retirement; and only the lustre of their glory remains, such as Bonaparte might have envied.

RAIN OUT OF A CLEAR SKY.

IN a work 'De Varia Historia,' written after the manner of Ælian by Leonico Tomeo, an elegant scholar of the fifteenth century, we meet with the following pretty story.—When Phalantus led his colony out of Sparta into the south of Italy, he consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was informed that he should know the region he was to inhabit, by the fall of a plentiful shower out of a clear sky. Full of doubt and anxiety at this answer, and unable to meet with any one who could interpret it for him, he took his departure, arrived in Italy, but could succeed in occupying no region,—in capturing no city. This made him fall to considering the oracle more particularly; upon which he came to the conclusion, that he had undertaken a foolish project, and that the gods meant to tell him so; for that a sky should be clear, and yet the rain out of it plentiful, now seemed to him a manifest impossibility.

Tired out with the anxious thoughts arising from this conclusion, he laid his head in the lap of his wife, who had come with him, and took such a draught of sleep as the fatigue of sorrow is indulged with, like other toil. His wife loved him; and as he lay thus tenderly in her lap, she kept looking upon his face; till thinking of the disappointments he had met with, and the perils he had still to undergo, she began to weep bitterly, so that the tears fell plentifully upon him, and awoke him. He looked up, and seeing those showers out of her eyes, hailed at last the oracle with joy, for his wife's name was Æthra, which signifies "a clear sky;" and thus he knew that he had arrived at the region where he was to settle. The next night he took Tarentum, which was the greatest city of those parts; and he and his posterity reigned in that quarter of Italy, as you may see in Virgil.

OPERA OF THE WHITE AND RED ROSE—MADAME
PASTA IN THE LOVER.—FRENCH DANCING.

MAYER's opera of the *White and Red Rose* (*La Rosa Bianca e la Rosa Rossa*) was brought out at the King's Theatre on Saturday evening, Madame Pasta being the hero of it. We remember noticing a play-bill of this piece once at Genoa, and making up our minds not to go and see it, because it was historical. Song is for passion in its own shape, and not mixed up with the squabbles and pretences of history. Great writers, as a musical friend observed to us, have rarely laid their scenes in the midst of these impertinences, which augur ill for the composer. It is true, there is apt to be very little history after all in such pieces; but what there is, does them injury. We do not want a singing Earl of Derby, singing foot-guards, and a warbling sheriff. These matters of the Court Calendar jar against one's enthusiasm, and the case is worse, because it comes home to us in our own country. Fancy a love adventure mixed up two centuries hence with the differences between our Military Premier and Mr Huskisson; the King going in and out, singing *Oh Dio*; Lord Goderich tender in a cavatina; the ladies all mystified; and a chorus of journalists at midnight (*Numi and lumi*) calling on the powers above to throw a little light on the business.

Signor Huski. Dice di si, come io, il Vellingtonne.

(*Entra il Duca.*) Di si? Di no.

Coro di Giornalisti.

Or cosa dice Huskisonne?

[*Mr H.* The Noble Duke says Yes; so all is done.

(*Enter Duke.*) Says Yes? Says No.

Chorus of Journalists.

Now what says Huskisson?]

READER. But, Sir, this is a caricature.

COMP. It is so, like the subject; but the spirit of our objection is good, and opera-goers feel it to be so.

Signor Mayer's opera is not of the highest order, nor is it by any means of the lowest. We do not know whether this is the same composer who has written several pleasing airs,—one of them with

a very striking and characteristic exordium; we mean *Chi dice mal d'amore*. The emphatic drop on the last syllable of the word *falsità* in that air, is a touch of real genius. Madame Pasta would give it with a corresponding beauty of gesture, impressing her firm and indignant hand upon it with all the grace of a noble scorn. There are two Mayers, we believe, both writers of pleasing melodies; though perhaps we are naming together two unequal men. One of them is the author of a graceful ballad, beginning *Donne, l'amore e scaltro pargoletto*. At all events, the name led us to expect more melody than we found in the new opera; or perhaps we should say, more original airs; for there is a vein of rambling melody throughout the piece, and, if not much invention, a great deal of taste and feeling. The music is so good, that we expect it every minute to be better. There is now and then a very delicate commentary of accompaniment, throwing out little unexpected passages both learned and to the purpose. The best of the regular compositions, are the duets. There are two between Madame Pasta and Curioni, (*In tal momento* in the first act, and *E deserto il bosco* in the second) for which alone the opera is worth going to hear. Curioni, who has a manner of feebleness and indifference in general, seems inspired when he comes to sing with Pasta. Her part is one of the least effective ones she has had; but everything becomes elevated by that fine face of hers, and that voice breathing the soul of sincerity. The words *core* and *amore* are never common-places in her mouth. They resume all their faith and passion. They are no more like the same words in ordinary, than gallantry is like love, or than *scipio*, any walking-stick, was Scipio who supported his father. Pasta has a large heart in her bosom, or she could not have a voice so full of it. This it is that gives her the ascendancy in the scene; that lifts her, "dolphin-like, above the element she lives in;" and sports, and rules, and is a thing of life, in those deep waters of her song. Not that other singers have no hearts, and may not be excellent people; but they have not the same faith in the very sounds and symbols of cordiality, and cannot be at a moment's notice in the world which they speak of. The common world hampers and pulls them back. It was well noticed by a lady in the pit, that she is not hindered of

her purpose by a break now and then in her voice, the bubble of a note or so. She slides over it, as if it were a mole-hill under her chariot-wheels, and abates nothing of her triumphant progress; nay, adds a grace and a dignity on the strength of it, as if it were a new proof how indifferent to the spirit of a passage was the ground the most material to those who can look no higher. Besides, there is a suffering and permission in it that belongs emphatically to passion. If it were for want of skill or deliberation, it would be another thing. But in the rich haste of emotion, pearls are dropt as of no consequence. The profusion of real wealth allows us to notice them only as things that would make others poor.

Being closer to Madame Pasta than usual this night, we had a completer opportunity of noticing the extraordinary grace of her movements. She is never at a loss, because she never thinks of being so. She leaves the whole matter to truth and nature, and these settle it for her, as completely as they do for an infant. You might make a picture from any one of her postures. A favourite action of her's, and one extremely touching, is, after venting a passion of more than usual force, to put up her hands before her eyes, laying and shutting up, as it were, her looks in them, as if to hide from herself the sight of her own emotion. When she opens her arms in a transport of affection, leaning at the same time a little back, and breathing and looking as true as truth could wish, her heart seems to come forward for one as real, and her arms to wait the sanction of its acknowledgment. For all arms, be it observed, are not arms, whatever they pretend; any more than all that pretends to be love is love, or all eyes have an insight. Some arms are a sort of fore-legs in air, merely to help people's walking. Others have machines at the end of them, to take up victuals and drink with, or occasionally to scratch out one's eyes. Others, more amiable, are to hang armlets and bracelets on, or to be admired for a skin or a shape; and then ladies put them in kid gloves, on purpose to take them off, and lift them indifferently to their cheek with rings on their fingers, and people say, what an arm Mrs Timson has! But the real arms are to serve and love with; to clasp with; to be honest and true arms,

content to be admired for their own sakes if the possessor be worthy, but happy to enable you to lose sight of them for the sake of the heart and the honest countenance. It is out of an instinct to this purpose (for the least of our gestures have their reason, if we did but scan it) that Madame Pasta throws back her arms, as if things only in waiting, and brings forward her heart, as if the approbation of that alone would sanction their use. It is for a similar reason, that we admire those women who can afford to make no display of the beauty of any particular limb, but reserve it for the objects of their love and respect to find out. It shows they are richer than in mere limbs. And for the same reason, one hates all that French dancing with fine showy limbs and senseless faces, which follows the musical performances at this house, and is just the antipodes of all that charms us in Pasta's singing. If her limbs were among the poorest in the world, they would become precious as warmth and light, with that smile and those eyes; whereas if a French dancer could by any possibility have limbs like a Venus, with a face no fitter to look at for ten minutes, or for one, than nineteen out of twenty of them possess, she might as well, to our taste, be as wooden and pointed all over as a Dutch doll; which indeed in her inanimate posture-makings and senseless right-angles of toe, she very much resembles. These people are made up out of the toy-shop. They are dolls in their quieter moments, and tee-totums in their livelier. A mathematician should marry one of them for a pair of compasses.

We must not forget to mention, that Madame Caradori, whose illness had been previously stated to the public, went through her part in the opera in spite of it, though evidently in a state of suffering. She could of course be expected to do little; but what she did was good, and at least wanted nothing of its touchingness. There is at all times something amiable in the manner and appearance of this singer. Her more than usual delicacy the other night, together with her white dress which had a long boddice, with a cross over it, and her hanging uniform-looking sleeves, gave her the appearance of a Madonna in one of Raphael's pictures.

We must relate an anecdote of Madame Pasta, highly corroborative of what has been said of her. Some gentlemen who knew her well, informed a friend of ours when he was in Paris, that she would come home from the opera, and sit in a passion of tears at the recollection of what she had been acting. They told him that nothing could be more unaffected, and that she would say she knew it to be idle, but that she "could not get the thing out of her head." This is just what imaginative people would expect her to say. She never pretended that she had taken herself for the character she represented; but she had sympathized with it so strongly, that it became the next thing to reality; and if our hearts can be touched, and our colour changed, by the mere perusal of a tragedy, how much more may not a woman's nature be moved that has been almost identified with the calamities in it; that by force of imagination has brought the soul of another to inhabit her own warm being; and has entertained it there as the very guest of humanity, giving it her own heart to agitate, and taking upon herself the burden of its infirmities!

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

WE forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horse-

back, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shew of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport, as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence,—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, Sir, to put an end to this mummerly;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then

casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top: he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward:—Yes:—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him:—see at last: he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

“Traitor!” exclaimed the baron, “thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!” “You cannot expect it, Sir,” said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: “Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed.”

“Part them!” said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead."

PHILOSOPHY OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY:

Being an Extract from Mr Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon."

GOING to our printer's yesterday to look over the proofs of the present number, we were met by the startling information, that two or three pages more copy were wanting. The mis-calculation originated in our having written upon a different-sized paper to what we are accustomed; and it was so complete a one, that we thought we had been superabundant in our provision, and had sent accordingly the day before to say that one or two little side-dishes and *entremets* might, if necessary, be omitted. As it was, the time became pressing; so we seized upon the piquant work which Mr Hazlitt has lately put forth, and have furnished out our table in a manner with which the company will have better reason to be pleased, than if all had been of our own cookery. We speak of this gentleman's "Life of Napoleon." It is not a superior work to many others, in point of incident and record, though the French Revolution and its consequences are always interesting to read about. It is also a party-work, if the cause of humanity can be said to be that of a party. But it is so admirably written; the incidents are accompanied with such unusual and remarkable reasons given for them; and these reasons are fetched out of such a deep, humane, and even impartial faculty of investigation (for tyranny and corruption themselves, however roughly handled, here find their best excuses), that readers of this old subject find it, in the best sense of the word, become a new one; and we will venture to say, that a man may take it as a test of his own power to think or receive thought, whether he can discern the superiority of this work above all others on the Revolution.

Take the following specimen; in which Mr Hazlitt grapples at once with the most startling point in this ghastly period, and shows us that by the very reason of our humanity we ought not to think of it, as its foolish producere would have had us think. He is speaking of the mob at Paris in their worst excesses:—

“They did not proceed out of the revolution, but out of the ancient monarchy: their squalidness and frantic gestures were the counterpart of the finery and haughty airs of the old court. The state of degradation of the French populace at the time of the revolution was not an argument against it, but the strongest argument for it. They wished to better their condition, to get rid of some part of their ‘hideousness’ (moral and physical)—so much light, at least, had broken in upon them—and because this was denied them, they naturally flew out into rage and madness. Whose was the fault? If a regiment of soldiers in smart uniforms had been ordered by a martinet officer in cold blood, and without any distortion of features, to fire upon this group of wretched fanatics, there would have been nothing ‘hideous’ in it—so much do we judge by rule and appearances, and so little by reason! Did these men parade the streets with this tragic apparatus for nothing? [A head on a pike.] Did they challenge impunity for nothing? Was the voice of justice and humanity stifled? No! It had now for the first time called so loud, that it had reached the lowest depths of misery, ignorance, and depravity, and dragged from their dens and lurking-places men whose aspect almost scared the face of day, and who having been regarded as wild beasts, did not all at once belie their character. ‘Ecquid sentitis in quanto contemptu vivatis? Lucis vobis hujus partem, si liceat, adimant. Quod spiratis, quod vocem mittitis, quod formas hominum habetis indignantur!’ Is it wonderful that in throwing off this ignominy, and in trying to recover this form, they were guilty of some extravagances and convulsive movements? This genteel horror, as well as callous indifference, is exceedingly misplaced, and is the source of almost all the mischief. The mind is disgusted with an object, conceives a hatred and prejudice against it, and proceeds to act upon this feeling, without waiting to consider whether its anger ought not rather to be directed against the system that produced it, and which is not entitled to the smallest partiality or favour in such an examination. There is a kind of *toilette* or drawing-room politics, which reduces the whole principle of civil government to a question of personal appearance and outward accomplishments. The partisans of this school (and it is a pretty large one, consisting of all the vain, the superficial, and

the selfish) tell you plainly that "they hate the smell of the people, the sight of the people, the touch of the people, their language, their occupations, their manners,"—as if this was a matter of private taste and fancy, and because the higher classes are better off than they, that alone gave them a right to treat the others as they pleased, and make them ten times more wretched than they are. It is true, the people are coarsely dressed—is that a reason they should be stripped naked? They are ill-fed—is that a reason they should be starved? Their language is rude—is that a reason they should not utter their complaints! They seek to redress their wrongs by rash and violent means—is that a reason they should submit to everlasting oppression? This is the language of spleen and passion, which only seek for an object to vent themselves upon, at whatever price, not of truth or reason, which aim at the public good. At this rate, the worse the government, the more sacred and inviolable it ought to be; for it has only to render the people brutish, degraded, and disgusting, in order to bereave them of every chance of deliverance, and of the common claims of humanity and compassion. The cowardice and foppery of mankind make them ashamed to take part with the people, lest they should be thought to belong to them; and they would sooner be seen in the ranks of their oppressors, who have so many more advantages—fashion, wealth, power, and whatever flatters imagination and prejudice, on their side. But 'the whole need not a physician;' it is the wants, the ignorance, and corruption of the lower classes that demonstrate the abuses of a government, and call loudly for reform; and the family physician would not be more excusable who refused to enter a sick room or to administer to the cure of a patient in the paroxysms of a fever, than the state physician who gives up the cause of the people from affecting to be disgusted with their appearance, or shocked at their excesses!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. and "A Well-wisher" have been received, and will be duly noticed in our ensuing number.

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

MEMOIR OF HIM, WITH SPECIMENS OF HIS POETRY.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, “the greatest gallant of his time,” and one that set off the sparkling of his wit by a ground of sentiment, was the son of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles the First. He was born at his father’s house at Whitton in Middlesex, and baptized the 10th of February 1608-9. The marvels about his speaking Latin at five, and writing it at nine, we omit as of little importance, whether false or true. Aubrey says, on the authority of Davenant, that he went to Cambridge at eleven years of age, and remained there till fourteen or fifteen. He then travelled both at home and abroad, and made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, with whom, in the course of six months, he was present at three battles and five sieges, besides lesser engagements. With this new feather in his cap, he returned home; and was thought to have made an agreeable selection from the virtues of other countries, unalloyed by their vices, with the exception of a little superfluity on the score of the French manner. Others however looked upon this as a part of his natural temperament, especially as he carried it off with great goodnature and openness of heart. The truth is, that the Court of Charles the First, though of sober principles, was enough given to the encouragement of

gallantry and luxury, which had their natural effect on the rising generation; and Suckling was but the foremost of a new race of wits, who were checked by the troubles that succeeded, only to re-appear with greater licence in a day of re-action.

There was a marked line at that time between the old people in possession, and the race that were coming up. Davenant told Aubrey, that Suckling did not much care for a lord's converse, for they were in those days "damnably proud and arrogant," and the French would say, that "My Lord *d'Angleterre* lookt *comme un* mastif-dog; but now," adds the reporter, "the age is much more refined, and much by the example of his most gracious Majestie (Charles II.) who is the patterne of courtesie."

Sir William said, that Suckling's "readie sparkling witt," for which he became famous at court, subjected him to envy, and "he was the bull that was bayted," his wit becoming more sparkling, the more it was chafed. His confidence in his powers, united to an open temper, probably betrayed him sometimes into airs of superiority, from which his account of himself in the *Session of the Poets* is not exempt.

Sir John succeeded his father in the possession of the family residence at Whitton; but it is probable that he spent little of his time there. The absence of rural images in his writings is remarkable. Neither love, nor poetry, nor philosophical reflection (of which he was far from incapable) led him among the groves. His *Account of Religion by Reason* he wrote at West-Kington, near Bath; but it was in company with "Will Davenant" and "Jack Young," at the house of "Parson Robert Davenant," the poet's brother, a jovial priest. Our author was one of the greatest bowlers of his time, and bowling-greens were attached to the gardens of the gentry in those days; but unfortunately, as he gambled as well as bowled, his necessities, like his love of show, forced him upon the town. Without taking for granted all the stories which a man's infirmities naturally give rise to, and which other people's infirmities exaggerate, it is clear that Suckling experienced all the vicissitudes, no very honourable ones, of a gambler's life. He was a star, as Johnson would say, alternately triumphing in lustre, and drowned in eclipse.

Unluckily, the notions of morality itself are different at different periods. It was said the other day of a celebrated politician, that although he was a dishonest man, and not to be trusted, he could not be charged with immorality; meaning, that his love of the fair sex was confined to the lady he had married. On the other hand, Pope said of Sir John Suckling, that he was "an immoral man, as well as debauched;" meaning, that he was dishonest and not to be trusted. "The story of the French cards was told me," says he, "by the late Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) who had it from old Lady Dorset herself."* These were cards made in France, and marked in such a way, as to be known only to the possessor. Now my Lady Dorset was of a third opinion in ethics, and appears to have considered neither the gallantry nor the gambling immoral. "That lady," says Pope, "took a very odd pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John Suckling. She is the Mistress and Goddess in his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know, how well they were acquainted." We know what was done, with good reputation, in Charles the Second's time, from the Memoirs of the gambling Count de Grammont; but even in the preceding age, which is the one before us, Evelyn accuses "the ladies of taking all advantages at play." My Lady Dorset was probably one of them. It is certain that, in attributing stratagems of this kind to her admirer, she was far from thinking she dishonoured the memory of one, whose notice she considered an honour. We may see, from her ladyship's notions, how lightly they regarded in those times what would

* Frances, daughter to Lionel Cranfield, first Earl of Middlesex. She became Countess of Middlesex in her own right on the death of her brother Lionel, the third Earl; and by marrying Richard, Earl of Dorset, brought the title into that nobleman's family. She was mother of Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, the celebrated wit; and died very old in 1692. Her husband, who was born in September 1622, could not have been fifteen years old when Charles, in January 1637, came into the world. There was great intimacy among the Suckling, Middlesex, and Dorset families. The two former were neighbours as well as friends; and the writer of the Life prefixed to Suckling's Works calls him a kinsman of the Earl of Dorset. Our author, in his dramas, has a remarkable fondness for a name of his invention, *Francelia*. In the *Goblins* he gives it to the country in which the scene is laid; and the heroines of *Brennoralt* and the *Sad One* are both called *Francelia*. Is not this likely to have been a compliment to the Lady Frances?

justly be considered in our own as practices unworthy of a man of honour. What completes the curiosity of this anecdote, is, that Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, from whom Pope had the story, was the most notorious gambler of his time, even when the vice had gone out of fashion. He is accused of giving an annual dinner to the reigning sharpers, whom he welcomed with a remarkable toast, "Gentlemen, may we all remain unhung this time next year." It is to be observed, that Aubrey, who says no shopkeeper would trust our poet for sixpence on account of his being such a gamester, insinuates nothing against his honesty; and Sir William Davenant, who survived him, and who was "no immoral man, though debauched," is mentioned as his "intimate friend," and one that "loved him intirely."

The way in which Suckling used to "envisage" his losses, and surmount them and shake his plumes in their teeth, has something in it highly characteristic. When he was at his lowest ebb, said Davenant, then would he make himself most gorgeous in apparel, and say it exalted his spirits, and gave him the greatest chance of good luck. His magnificence accompanied him wherever he went, and was made to bear upon all his pursuits. When he took his journey into Somersetshire, to rake with cavaliers and write on Socinianism, he rode like a prince "for all manner of equipage," and had a cart-load of books in his train. At London he gave an entertainment to a great number of ladies of quality, all beauties and young, where every delicacy to be found in England was brought upon table, and the last service consisted of silk stockings, garters, and gloves. This is like poetry inviting its heroines, and sitting down to table in a gallant shape. Loves and "winged words" take a circuit of the board, and fan up the lustre in their looks.

But Suckling was also "a serious man," or the ladies would have found his perfections wanting. After feasting his beauties over-night, and adding his own music, if he pleased, to the entertainment (for he was a performer), he could go and discuss politics with Lord Falkland, and divinity with Hales of Eton. Hales, Carew, and Davenant, were his intimate friends. He is said also, besides Falkland, to have been the associate of Ben Jonson and Digby; and was probably acquainted with Selden.

Among these, his beauties, and his gamblers (a luckless anti-climax!) our poet divided his time and his fortune, occasionally amusing himself with writing, particularly plays; which succeeded beyond what a modern reader might have conjectured. This was owing, most likely, to his popularity with the circles, and to his hesitating at no expense in dresses and decoration. He carried everything before him at the play-house, as he did elsewhere, by dint of the will to do it, and the generosity in which the will was clothed.

But pride will have a fall, especially if it does not take care of its muscles. Sir John was not so robust as he was sprightly: his mode of living did not tend to harden his nerves; and the reputation for courage which he acquired under Gustavus, he appears to have shaken by an unfortunate rencontre with Sir John Digby, brother of Sir Kenelm, whom he is accused of having first assailed with unequal numbers, and then disgracefully fled from. If he did, there is another example, in addition to that of Lord Rochester, to shew "men of wit and pleasure" the danger which they run above others in hazarding the loss of their courage; for what may be summoned up in the place of it by men of less reflection, or of more, is in their hands likely to fail them, either from their having other grounds of reputation to go upon, as Suckling had; or from their power to sophisticate upon the nature of the quality demanded, as was openly done by Rochester. At the same time, the baseness of setting upon a man with unequal numbers (though not without countenance in those days) is so unlike what might be expected from the spirit evinced in Suckling's writings, and from the affection entertained for his memory by gallant men, that as it rests upon no authority but Aubrey's, whose veracity was equalled by his credulity, and who does not state the circumstance of his own knowledge, it is not improbable that the story might have sprung up in the usual course of envy and scandal.*

* From the following testimony of "Mr Snowdon," it looks as if there was something true in the story. "Memorand: Mr Snowdon tells me," says Aubrey, "that after Sr. John's unluckie rencounter, or quarrell, wth Sr. John Digby, wherein he was baffled, 'twas strange to see the envie and ill-nature of people to trample and scoffe at, and deject one in disgrace; inhumane as well as unchristian. The Lady Moray had made an entertainment for severall persons of quality at Ashley (in Surrey, near Chertsey), whereat Mr Snowdon then was.—There was the Countess

A more authentic misfortune befell him, which is said by one of his biographers to have shortened his days. This was the conduct of a troop of horse which he raised, when Charles, in the year 1639, invited his nobility and gentry to attend him in his expedition to Scotland. There was a notion, that the mere parade of such a movement would do wonders; and as the courtiers acted accordingly, and made as gallant a shew as possible, our author was pleased to have an opportunity of displaying his lustre. His troop, as far as clothes went, was the bravest of the brave. It consisted of a hundred handsome young men, well horsed and armed, and gallantly attired in white and scarlet, with feathers in their hats. They encountered the enemy, and fled.

That a misadventure of this kind must have particularly vexed him, is obvious, especially as it became a subject of merriment to his brother wits; but that it ended in killing him, appears to have been a fancy originating in the weak imagination of Lloyd, author of the "Worthies," who suffered in the cause of royalty,—a feeble and credulous partisan. The year following our author wrote his admirable letter to Henry Jermyn, in which he seems to have lost nothing of his composure; and there is reason to believe that, in 1641, he was engaged in those plots against the Parliament which brought Davenant and others into trouble. The same month that Davenant was arrested on his way to France, Suckling, also on his way to France, was arrested by a "feller serjeant." Aubrey says, that he died in Paris, and that he killed himself by poison; being conveniently situated for that purpose by "lying at an apothecary's house." The story of his death, given by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, and repeated with a variation in Spence, is the one that is now received. Lord Oxford informed Oldys, on the authority of Dean Chetwood, who said he had it from Lord Roscommon, that Sir John Suckling, on his way to France, was robbed of a casket of gold and jewels by his valet, who, to provide against all contingencies, not only gave him poison, but stuck the blade of a penknife in such a manner in his boot, as to wound him mortally when he attempted pursuit. From Lord Oxford the story most probably came to Spence, who drops the incident of the poison, and turns the penknife into a rusty blade; adding,

of Middlesex,† whom Sr. John had highly courted, and had spent on her, and in treating her, some thousands of pounds. At this entertainment she could not forbear, but was so severe and ingrate as to upbraid Sr. John of his late received baffle; and some other ladies had their flirts. The Lady Moray (who invited them) seeing Sr. John out of countenance, for whose worth she alwaies had a respect; 'Well,' sayd shee, 'I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come sitt down by me, Sr. John' (said she), and seated him on her right hand, and countenanced him. This raysed Sr. John's dejected spirites, that he threw his repartees about the table with much sparkliness and gentleness of witt, to the admiration of them all."

† The Lady Dorset aforesaid, who was so proud of his verses, when they came to be printed. Perhaps her Ladyship was jealous of somebody in the room.

that Sir John clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry. Under all these circumstances, the story is very likely. Sir John, a fugitive, with his casket under his pillow, was just in the right condition to be robbed; and the robbery was a blow sufficient to put him in "a desperate mind." He died May 7th, 1641, in the thirty-second year of his age. According to Aubrey, he was of slight make, and had discoloured his face with ill living. He had a lively round eye, a head not very big, and hair of a kind of sand colour. "His beard turned up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look."

None of Suckling's writings were printed in his life-time, except a play or two, which he privately distributed. It cannot have been from these copies that his dramas were printed, as we have them now; for the text is as incorrect as some of the old folios of Beaumont and Fletcher. We have been obliged, like others, to disentangle his verses.* The rest of his works were collected and published after his death by his friend the Earl of Denbigh (a *Fielding*), well known for the part he took in the civil war. They have been reprinted six times, including their appearance in Anderson and Chalmers. Suckling was popular among the wits of Queen Anne's day, and will always be so in times of peace and luxury. He is more than once quoted by Steele in the *Tatler*. One of the quotations we may as well insert here, as the nature of the verses will not allow us to give the whole poem. The *Tatler* is speaking (No. 57) of a coxcomb of a new sort, who possessing courage, "takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of it every hour he lives. He is ever," says he, "fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent to me, superscribed him with this description, out of Suckling :

"I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I'm in the wrong or right,
Devoutly.

"No woman under heav'n I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty healths my brain will bear,
Most stoutly."

Addison's celebrated comparison of an ant-hill with a court was suggested by a passage at the beginning of the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, where Sheffield has also been for a couplet that might be mistaken for one of Dryden's. Perhaps it was touched by him :

"*Bren*. I say the court is but a narrow circuit,
Though something elevate above the common ;
A kind of ant's nest in the great wide field,
O'ercharged with multitudes of quick inhabitants,
Who still are miserably busied to get in

* Mr Chalmers has said that our author's works were printed "very correctly" by Tonson. Tonson's is the edition we have used ; and the dramatic part is full of errors ; to say nothing of the rest.

What the loose foot of prodigality
As fast does throw abroad.

“Doran. Good :

A most eternal place of low affronts,
And then as low submissions.” *

Sir John Suckling is one of those happy wits, who having faith in nature, and prizing, after all, the flesh and blood of humanity above its sophistications, are never forsaken of her; but surprise posterity by becoming immortal upon the strength of a few apparent nothings. He was allied to the preceding age by his power to be serious, and calculated as much as the airiest of his successors to lead the gallantry of the next. It is a mistake to think him deficient in sentiment, because he joins the vulgar in railing at love. This was part of his pretensions, as a careless fellow,—as a youth who had “seen the world,” and was to be past taking in. It belonged to his hat and feather,—to his table over night. Next morning he could be as deep in love as in meditation. There are feelings in him, which a heartless wit could not even pretend. Such are those which he indulges in the two copies of verses to his *Rival*. To every one of his railleries, gay and indifferent as he could make them appear, may be opposed some piece of romance as a set-off; and while the jokes enabled him to keep heart-whole with the lighter part of the sex, the gravities would retain his interest for him with the more cordial. They are chiefly to be found in his dramas, which, amidst a world of confused incidents, and a glimmer of meaning like a twilight, contain passages of extreme beauty, moral and descriptive. He was a passionate lover of Shakspeare, from whom he repeats phrases, and even whole sentences, with a fondness which cannot be mistaken for plagiarism, for Shakspeare was too well known. His *Ballad on a Wedding* is delicious, and has a dew on the lip. He has put it in the mouth of a countryman, that he may be able to dispense with the more received forms of panegyric, and talk of lips and cheeks after nature. The surprise at the end of *Pr’ythee, why so pale, fond lover?* never ceases to be as good as new. Few poems can boast a conclusion, at once so startling and so reasonable. The other pieces, that assume the high town air, do it to perfection, particularly the stanzas beginning—

“ ’Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart.”

Nothing can be more exquisitely cavalier. The *Session of the Poets* has been thought to be too careless in its versification; but its excess that way proves that the carelessness was intentional. The author seems to have written it while he was dressing, with his stockings down at heel. Regarded in this light, the negligence becomes a beauty, and would be no easy thing to imitate.

* “A life so infamous were better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.”—Speaking of Rochester, in the *Essay on Satire*.

Suckling, in his prose writings, exhibits his usual vivacity, and a fund of good sense. His *Account of Religion by Reason* may be held to contain little or much, according as the reader is inclined. Some perhaps will think it contains more than it appears to do. We shall give a specimen or two of his prose style in our next. It is as manly and to the purpose as Clarendon's, without any of his long-winded Chancery sentences; and in the *Letter to Henry Jermyn* the reader may see what was thought of the troubles then existing, by some of the most active and reflecting partisans of the court. His *Familiar Letters* have disappointed us. There are sprightly passages; but they are not free from the pedantry and conceits of the reigning taste. None of our author's works were collected till after his death; and probably those who possessed his happiest letters were not so ready to come forward with them as my Lady Dorset. We shall give one or two of the best. They are no ill specimens of the politeness and vivacity of his manners, and at least serve to shew how well he must have written when he was in the vein. In his letter to a Noble Lord, we fancy we see all the deference paid to rank in those days, beginning with that entire air of acknowledgment, and ending with that high-bred self-respect and resumption, which combined to give it a look of something solid and valuable. The letter containing the Epitaph on Don Alonzo is full of airy self-possession; and in two others we have a taste of his generous turn of mind, first under the impulse of an ordinary gratitude, and next of a very lively and tender one.

Sir John Suckling had no pretensions to be called a poet, in the greater sense of the term; but he was truly a poet in the less; that is to say, he could make the incidents of every-day life yield him a good crop of fancy, and fetch out the nature that lies in things artificial. The world of poetry has many territories. There are great empires and petty principalities. Sir John occupied one of the latter; but he ruled it gallantly and with splendour; nor was it all court, like some of the German ones. Milk-maids were had in respect; and there was room, as at Weimar, even for philosophy. He had the credit of being able to extend his dominion, if he would; and if this, as in most cases, was not very likely, it shews that he filled up the sphere of his celebrity to some purpose, and had a repose in his power, more allied to strength than to weakness.

THE SIEGE RAISED.*

'Tis now, since I sate down before
That foolish fort, a heart;
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

* This is one of the poems, which, Mr Hazlitt says, "are the origin of the style of Prior and Gay in their short fugitive verses, and of the songs in the Beggars' Opera."—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, p. 105. Congreve is still nearer

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise,
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes.
 Proceeded on with no less art ;
 My tongue was engineer ;
 I thought to undermine the heart
 By whispering in the ear.
 When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great cannon-oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the town,
 And still it yielded not.
 I then resolv'd to starve the place
 By cutting off all kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.
 To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batteries in :
 And brought myself to lie at length,
 As if no siege had been.
 When I had done what man cou'd do,
 And thought the place mine own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.
 I sent to know from whence and where,
 These hopes, and this relief ?
 A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
 And did command in chief.
 March, march (quoth I), the word strait give,
 Let's lose no time, but leave her ;
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.
 To such a place our camp remove
 As will not siege abide ;
 I hate a fool that starves her love
 Only to feed her pride.

PASSAGES FROM THE "SESSION OF THE POETS."

A session was held the other day,
 And Apollo himself was at it, they say,
 The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
 Was now to be given to him best deserved.
 And therefore the wits of the town came thither,
 'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
 Each strongly confident of his own way,
 Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

to it ; but in no one point has it been surpassed, or perhaps (for the sort of thing) equalled by any writer since the author's time, not excepting in versification, upon which the moderns are so gratuitously apt to pique themselves. The piece that follows is of the same character.

There was Selden, and he sat close by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order;
Digby and Chillingworth a little further:

There was Lucan's Translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's poetry:
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age,
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist outdone, by no man.

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry 't; at which Ben turned about
And in great choler offer'd to go out.

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

* * * * *
Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he car'd not for 't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry and publicly said
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

* * * * *
Hales sat by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his mind,
Past by, and call'd Falkland*, that sate just behind.

But he was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry,
Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length, who but an alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,
He openly declar'd, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin,

* The noble-hearted Lord Faulkland, who afterwards perished in the cause of Charles I. and may literally be said (though on that side) to have died for his country. He is supposed to have been willing to die, the troubles he saw all around him made him so melancholy.

And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another ; not a man in the place
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small poets cheer'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends to any poet about the town.

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Pr'ythee why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Pr'ythee why so pale ?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Pr'ythee why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Pr'ythee why so mute ?
Quit, quit for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her——
The Devil take her.

PASSAGES FROM THE
BALLAD ON A WEDDING.*

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen :
Oh things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.
At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
'There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.
Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him :
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him ;
Shou'd he go still so drest.

* The author's masterpiece. Mr Hazlitt says, that in its class of composition it is "unrivalled for the voluptuous delicacy of the sentiments, and the luxuriant richness of the images. I wish," he adds, "I could repeat the whole of it ; but that, from the change of manners, is impossible."—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, p. 106.

At course a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town ;
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing ;
 The parson for him staid :
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

* * * * *

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck :
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look'd like the great collar (just) *
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light :
 But oh ! she dances such a way !
 No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
 But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
 She wou'd not do't in sight ;
 And then she look'd as who shou'd say
 I will do what I list to day,
 And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone) :
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
 Compar'd to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly.
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF BRENNORALT.

Brennoralt, an honourable and unsuccessful lover, comes into his mistress's chamber while she is asleep.*

* "This evening," says the Tatler (No. 40) "some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny: and the discourse, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to shew her reading, and told us that Sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' said she, 'is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or

Bren. (*drawing the curtains*). So misers look upon their gold ;
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose ;
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling
The jealousy of being dispossesed by others.
Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
Heavens ! shall this fresh ornament o' the world,
These precious love-lines pass with common things
Among the wastes of time ? What pity 'twere !

(*She wakes.*)

Francelia. Bless me ! Is it a vision, or Brennoralt ?

Bren. Brennoralt, lady.

Franc. Brennoralt ! Innocence guard me !
What is't you have done, my lord ?

Bren. Alas ! I were
In too good estate, if I knew what I did.
Why ask you, Madam ?

Franc. It much amazes me
To think how you came hither, and what could bring you
To endanger thus my honour and your life.
Nothing but saving of my brother could
Make me preserve you now.

Bren. Reproach me not
The follies you yourself make me commit.
I am reduced to such extremity,
That Love himself, high tyrant as he is,
If he could see, would pity me.

Franc. I understand you not.

Bren. Would heav'n you did, for 'tis a pain to tell you :
I come to accuse you of injustice, Madam.
You first begot my passion, and was
Content (at least you seem'd so) it should live ;
Yet since would ne'er contribute unto it,—
Not look upon't,—as if you had desired
Its being for no other end, but for
The pleasure of its ruin.

Franc. Why do you labour thus
To make me guilty of an injury
To you, when it is one, all mankind's
Alike engag'd, and must have quarrel to me ?

Bren. I have done ill : you chide me justly, Madam.
I'll lay't not on you, but on my wretched self.
For I am taught that heav'nly bodies are not
Malicious in their influence, but by
The disposition of the subject. They tell me
You must marry Almerin : sure such excellence
Ought to be the recompense of virtue, not
The sacrifice of parents : should it not, Madam ?

possession of women. In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bed-chamber, and draw the curtains : then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words :

' So misers look upon their gold, &c.' "

Franc. 'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwise.

Bren. And shall he have you then, that knew you yesterday?
Is there in martyrdom no juster way,
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time should have the crown from them
That have endur'd the flame with constancy?

Franc. If the discovery will ease your thoughts,
My lord, know, Almerin is as the man
I never saw.

Bren. You do not marry then?
Condemned men thus hear, and thus receive,
Reprieves! One question more, and I am gone:
Is there, to latitude of eternity,
A hope for Brennoralt?

Franc. My lord!

Bren. Have I
A place at all, when you do think of men?

Franc. My lord, a high one: I must be singular,
Did I not value you: the world does set
Great rates upon you, and you have deserv'd them.

Bren. Is this all?

Franc. All.

Bren. Oh be less kind, or kinder!
Give me more pity, or more cruelty:
Francelia, I cannot live with this, nor die.

Franc. I fear, my Lord, you must not hope beyond it.

Bren. Not hope! (*Views himself.*) This sure is not the body to
This soul: it was mistaken, shuffled in
Through haste: why else should that have so much love,
And this want loveliness to make that love
Receiv'd? I will raise honour to a point
It never was—do things (*Studies.*)
Of such a virtuous greatness, she shall love me.
She shall:—I will deserve her, though I have her not.
There's something yet in that.

Madam, will't please you, pardon my offence?
O fates! that I must call thus my affection!

Franc. I will do anything, so you will think
Of me, and of yourself, my Lord, and how
Your stay endangers both.

Bren. Alas!

Your pardon is more necessary to
My life, than life to me. But I am gone.
Blessings, such as my wishes for you, in
Their extacies, could never reach, fall on you!
May everything contribute to preserve
That excellence (my destruction) till't meet joys
In love, great as the torments I have in it!

[*Exit.*

A PORTRAIT, A LA TITIAN.

Grainevert. And shall we have peace? I am no sooner sober,
But the state is so too. If't be thy will,
A truce for a month only. By this hand,
I long to refresh my eyes, they've been so tired
With looking upon faces of this country.

Villanor (sings). And shall the *Donazella*,
To whom we wish so well-a,
Look babies again in our eyes-a?

Grain. Ah—a sprightly girl above fifteen! Eyes full,
And quick; with breath as sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.
Thick silken eye-brows, high upon the forehead,
And cheeks, mingled with pale streaks of red,
Such as the blushing morning never wore.

Vill. Oh my chops! my chops!

Grain. With narrow mouth, small teeth, and lips
Swelling as if she pouted—

Vill. Hold!

Grain. Hair curl'd, like buds of marjoram,
Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing—

Marinell. Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!

Grain. In pink-colour
Taffeta petticoat, lac'd smock-sleeves dangling:
This vision, stoll'n from her own bed, and rustling
Into one's chamber—

Vill. Oh good Grainevert!

Grain. With a wax candle in her hand, looking
As if she had lost her way, at twelve at night.

*The specimens from Suckling will be completed in part of our next Number;
so that the reader will have an entire taste of him in this work.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall indulge ourselves with an extract or two from the letter of a *Sincere Well-wisher* the first opportunity.

S., who so interests our self-love by writing to us with a scalded hand, has a claim upon us for the subject on which we are requested to write. We shall do so with pleasure, when the season becomes a little more congenial to it. Our Correspondent is right respecting the article in the publication alluded to.

More of our ingenious friend *Horatio* next week.

A *Constant Reader*, who does us the pleasure of hailing us as coming out of the same school, and who is delighted with Madame Pasta, tells us of a certain Noble Marquis, too much in the habit of venting his notions out loud, who pronounced her performance the other night “disgusting.” Our Correspondent expresses his astonishment at this; and says that the gentleman to whom the observation was addressed, appeared to be still more so. Now that men of intellect should differ with the Noble Marquis, is in the due course of things; but that they should be astonished, astonishes us in our turn; especially the more they know him.

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THE COMPANION.

No. IX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1828.

“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

REMARKS ON FRENCH OPERA-DANCING RESUMED.— DANCING IN GENERAL, WITH A WORD ON OUR ENGLISH BALLS.

DANCING is either the representation of love-making, or it is that of pure animal spirits, giving way to their propensity to motion. It is the latter most probably that strikes out the first idea of it, as an art; the former that completes, and gives it a sentiment. The rudest savages dance round a visitor. Politer ones treat him with a dance of the sexes.

But French opera-dancing is neither the one nor the other. It pretends both, only to shew how little it has to do with either. There is love in the plot; there is mirth in the stage-directions: but you find it nowhere else. Think of a man making love, with no love in his countenance! of a girl as merry as a grig, but destitute of the least expression of it except in her toe! A French ballet is like a rehearsal, with the emotion left out. There is scenery; there are dresses and decorations; some story is supposed to be going on; but the actors are really apart from all this; wrapped up in themselves; and anxious for nothing but to astonish

with their repective legs, and fetch down applause from the galleries with a jump.

Enter, for instance, two lovers, with a multitude of subordinate lovers to dance for them while they rest. The scene is in Turkey, in Italy, in Cyprus; but it might as well be in the dancing master's school-room, for any thing it has to do with the performers. Forward comes the gentleman, walking very badly, like all dancers by profession. He bristles, he balances himself, he looks as wooden in the face as a barber's block, he begins capering. That there is no meaning in his capers but to astonish, is evident; for in his greatest efforts he always pays the least attention to his love. If it is love-making, it is the oddest in the world, for the lady is forgotten, the gentleman capers by himself, and he expresses his passion by seeing how many jumps he can take, how often he can quiver his feet before he comes down, how eminently he can stand on one leg, and finally how long he can spin round like a tee-totum, as if he had no brain to be made giddy with. Suddenly he stops, like a piece of lead; and having received his applause for being a machine, stalks off as proud as a peacock, curving out his arms, holding his head up, and turning his toes east and west, as if it were a grace to be splay-footed. All this is certainly not "the poetry of motion."

It is now the lady's turn. She presents herself, equally alone and enamoured; she looks grave and anxious, not at her lover, but the pit; no other emotion is in her face; but then her toes are very lively, and she begins by standing upon them. She seems to say, "You see what it is to love and be merry; it is to look like a school-girl before her master, and to have insteps as pliable as India-rubber." She then moves onward a little, and careers hither and thither; prettily enough, as long as it resembles any real dancing; but this is not her ambition. On a sudden, she stops like the gentleman, balances herself, tries her arms and legs, like a young crane learning to fly, then jumps up and down as high as she can, quivering her calves (those only seats of emotion), and finally gives a great spin round, as long as possible, looking like a bust and a pair of legs with an inverted bowl for a petticoat. This she puts an end to by the usual leaden stop, as if rooted with fright; the

tribute of applause is received with the due petrification of countenance, or a smile no less unmeaning; and off she walks like her enamorado, equally pompous and splay-footed, to stand cooling herself in the back-ground, and astonish the inexperienced with the shortness of her drapery and the corpulence of her legs.

Those legs are a sight, unquestionably. If any two balustrades of a bridge were wanting, here is the remedy. There is a fair dancer now at the opera, who from a principle well known to the metaphysical, seems to be ostentatious of two phenomena of this kind, in the exact proportion that she ought to conceal them. She appears to consider them as prize-calves; and makes as great a shew of her favourites, as an Essex grazier. The simile is not handsome; but we forget the bearer is a woman when we look at such legs. Not that very true women may not have legs a little superfluous. Madame Pasta has them. Mrs Jordan's legs were handsome rather as a man's than a woman's; and yet who ever doubted that she was a very charming female? It is not the leg, but the spirit with which it is worn; and upon this principle, a woman with thick ankles may step about our imaginations like a fairy, and another with thin ones trample them, as if they were lead. If a woman has grace at her heart, her movements will be graceful and her step soft, let her legs be what size they may. If she has not, the downwardness of her spirit will put a vulgar weight in her feet, let them be naturally as light as a zephyr's. She shall shake the room as she walks, like an ale-wife. But huge legs in a female are not particularly valuable for their own sakes, as our fair friend at the opera seems to think. Dancing tends to make them so; but this is not what we go to see dancing for. Here, however, lies the secret. Body is every thing in opera-dancing, and mind nothing. To shew a limb, they think, is—to shew a limb. So it is; *and nothing else*. But this is a stretch of the intellectual to which they cannot arrive. The audience instinctively know better; and though they stay the afterpiece to admire more than they pretend, are at once amazed and disappointed; amazed at the beauties lavished upon them, and disappointed to find that the effect is not more

beautiful. This is perhaps as it should be, everything considered; but then it is not dancing. There might be a great deal less display, and a little more sense; and then people might think of those they loved, and have their imaginations not unseasonably touched: for grace is the link between body and soul; and a sprinkle of that attic salt on the public mind is not without its use. At present, whatsoever their inclination to the contrary, the spectators, before the scene is half over, feel only that there is a glare and an impertinence; that a few half-naked-looking people are walking about, and twirling, and looking stupid; and that if this is voluptuousness, it is a very indifferent thing. The young may be amused with the novelty, and the imaginative may try hard to be kind to it; but if there are other persons present, who have no greater ideas of what is elegant and attractive than the scenes they meet with in French opera-dancing, they are in as fair a way as can be of being the commonest and weakest people in the world, and realizing as little true pleasure as the wooden faces they look at. Now and then there is a single figure worth seeing; sometimes, though rarely, a whole ballet. Des Hayes used to come bounding on the stage like a deer. Angiolini was interesting in Flora; and even Vestris (as long as you did not see his face) had an effect beyond that of his twirling, when he touched her round the waist as Zephyr, and took her with him up in the air. But there was poetry in the story. The air blew from the fields of Ovid and our childhood. The best opera-dancer we ever saw was a female at Turin, of the name of De Martini. She united the activity of the French school with the grace and fervour of the Italian; and did not make her bounds and her twirlings for nothing. She would come, for instance, from the other end of the stage, in a series of giddy movements, and finish them with pitching herself into her lover's arms. Here was love and animal spirits too, each warranting and throwing a grace on the other. Surely a set of Italian or Spanish dancers would make a revolution in this matter, in the course of a season too, and put an end to a school which must be as little profitable in the comparison, as it is unmeaning and delightless.

How different a French opera dance, and one of their dances on a green of a Sunday evening! We have had the pleasure of seeing the latter; and nothing could be merrier or to the purpose. But there is all the difference in the world between French nature and French art. The one is human nature—

Dance, and Provençal mirth, and sun-burnt song;

the other is Paris and affectation, the pedantry of pleasure. French opera-dancing is like French painting,—a petrification of art, an attempt to set rules above the relish of the thing; and it ends in the same way, by being a kind of inanimate sculpture. Their dances on the green are as good as the dancing of birds. Spanish dancing is more passionate. We thought when we first saw a bolero, we had never seen dancing before. Those fervid alternations of courtship, and that wild careering of one person round the other, dancing in every limb, and seeming to sweep the very ground as they went with the tips of their fingers, the music fermenting all the while, and the castanets cracking like joints,—it looked like a couple of aboriginal beings newly made out of the whole ardour of the South, and not knowing how to vent the tormenting pleasure of their existence. De Martini made us feel that all this might be controlled into a sentiment; and Italian dancing, we should guess, would be as fine in its way, as Italian painting and music, if properly cultivated. The Germans used to be violent dancers, as became their heavy-laden tables. Of late years, they have taken to the most languid and voluptuous of all dances, as if they had no alternative but to go to an extreme. We must not omit to do justice to one French dance, the minuet, which is the perfection of artificial grace, the dance of the courtier and fine lady, brimful of mutual compliment, arising out of an infinite self-satisfaction. A bow or courtesy is made, as if it were to nothing under a prince or princess. A tip of the finger is presented as if it were a jewel. How proud the deference! How dignified the resumption! What loftiness in the hat! What greater ascendancy in the very sink of the petticoat! What idolatry and self-idolatry of approach! What intensity of separation, the parties retreating with high worship from one another, as if to leave space enough for their triumph to

swell in ! It seems as if none should dance a minuet after Louis XIV and his Montespons. It is the excess of pretension, becoming something real on that account ; and belongs to an age of false triumph and flattered assumptions. The *Minuet de la Cour* is the best minuet, and seems to have been inspired by its name. Mozart's minuet in *Don Juan* is beautiful and victorious ; but it is not as pregnant with assumptions as the other, like a hoop petticoat ; it does not rise and fall, and step about, in the same style of quiet and undoubted perfection, like a Sir Charles Grandison or Lady Grave-airs : it is more natural and sincere, and might be danced anywhere by any two lovers, not the nicest in the world, proclaiming their triumph. We have seen Charles Vestris and somebody else, we forget whom, dance the *Minuet de la Cour* ; but it was not the real thing. You missed the real pretenders,—the proper fine gentleman and lady. Mr Kemble should have danced a minuet, if he could have danced at all ; and Mrs Oldfield risen in her “chintz and Brussels lace” to accompany him.

Let us not however be ungrateful to all stage-dancing in England. Three stage loves have we known in the days of our youth ; as good love, and better, than is usually entertained towards persons one is not acquainted with ; for it gave us an interest ever after in the fair inspirers : and two of these ladies were dancers. Our first passion of the kind was for the fine eyes and cordial voice of Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs Henry Siddons ; our second for the lady-like figure and sweet serious countenance of Miss Searle, a dancer (since dead), who married the brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote ; and our third for the pretty *embonpoint* and ripe little black head of Miss Lupino, since Mrs Noble, whose clever self and husband may dancing preserve ! We thought, when she married, she had made the fittest choice in the world. We hope these declarations, which are the first we ever made, are innocent ; especially as we make them only to our Companion the reader. They are for nobody else to hear. We speak in a stage whisper. Our theatrical passion, at present, as he well knows, is for Madame Pasta ; and we shall proceed, as we did in the other cases, to show our gratitude for the pleasure she gives us, by doing her all the good in our power, and

not letting her know a word on the subject. If this is not a disinterested passion, we know not what is.

A word or two on our English manner of dancing in private; our quadrilles and country-dances. A fair friend of ours, whenever she has an objection to make to the style of a person's behaviour, says, he "requires a good shaking." This is what may be said of most of the performers in our ball-rooms, particularly the male. Our gentlemen dancers forget the part they assume on all other occasions, as encouragers, and payers of compliment; and seem, as if in despair of equalling their fair friends, they had no object but to get through the dance undetected. The best thing they do for their partner, is to hand her an ice or a lemonade; the very going for which appears to be as great a refreshment to them, as the taking it is to the other. When the dance is resumed, all their gravity returns. They look very cut and dry, and succinct; jog along with an air of indifference; and leave the vivacity of the young lady to shift for itself. The most self-satisfied male dancer we ever saw, was one, who being contented with his own legs, could never take his eyes off them, but seemed eternally congratulating them and himself that they were fit to be seen. The next thing to this, is to be always thinking of the figure; which indeed is the main consideration both of gentlemen and ladies. Where there is anything beyond, the ladies have it, out and out. The best private dancer we know among the male sex is one who makes it his business to attend to his partner; to set off with her, as if she were a part of his pleasure; and to move among the others, as if there were such things in the world as companionship, and a sense of it. And this he does with equal spirit and modesty. Our readers may know of more instances, and may help to furnish them; but the reverse is assuredly the case in general. Perhaps it was not so in the livelier times of our ancestors, when taxation had not forced us to think so much of "number one;" and the general knowledge, that is preparing a still better era, had not unsettled the minds of all classes of people as to their individual pretensions. Perhaps also dress makes a difference. Men may have been more confident in cloaks and doublets, than in the flaps

and horse-collars of the present day. To get up a dance on the sudden, now-a-days, on a green lawn, would look ridiculous on the men's part. At least, they feel as if it would; and this would help to make it so. On the other hand, a set of gallant apprentices in their caps and doublets, or of wits and cavaliers in their mantles and plumage, had all the world before them, for action or for grace; and a painter could put them on canvass, with no detriment to the scenery. We are far from desiring to bring back those distinctions. It is very possible for an apprentice now-a-days to know twice as much as a cavalier; and we would have no distinctions at all but between spirit and spirit. But a dress disadvantageous to everybody, is good for nothing but to increase other disadvantages. Above all, a little more spirit in our mode of dancing, and a little more of the dancing itself, without the formality of regular balls, would do us good, and give our energies a fillip on the side of cheerfulness. Families and intimate friends would find themselves benefited in health and spirits, perhaps to an extent of which they have no conception, by setting apart an evening or so in the week for a dance among themselves. If we have not much of "the poetry of motion" among us, we may have plenty of the motion itself, which is the healthy part of it; and the next best performer to such a one as we have described, is he who gives himself up to the pleasure and sociality of the moment, whether a good dancer or not.

SPECIMENS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING,

(Concluded.)

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.
 Time shall moult away his wings,
 E'er he shall discover,
 In the whole wide world again,
 Such a constant lover.
 But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen in her place.

A LOVER'S HATE.*

I WILL not love one minute more, I swear,
 No not a minute ; not a sigh or tear
 Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
 Though thou shouldst court me to't, and wouldst begin.
 I will not think of thee but as men do
 Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too :
 For thy sake woman shall be now to me
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be :
 I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
 Treason to love that man that loves a she ;
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there ;
 Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
 And all for thee :—What ! wilt thou love me yet ?

TO HIS RIVAL.

My dearest rival, lest our love
 Should with excentrique motion move,
 Before it learn to go astray,
 We'll teach and set it in a way,
 And such directions give unto't,
 That it shall never wander foot.
 Know first then, we will serve as true
 For one poor smile, as we wou'd do
 If we had what our higher fame
 Or our vainer wish could frame.
 Impossible shall be our hope ;
 And love shall only have his scope
 To join with fancy now and then,
 And think what reason wou'd condemn :
 And on these grounds we'll love as true
 As if they were most sure to ensue ;
 And chastely for these things we'll stay,
 As if tomorrow were the day.
 Meantime we two will teach our hearts
 In love's burdens to bear our parts :
 Thou first shall sigh, and say she's fair ;
 And I'll still answer, " Past compare :"
 Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,
 While I extol each little grace :

* There is something extremely touching, playful, and natural in the surprise at the conclusion of this little copy of verses. The compliment which the last line but one conveys into it is exquisite. The lovers are set before us ; the poet with his face of pretended renouncement, and the lady anticipating his last words with a movement of grateful fondness.

Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit ;
 And I, that she so governs it :
 Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
 That lip, that look, that majesty ;
 And in good language them adore,
 While I want words, and do it more.
 Yea, we will sit and sigh a while,
 And with soft thoughts some time beguile,
 But straight again break out, and praise
 All we had done before, new ways.
 Thus will we do, till paler death
 Come with a warrant for our breath ;
 And then whose fate shall be to die
 First of us two, by legacy
 Shall all his store bequeath, and give
 His love to him that shall survive :
 For no one stock can ever serve
 To love so much as she'll deserve.

TO HALES OF ETON.

SIR,—WHETHER these lines do find you out,
 Putting or clearing of a doubt ;
 (Whether predestination,
 Or reconciling three in one,
 Or the unriddling how men die,
 And live at once eternally,
 Now take you up), know 'tis decreed
 You straight bestride the College steed,
 Leave Socinus and the schoolmen,
 (Which Jack Bond swears do but fool men)
 And come to town ; 'tis fit you show
 Your self abroad, that men may know
 (Whate'er some learned men have guest)
 That oracles are not yet ceas'd ;
 There you shall find the wit and wine
 Flowing alike, and both divine :
 Dishes, with names not known in books,
 And less amongst the College cooks,
 With sauce so poignant that you need
 Not stay till hunger bids you feed.
 The sweat of learned Jonson's brain,
 And gentle Shakespear's easier strain
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In spite of all that rain can do :
 And for your eighteen-pence you sit
 The lord and judge of all fresh wit.
 News in one day as much we've here
 As serves all Windsor for a year ;
 And which the carrier brings to you,
 After t' has here been found not true.
 Then think what company's design'd
 To meet you here ; men so refin'd,
 Their very common talk at board,
 Makes wise, or mad, a young court-lor

And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in 's father's company.
 Where no disputes nor forc'd defence
 Of a man's person for his sense
 Take up the time ; all strive to be
 Masters of truth, as victory :
 And were you come, I'd boldly swear
 A synod might as eas'ly err.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF AGLAURA.

AGLAURA and ORITHIE love the same object.

Agl. (to a singing boy.) Leave me ! for to a soul so out of tune
 As mine is now, nothing is harmony.
 When once the main-spring, hope, is fall'n into
 Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels,
 Desire and joy, stand still. My thoughts, like bees
 When they have lost their king, wander confusedly
 Up and down, and settle nowhere.

Enter ORITHIE.

Orithie ! fly
 The room, as thou wouldst shun the habitations
 Which spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
 Walk after death : here is not only love,
 But love's plague too, misfortune ; and so high,
 That it is sure infectious !

Orith. Madam,
 So much more miserable am I this way
 Than you, that should I pity you, I should
 Forget myself. My sufferings are such,
 That with a less impatience you may
 Endure your own, than give mine audience.
 There is that difference, that you may make
 Yours none at all, but by considering mine.

Agl. O speak them quickly then ! The marriage day
 To passionate lovers never was more welcome,
 Than any kind of ease would be to me now.

Orith. Could they be spoke, they were not then so great.
 I love, and dare not say I love ; daren't hope
 What I desire, yet still must too desire :
 And like a starving man, brought to a feast
 And made say grace to what he ne'er shall taste,
 Be thankful after all, and kiss the hand
 That made the wound thus deep.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed.
 But with what unjust scales thou took'st the weight
 Of our misfortunes, be thine own judge now.
 Thou mourn'st the loss of that thou never hadst ;
 Or if thou hadst a loss, it never was
 Of a Thersames.
 Wouldst thou not think a merchant mad, Orithie,
 If thou shouldst see him weep, and tear his hair,
 And wouldst not think his sorrows very just,
 If having fraught his ship with some rich treasure,
 He sunk i' th' very port ? This is our case.

Orith. And do you think there is such odds in it?
 Would heav'n we women could as easily change
 Our fortunes, as, 'tis said, we can our minds.
 I cannot, Madam, think them miserable
 That have the prince's love.

Agl. He is the man, then!
 Blush not, *Orithie*: 'tis a sin to blush
 For loving him, though none at all to love him.
 I can admit of rivalry without
 A jealousy; nay, shall be glad of it.
 We two will sit, and think, and think, and sigh,
 And sigh, and talk of love—and of *Thersames*.
 Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
 Admire he governs it so well:
 Like this thing said thus, th' other thing thus done,
 And in good language him for these adore,
 While I want words to do't, yet do it more;
 This will we do, till death itself shall us
 Divide, and then whose fate 't shall be to die
 First of the two, by legacy shall all
 Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
 That shall survive; for no one stock shall serve
 To love *Thersames*, so as he'll deserve.*

FROM THE SAME TRAGEDY.

AGLAURA kills the Prince by mistake, and dies of grief.

Enter ZIRIFF.

Zir. *Aglaura*!

Agl. Brother!

Zir. The same.

So slow to let in such a long'd-for guest?
 Must joy stand knocking, sister? Come, prepare:
 The King of Persia's coming to you strait:
 The King!—mark that.†

Agl. I thought how poor the joys you brought with you,
 Were in respect of those that were with me.
 Joys are our hopes stripp'd of their fears; and such
 Are mine; for know, dear brother, that the King
 Is come already, and is gone: mark that.

* In the *additional* fifth act to this play (for Suckling wrote another, to soften down certain royal delinquencies) *Aglaura* expresses a very generous wish to *Orithie*, which *Orithie* answers with still more generosity, but not quite so much nature:—

“*Orith.* All joys wait on you ever!

Agl. *Orithie*! How for thy sake now could I wish
 Love were no mathematick point, but would
 Admit division, that *Thersames* might,
 Though at my cost, pay thee the debt he owes thee.

“*Orith.* Madame, I lov'd the prince, not myself. Since
 His virtues have their full rewards, I have
 My full desires.”

It need not be pointed out to the reader, how remarkably the author has repeated himself in the conclusion of the above scene.

† The King, who had designs upon *Aglaura*, has just been killed, though not, as she thought, by herself. *Ziriff* therefore supposes the prince to have succeeded to the throne.

Zir. Is this instinct or riddle? What king? How gone?

Agl. The cave will tell you more.

Zir. Some sad mistake—thou hast undone us all.

(Goes out; enters hastily again.)

The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of earth

He lyes upon; as senseless too; death hangs

Upon his lips, like an untimely frost

Upon an early cherry: the noble guest,

His soul, took it so ill that you should use

His old acquaintance so, that neither prayers,

Nor tears, can e'er persuade him back again.

(AGLAURA swoons; he rubs her.)

Hold, hold! We cannot sure part thus!

Sister! Aglaura! Thersames is not dead:

It is the Prince that calls—

Agl.

The Prince! Where? Tell me;

Or I will strait go back again into

Those groves of jessamine thou took'st me from,

And find him out, or lose myself for ever.

Zir. For ever!

Ay; there is it! For in those groves thou talk'st of,

There are so many by-ways and odd turnings,

Leading unto such wild and dismal places,

That should we go without a guide, or stir

Before heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared

We there should wander up and down for ever

And be benighted to eternity.

Agl. Benighted to eternity? What's that?

Zir. Why, 'tis to be benighted to eternity:

To sit i' th' dark, and do I know not what;

Unriddle, at our own sad cost and charge,

The doubts the learned here do only move.

Agl. What place have murtherers, brother, there? For sure

The murtherer of the Prince must have a punishment

That heav'n is yet to make.

Zir.

How is religion

Fool'd 'twixt our loves and fears! Poor girl, for aught

That thou hast done, thy chaplets may be fair

And flourishing, as his, in the Elysium.

Agl. Do you think so?

Zir.

Yes, I do think so.

The juster judges of our actions,

Would they have been severe upon our weaknesses,

Would sure have made us stronger. Fie! those tears

A bride upon the marriage-day as properly

Might shed as thou; here widows do't, and marry

Next day. To such a funeral as this

There should be nothing common. We will mourn him so,

That those, that are alive, shall think themselves

More bury'd, far, than he; and wish to have

His grave, to find his obsequies. But stay;

The body—*(Brings up the body; she swoons, and dies.)*

Again! Sister! Aglaura! O speak

Once more! Once more look out, fair soul!—She's gone—

Irrecoverably gone—and winging now

The air, like a glad bird broken from some cage.
 Poor bankrupt heart ! When't had not wherewithal
 To pay to sad disaster all that was
 It's due, it broke !—Would mine would do so too !
 My soul is now, within me,
 Like a well-mettled hawk on a blind faulkner's fist :
 Methinks I feel it baiting to be gone.
 And yet I have a little foolish business here
 On earth I will dispatch.

LETTERS.

TO A NOBLEMAN.

[Written during his campaign abroad.]

MY NOBLE LORD,—Your humble servant had the honour to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march, and the places we have come to have afforded rather blood than ink : and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure, that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your Lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it ; and that it must be no less than necessity itself that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me ; I am still the humble servant of my Lord — that I was, and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

JOHN SUCKLING.

TO A LADY.

[Written perhaps after the Scottish business. The Lady is most likely the Countess of Middlesex. The Greville family had parted with Milcot to Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, from whom she inherited the title.]

MADAM,—Before this instant I did not believe Warwickshire the other world, or that Milcot Walks had been the blessed shades. At my arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dead, and have had joy given me as preposterously and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. If I should now die in earnest, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharged the rites of funeral sorrow beforehand. Nor do I take it ill that report, which made Richard the Second alive so often after he was dead, should kill me as often when I am alive. The advantage is on my side. The only quarrel I have is, that they have made use of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me ; and without all question the first Christians under the great persecution suffered not, in 500 years, so many several ways as I have done in six days in this lewd town. This, Madam, may seem strange unto you now, who know the company I was in ; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory world, it had been a way they had never thought on ; and this epitaph of the Spaniard's (changing the names) would better have become my grave-stone, than any other my friends the poets would have found out for me :—

EPITAPH.*

“ Here lies Don Alonzo,
 Slain by a wound received under
 His left pap,
 The orifice of which was so
 Small, no chirurgeon could
 Discover it.
 Reader,
 If thou wouldst avoid so strange
 A death,
 Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.”

Now all this discourse of dying, Madam, is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from London, especially in a place which is concluded out of the world. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be persuaded; and if good sermons, or good plays, new braveries, or fresh wit, revels, Madam, masks that are to be, have any rhetoric about them, here they are, I assure you, in perfection; without asking leave of the provinces beyond seas, or the assent of ——— I write not this, that you should think I value these pleasures above those of Milcot: for I must here protest, I prefer the single tabor and pipe in the great hall, far above them: and were there no more belonging to a journey than riding so many miles (would my affairs conspire with my desires) your Ladyship should find there, not at the bottom of a letter,

Madam,

— Your humble servant.

TO A LADY.

[Written probably after the Scottish business, or perhaps after the encounter with Sir John Digby, which was supposed by some to have originated in a quarrel at the gaming-table.]

MADAM,—But that I know your goodness is not mercenary, and that you receive thanks, either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as virgins unexpected love, this letter should be full of them. A strange proud return you may think I make you, Madam, when I tell you, it is not from everybody I would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not these favours because you love me, I should not love you because you do me these favours. This is not language for one in affliction, I confess, and upon whom it may be at this present a cloud is breaking; but finding not within myself I have deserved that storm, I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, lest, Madam, you should think I take your favours as tribute, to my great grief I here declare that the services I shall be able to render you will be no longer presents, but payments of debts, since I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam, your most humble and faithful servant.

TO A LADY, WHO SENT HIM A BLUSH.

[Perhaps the blush was the rose, called the Maiden's Blush.]

SINCE you can breathe no one desire that was not mine before it was yours—or full as soon (for hearts united never knew divided wishes) I must chide you, dear Princess, not thank you, for your present; and (if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are conscious of much, what am I then? who guilty am of all you can pretend to, and something more—unworthiness. But why should you at all (heart of my heart) disturb the happiness you have so newly given me? or make

* Quoted in the Tatler.

love feed on doubts, that never yet cou'd thrive on such a diet? If I have granted your request—Oh!—Why will you ever say that you have studied me, and give so great an instance to the contrary? that wretched *if*—speaks as if I would refuse what you desire, or cou'd; both which are equally impossible. My dear Princess, there needs no new approaches, where the breach is made already: nor must you ever ask any where but of your fair self, for any thing that shall concern

Your humble servant.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. E. writes to us, as a Companion should. We have not yet looked at the *Dream*, having been, in fact, hardly able to write these notices to Correspondents, owing to a fit of illness. The vicious late hours into which our theatrical criticisms have brought us, are new to our habits of late years; and, coming upon a state of health that has been a good deal tried, have given us a shaking.

Our friend *Horatio* need not have apologised for his youth. It is a fault (as the old ladies say) that will mend every day; and besides, as we are not among those who think that men are apt to grow wiser as they grow older, there are few things more interesting to us than the approbation of an intelligent youth in the bloom of his enthusiasm. May our friend be as wise at forty as he is at twenty; and find out all sorts of good things, where others may have no such eyesight. No matter if he makes a good deal of what he sees. If all the world had the same faculty, what a brave globe we should make of it!—The passage about Mr Kean we shall have pleasure in extracting another time.

Gilbertus will be kind enough to take for his answer the one addressed to S. T. P. in the wrapper of the first Monthly Part.

Passages have been handed to us from the *Belfust Northern Whig*, the *Taunton Courier*, and the *Kent Herald*, expressing their approbation of our little work, and giving a personal value to their good word by the cordiality of it. It is as if they had drank so many glasses of wine with us. Our Irish friend was the more welcome, inasmuch as we sometimes fancy, that what he may see to like in us, is partly owing to certain Irish blood that we have in our veins.

Our Correspondent who asks us if we are “enamoured of Madame Pasta,” will be answered by a confession we had made to that effect in our present number. It is a very innocent love; and such as we are apt to entertain for every face we meet, that has truth in it.

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THE COMPANION.

No. X. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

REMARKS SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF MR HAZLITT'S “PLAIN SPEAKER: OPINIONS ON BOOKS, MEN, AND THINGS.”

[We had not intended to devote the whole of our present number to a review. We prefer occupying some portion of our work at all times with subjects of more immediate interest. But to genuine readers Mr Hazlitt is always welcome, for he sets them thinking; and illness must be our excuse with less thoughtful ones, for drawing upon some reflections which he occasioned us a year ago by the perusal of these masterly essays. The same reason must excuse us this week to our correspondents.]

Mr Burke.—We have as great a regard for celebrated names, and the sanction of posterity, as our author can desire; but he does not scruple to make short work with the pretensions of Mr Fox; and for our parts we cannot but think that he over-rates Mr Burke. Nobody doubts that Burke was an extraordinary man; but we suspect that the impatience of the House of Commons under his long rhetorical speeches did not arise so much from his talking too well and too deeply, as from a doubt of his sincerity and the dislike of his attempting to lord it over them by false

pretensions. At least, if this is paying too great a compliment to the House, it is the impression made upon ourselves by Mr Burke's writings, and by the writings of his panegyrists,—Mr Prior's late biography of him included! Mr Hazlitt speaks of himself as an impartial critic of Burke, because he differs from him in opinion; but we doubt whether at bottom he has any great faith in the sincerity of Burke's opinions, and whether, above all, he does not feel a great point of contact with him in the fact of his being eminently an author, and caring for power and effect above every thing else. Mr Hazlitt sees Mr Burke making a great sensation in his time, somehow or other, whether in the House or out of the House, upon the sole strength of his willing to do it, and pressing every trick and vantage of authorship into the service, even to the imitation of the love of truth; and he rejoices in seeing the writer getting the better of Lords and Commoners and critics, and mourns with him when his right hand is not borne out in its cunning. We do not say this in depreciation of Mr Hazlitt's own love of truth, of which we conceive him to have a much greater and more *radical* portion than the converted Reformer of the King's kitchen. But we suspect even Mr Hazlitt's love of power to be more on a par with his love of truth than he may chuse to discover; and whatever there is of impartial in his adoration of Mr Burke, we can more easily lay to the account of that illustrious person's address, than to anything else. But this was little, personally speaking, compared with the effect of his authorship. We cannot agree with Mr Hazlitt in the instances he has brought forward of Mr Burke's nice tact of truth in bringing together incongruous images, and making them bear upon the question, as in the case of Windsor Castle and the "fat Bedford level," the lord and the leviathan, and Louis the XVIth's head and that of Death in Milton. We are aware of the sympathies to be found in remote ideas, and the wit and the fine wisdom thence to be deduced; but we do not think, in these instances, at all events, that Mr Burke has done it; and we think he fails, partly because he substitutes the love of power for that of truth, and partly because he has a real reverence for those very sophistications and petty lordly authorities which we are called upon, in his pages, at once to think great and little.

If Mr Hazlitt's taste were in its usual state of independence, when contemplating this wielder of sentences, he would ask the question which he instinctively puts into the mouths of readers in general, who might demand, he says, what connexion there is "between a Peer of the Realm and 'that sea-beast,' of those

'Created hugest that swim the ocean stream?'"

It is a burlesque in all but sophisticate eyes. There can be no such "enormous creature of the crown," when you come to bring the petty and the universal together in this manner, any more than a pin's head can contain an ocean. So of the likeness which Mr Burke (who was no more of a poet than orators are accustomed to be) was pleased to institute between Louis the XVIth's head, when he was king in form and appearance only, and the shadowy terror in Milton.

"What *seem'd* his head,

The *likeness* of a kingly crown had on."

"The person who heard him make the speech," says Mr Hazlitt, "said, that if ever a poet's language had been finely applied by an orator to express his thoughts and *make out his purpose*, it was in this instance. The passage, I believe, is not in his reported speeches; and I should think, in all likelihood, it 'fell still-born' from his lips; while one of Mr Canning's well-thumbed quotations out of Virgil would electrify the Treasury Benches, and be echoed"....

[We cannot finish this passage, having lent somebody the volume that contains what we had but partly copied.]

Now we have nothing to say for "the well-thumbed quotations out of Virgil;" but Mr Burke's quotation, if less trite, is hardly less obvious; and there is a ludicrous incompatibility between poor Louis's head and that of the mighty shade of the poet. All the interest of the monarch's position will not bring two such images together with safety. The quotation becomes a sort of pun; and we will venture to say, would have been thought of and rejected by fifty persons. The mere *will* to make out the highest possible case, does not of necessity make it, though Mr Burke too often thought so, and Mr Hazlitt is inclined to follow him. The passion recoils on the speaker, and leaves his will and his self-love upon his hands. Mr Burke, on one occasion, rushed out of the House

in a frenzy, foaming at the mouth, because a country-gentleman exclaimed in despair, "I hope the Honourable Gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and bore us with a long speech into the bargain." What was this but the enormous sense of personal importance, bursting with rage at having its claims thrown back in its face, and its secret detected? The action shewed that the House guessed right, however wrong they were themselves, or clownish in the mode of opposing enquiry.

Dreams and the Arabian Nights.—"Coleridge used to laugh at me," says Mr Hazlitt, "for my want of the faculty of dreaming;" and once, on my saying that I did not like the preternatural stories in the Arabian Nights (for the comic parts I love dearly) he said, "That must be because you never dream. There is a class of poetry built on this foundation, which is surely no inconsiderable part of our nature, since we are asleep and building up imaginations of this sort half our time." I had nothing to say against it: it was one of his conjectural subtleties, in which he excels all the persons I ever knew; but I had some satisfaction in finding afterwards that I had Bishop Atterbury expressly on my side in this question, who has recorded his detestation of Sinbad the Sailor, in an interesting letter to Pope. Perhaps he too did not dream!"—Atterbury was a wit, and a swearing Bishop,—a man of the world. His opinion is worth little on such a question. That of the author of *Kubla Khan* and the *Ancient Mariner* is worth a great deal; and we are glad to have him with us. The Arabian Nights appeal to the sympathy of mankind with the supernatural world, with the unknown and the hazardous, with the possible and the remote. It fetches out the marvellous, included in our common-places. Surely this is an universal sympathy; and Mr Hazlitt, inasmuch as he is deficient in it, is not exempt from an extravagance and an error, but wanting in his portion of the common stock. Spenser and Chaucer, whom he admires so much, would, we may be sure, have been passionate admirers of the Arabian Nights. Milton would have called out for the conclusion of Sinbad the Sailor, had it been left unfinished, as he did for "the story of Cambuscan bold" with its magic ring and horse,—*a manifest Arabian Night!* Would it had been a week long!

On Reason and Imagination.—Mr Hazlitt has an excellent essay,

under this head, full of sharp quips at the Utilitarians. They overdo the matter of fact: and we think our author overdoes the matter of fancy, in devising motives and limits for them,—a hard blow from one who gives up the Arabian Nights. It is idle in the Utilitarians to set their faces, or pretend to set them, against poetry, and ornament, and delight; as if delight itself were not part of utility; but there is no fear that they can do harm with an absurdity so opposed to men's natures and inclinations; and in the meantime their exertions are calculated to do a great deal of good. They are wanted; but they can only work out a *proper* amount of counteraction to that which is found unfit for doing their work.

Application to Study.—An excellent and encouraging remark, in reference to voluminous writers and painters, that *the more people do, the more they can do*. People wonder at Shakspeare, at Walter Scott, Raphael and others; and well they may, but not on this account. "He who does nothing," says Mr Hazlitt, "renders himself incapable of doing anything; but *while we are executing any work, we are preparing and qualifying ourselves to undertake another*." There is a happy criticism on Shakspeare at p. 135, and on painters, p. 137. The observation on early rising is not so philosophical. "The stress laid upon early rising," according to Mr Hazlitt, "is preposterous. If we have anything to do," he says, "when we get up, we shall not lie in bed to a certainty. Thomson, the poet, was found late in bed by Dr Burney, and asked why he had not risen earlier. The Scotchman wisely answered, 'I had no motive, young man!' What indeed had he to do after writing the Seasons, but to dream out the rest of his existence, unless it were to write the Castle of Indolence!" Why, he had to get up early in the morning, and by that infallible rule for health and long life, double his existence and its enjoyment; for want of which he died of fat and a bad stomach. Mr Hazlitt may say he did not mean that, but was merely talking of industry and works to be done; but it is dangerous in good writers to talk in this wilful and partial manner.

The Spirit of Obligations is an admirable set of hints, none the worse for a little personal soreness, to a vast body of persons usurping the sacred name of friends. It has fallen to the lot of

none perhaps to have been more happy in realizing true friends, or more disappointed in discovering imaginary ones, than ourselves: and some of the passages in this essay gave us an ache to the very core. Here is another, very edifying: "I like real good-nature and good-will, better than I do any offers of patronage or plausible rules for my conduct in life. I may suspect the soundness of the last, and I may not be quite sure of the motives of the first. People complain of ingratitude for benefits, and of the neglect of wholesome advice. In the first place, we pay little attention to advice, because we are seldom thought of in it. The person who gives it either contents himself to lay down (*ex cathedrâ*) certain vague, general maxims, and 'wise saws,' which we knew before; or, instead of considering what we *ought to do*, recommends what he himself *would do*. He merely substitutes his own will, caprice, and prejudices, for ours, and expects us to be guided by them. Instead of changing places with us (to see what is best to be done in the given circumstances), he insists on our looking at the question from his point of view, and acting in such a manner as to please him. I have observed, that those who are the most inclined to assist others, are the least forward or peremptory with their advice." Mr Hazlitt might have added, that the greatest complainers of ingratitude (for an obvious reason) are those who treat others the worst, particularly their own servants and assistants. And he might have added further, that those who are fondest of giving their advice, or assuming the right of settling a question, are, of all persons, the worst in being advised or reasoned with, the same self-importance leading to both the consequences. A startling doubt of Mr Hazlitt's, whether "those are always the best-natured or best-conditioned men, who busy themselves most with the distresses of their fellow-creatures," we have met with before, though not on paper. Elia, that discovery was thine, if we mistake not: and no harm can it do, discovered and made manifest by such as thou! Mr Hazlitt, like his friend, does not dispute the virtue of philanthropists of this class: he doubts their sensibility, and suspects, from some instances he has seen of their mechanical and formal cut, that it might be "a mere turn of a feather, whether such people should become a Granville Sharp, or a Hubert in

‘King John;’ a Howard, or a Sir Hudson Lowe!” The query is alarming, but we need not be afraid of it. Such persons, in either case, will not be “hindered” by Mr Hazlitt; and if it is frightful to think what Mr Granville Sharp might have been made by circumstances, it is consoling to reflect what might have been done for Hubert in ‘King John.’ What we lose on one side, we gain on the other; and a large humanity is a gainer at all events. The interests of real virtue lose nothing by concessions, that diminish the belief in a fiendish hostility to her. Mr Hazlitt makes an exception, with regard to men of a sensitive temperament, like Mr Wilberforce. Of two things we may rest certain; 1st. that the love of doing good is a noble principle of action, and capable of setting to work and occupying the most masculine spirits: 2d. that they who can unite an active and unequivocal beneficence (patronizing airs apart) with a real and suffering sensibility, have in their nature something divine, and are only “a little lower than the angels.”

Old Age of Artists.—Fine tact and portrait-painting in his description of Mr Nollekens and Mr Northcote at page 210; and a good specimen of what the author can see in things. “He and Northcote” (Nollekens, who was then blind) “made a remarkable pair. He sat down on a low stool (from being rather fatigued), rested with both hands on a stick, as if he clung to the solid and tangible, had an habitual twitch in his motions and gait, as if catching himself in the act of going too far in chiselling a lip, or a dimple in a chin; was bolt upright, with features hard and square, but finely cut, a hooked nose, thin lips, indented forehead; and the defect in his sight, completed his resemblance to one of his own masterly busts. He seemed, by time and labour, to ‘have wrought himself to stone.’ Northcote stood by his side—all air and spirits, stooping down to speak to him. The painter was in a loose morning-gown, with his back to the light; his face was like a pale fine piece of colouring; and his eye came out and glanced through the twilight of the past, like an old eagle looking from its eyrie in the clouds. In a moment they had lighted from the top of Mount Cenis in the Vatican—

‘As when a vulture on Imaus bred
Flies towards the springs
Of Ganges and Hydaspes, Indian streams,’

these two fine old men lighted with winged thoughts on the banks of the Tiber, and there bathed and drank of the spirit of their youth. They talked of Titian and Bernini; and Northcote mentioned, that when Roubiliac came back from Rome, after seeing the works of the latter, and went to look at his own in Westminster Abbey, he said, ‘By G—d, they looked like tobacco-pipes.’” The familiarity of this termination does not put one out. It is a part of the humanity of which Mr. Hazlitt never loses sight, in his highest flights. For the rest, it is not extravagance; it is not mysticism, of which he is sometimes inclined to suspect himself: it is but the doing justice to that real and interior spirit of things, which modifies and enlivens the mystery of existence all about us, and which is only hidden from us by the sordid crust of our common places. There are some curious observations in this essay on the natural longevity of Royal Academicians, as opposed to the life of artists less in the receipt of custom and honour. Fuseli, by the way, is not like Ariosto. The charm of Ariosto consists in his being a natural painter, who could put on wild wings when he chose, but still took his nature with him. Fuseli was never any thing but the caricature of a man of genius.

On Envy.—A curious dialogue, real or imaginary, between the author and Mr Northcote, in which he discusses the nature of that passion, and debates whether he has felt it or not himself. Mr Hazlitt says, he had a theory about Envy at one time, which he has partly given up; viz. “that there was no such feeling, or that what is usually considered as envy or dislike of real merit is, more properly speaking, jealousy of false pretensions to it.” As an instance, Mr Hazlitt tells us that he hates the sight of a certain personage for his “foolish face,” as much as for anything else. “I cannot believe that a great general is contained under such a paste-board vizard of a man. This, you’ll say, is party-spite, and rage at his good fortune. I deny it. I always liked Lord Castlereagh for the gallant spirit that shone through his appearance; and his fine bust surmounted and crushed fifty orders that glittered beneath it. Nature seemed to have meant him for something better than he was. But in the other instance, Fortune has evidently played Nature a trick,

‘To throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.’

“N. The truth is, you were reconciled to Lord Castlereagh’s face, and patronised his person, because you felt a sort of advantage over him in point of style. His blunders qualified his success; and you fancied you could take his speeches in pieces, whereas you could not undo the battles which the other had won.” Mr Hazlitt thinks he has felt very little envy, and that he is out of the way of it; the only pretension, of which he is tenacious, being that of a metaphysician. “If I have ever felt this passion at all,” he says, “it has been where some very paltry fellow has by trick and management contrived to obtain much more credit than he was entitled to. There was ———, to whom I had a perfect antipathy. He was the antithesis of a man of genius; and yet he did better, by mere dint of dulness, than many men of genius. This was intolerable. There was something in the man and in his manner, with which you could not possibly connect the idea of admiration, or of anything that was not merely mechanical—

‘His look made the still air cold.’

He repelled all sympathy and cordiality. What he did (though amounting only to mediocrity) was an insult on the understanding. It seemed that he should be able *to do nothing*, for he was nothing either in himself or in other people’s idea of him!” This is very tiresome; but it is not envy that we feel for such a man. When we envy, it is either some unattainable amount of qualities or powers we ourselves possess, or something that we desire to possess, especially when we witness the effects of it. A diligent reader of Mr Hazlitt may easily discover what it is that our man of letters, while he professes to be *totus in illis*, condescends to be envious of; and why he bestows so many alternate cuffs and plaisters on heads that are his hearty admirers. As to envy itself, what has been said of it in another periodical work is perhaps as near the truth as anything; and at any rate the view of it is good-natured, and not the less likely to be sound for that. “Even in envy,” says the work in question, “may be discerned something of an instinct of justice; something of a wish to see universal fair play, and things on a level.” We have only to regulate it, like the other passions, and see that it does not get a-head. A generous man will hasten

to pay double honour to the object of his envy; by which means he ascends to an equal height by one means, if not by another.

On Sitting for one's Picture.—A theme handled *con amore*. It was hardly necessary for Mr Hazlitt to tell the world that “the having one's picture painted is like the creation of another self; and that it is an idea, of the repetition or reduplication of which no man is ever tired, to the thousandth reflection.” Yet the self-love of people is hardly sincere on this point, and may require to have the ice broken for them. Mr Hazlitt lets us into the painting-rooms of Sir Joshua and others, and restores a world of fine company to some purpose.—Vandyke married a *kinswoman*, not of Earl Cowper, but Earl Gowrie. She was the *Ænone*, says Mr Hazlitt, of the beautiful picture of her, and Vandyke his own Paris. “A painter of the name of Astley married a lady (Lady Daniel) who sat to him for her picture. He was a wretched hand, but a fine person of a man, and a great coxcomb; and on his strutting up and down before the portrait when it was done, with a prodigious air of self-satisfaction, she observed, “If he was so pleased with the copy, he might have the original.” It was something after the same fashion that Wycherley married Lady Drogheda. Coming into a bookseller's shop to ask for the Plain Dealer, a friend of Wycherley's pushed the author himself forward, and said, “There is the Plain Dealer for you, Madam.” She took him at his friend's word, or rather at her own; and married the author that had painted her portrait, without knowing it, among his fine ladies.

Whether Genius is conscious of its powers.—Mr Hazlitt, at all events, can hardly be said to be unconscious of his. He is only anxious that we should not suppose him capable of equalling himself with the great names of past times; and he adds a caution to others, to practise a like modesty. We apprehend there are very few who will misbehave themselves in this particular; but we would caution them, for our parts, how they said much about it. In the course of the essay, our author alludes to his politics, and justly denounces the silly and slavish hirelings who have attempted to run him down. We conceive, however, that he is mistaken, when he represents himself as the only wise lover of liberty for adhering to Bonaparte, when the Allies were to be unmasked.

Very foolish were they who put any faith in the Allies; but the interests of freedom were not to be identified with those of Bonaparte, who was a turncoat from the cause, as it was; or rather never entered sincerely into it; and who would most probably have done nothing more than give rise to a new dynasty of the old leaven. Freedom will have gained more, after all, from the weakness of the lesser men, than it would from the strength of the greater one.

On the Pleasures of Hating.—A startling title! A celebrated writer, famous for his moods and inconsequentialities, once asked us, if we had not great pleasure in hating somebody. We said, no; for it only took a little reasoning on circumstances and human nature, to find there was no ground for it. Mr Hazlitt suspects, that life would be a dull business without the contrast and gusto of evil; and has repeated, in several parts of his writings, that no man can be a good reprovee who is not a good hater. It is difficult to reconcile propositions of this nature. What the use of reforming may be, if the pleasures of evil and of hating are to be done away, it is not easy to see. Or are we to take care that a proper quantum be preserved, purely to oblige the reformers? The existence of hate and evil may have been necessary, perhaps even for the production of a better good than could have existed without its help; but the necessity of the continuance of hate and evil for ever we cannot believe, unless somebody shall be able to prove to us, that a cricketer on a village green does not procure as much amusement and excitement as enable him to exist happily from day to day. Give a man reasonable and wholesome employment for the morning, let him breathe amply the fresh air, and have his due portion of exercise and entertainment the rest of the day; and we undertake for him, that he will desire none of the sophisticate helps to a relish of existence, arising from hate and evil. As to hate, as a means of opposing evil, the world have had enough of it. A gallant example of the reverse,—we mean, of the refusal to hate, accompanied with an energy of character that might have hated,—is of more use to society, after all it has suffered and learnt, than any further bandying and reproduction of dispute: and this it is that reconciles us to the toleration of such a fellow as

Ferdinand the Seventh: for though he is a nuisance for the time being, and one cannot help feeling impatient at his repeated and incorrigible enormities, there is more security for the growth and eventual reign of freedom in the general recognition of a calm and liberal principle of action, which makes allowance, as it goes, for the worst actions of its enemies, than in angry and vindictive impulses, which are too apt to bear in them the seeds of new error. Mr Hazlitt says in another essay (Vol. II, p. 303) that he "could make the world good, wise, happy tomorrow, if, when made, it would be contented to remain so without the alloy of mischief, misery, and absurdity; that is, if every possession did not require the principle of contrast, contradiction, and excess, to enliven and set it off and keep it at a safe distance from sameness and insipidity." It may be so:—it is *possible*:—at all events, it is a comfort to think that evil may be a necessary ingredient in good itself. But as we cannot be sure of this,—as it is possible that evil may only be an incitement to us to obtain more good than we should have got at without it, as we suffer quite enough misery to be very willing and anxious to dispense with it, and as the endeavour to get rid of it is at all events a noble principle of action, we cannot do better than go on with our efforts to that purpose: nor, except as a matter of temper, do we very well understand how it is that Mr Hazlitt advocates reformation at one moment, and gives it a blow on the cheek the next. One set of reformers does not please him; another pleases him still less, perhaps with justice; but the worst of it is, that when he meets with a third, who seem to advocate all that he desires, who are for making the world as good, wise, and happy, as he would wish to see it on a summer's day, and admit the full right and title of wisdom and human nature to all that very delight and ornament which he is so angry with more formal understandings for thinking to leave out of the question, these he either treats with contempt or passes over in silence, as if nine-tenths of the wishes and hopes which he himself has expressed in behalf of mankind, were worth nothing. This may be despair; but it is hardly consistency, and certainly not help. We have a high opinion of Mr Hazlitt's independence of character, and disinterestedness; but we should have a higher, or at least be more certain of it, if

he mixed less moodiness with his love of truth, and shewed himself as unbriable by his own spleen and impatience, as he is by what made his Lake friends apostates.

On Egotism.—"Personal vanity," says Mr Hazlitt, "is incompatible with the great and the *ideal*. He who has not seen, or thought, or read of something finer than himself, has seen, or read, or thought little; and he who has, will not be always looking in the glass of his own vanity. Hence poets, artists, and men of genius in general, are seldom coxcombs, but often slovens; for they find something out of themselves better worth studying than their own persons. They have an imaginary standard in their minds, with which ordinary features (even their own) will not bear a comparison, and they turn their thoughts another way. If a man had a face like one of Raphael's or Titian's heads, he might be proud of it, but not else; and even then he would be stared at as a *non-descript* by "the universal English nation." Few persons who have seen the Antinous or the Theseus will be much charmed with their own beauty or symmetry; nor will those who understand the *costume* of the antique, or Vandyke's dresses, spend much time in decking themselves out in all the deformity of the prevailing fashion. A coxcomb is his own lay-figure for want of any better model to employ his time and imagination upon."

Our author, who always writes uneasily on this point, and with a kind of self-seeking, proceeds to observe, that "there is an inverted sort of pride, the reverse of that egotism that has been above described, and which, because it cannot be everything, is dissatisfied with everything. A person who is liable to this infirmity 'thinks nothing done, while anything remains to be done.' The sanguine egotist prides himself on what he can do or possesses; the morbid egotist despises himself for what he wants, and is ever going out of his way to attempt hopeless or impossible tasks. That must be a wonderful accomplishment indeed which baffles their skill.—I have known persons of this stamp, who, *with every reason* to be satisfied with their success in life, and with the opinion entertained of them by others, despised themselves because they could not do something which they were not bound to do, and which, if they could have done it, would not have added

one jot to their respectability, either in their own eyes, or those of any one else, the very insignificance of the attainment irritating their impatience; for it is the humour of such dispositions to argue, 'If they cannot succeed in what is trifling and contemptible, how should they succeed in anything else?' If they could make the circuit of the arts and sciences, and master them all, they would take to some mechanical exercise, and if they failed, be as discontented as ever. All that they can do, vanishes out of sight the moment it is within their grasp, and 'nothing is but what is not.' A poet of this description is ambitious of the thews and muscles of a prize-fighter, and thinks himself nothing without them. A prose-writer would be a fine tennis-player, and is thrown into despair because he is not one, without considering that it requires a whole life devoted to the game to excel in it; and that, even if he could dispense with this apprenticeship, he would still be just as much bound to excel in rope-dancing, or horsemanship, or playing at cup and ball like the Indian jugglers, all which is impossible. This feeling is a strange mixture of modesty and pride. We think nothing of what we are, because we cannot be everything with a wish. Goldsmith was even jealous of beauty in the other sex, and the same character is attributed to Wharton by Pope:—

' Though listening senates hung on all he spoke,
' The club must hail him master of the joke.'

Players are for going into the church—officers in the army turn players. For myself, do what I might, I should think myself a poor creature unless I could beat a boy of ten years old at chuck-farthing, or an elderly gentleman at piquet."

Reader, believe him not! At least, if he thought himself a poor creature, he would think others a great deal poorer, who could neither play at chuck-farthing, nor write good prose essays! The whole of this reasoning is imperfect, and merely goes to say the worst of one species of egotism, and the best of another. It is a trick played by the world in general in behalf of the prevailing sort of egotism, which is not that which has a gallant air with it, and some obvious pretension to go upon. There are more solemn coxcombs than lively ones, at least in England; because there are more who have little to say for themselves, more less gifted by nature with external advantages and a lively current of blood. For our parts, vanity being a good-natured gift of providence to keep men in heart with themselves, we have sometimes suspected, however it may be more or less obvious, that all men are equally vain; though all men, for that very reason, have not an equal inclination to think so. At all events, we are certain that a great deal ought to come under the head of vanity which does not pass for such; and that if there is a bright or modest side on which to look at what our author calls an inverted egotism, it may be said in behalf of the more contented-looking coxcomb, that he does not value and set off his own figure or accomplishments because he

can think of nothing beyond them (any more than Mr Hazlitt is bound to think his sentences finer than Bacon's, because he thinks well of what he writes;) but because, as a matter of taste, he includes what he can do himself in his general regard for the graceful and ornamental, and because he has something about him, either in air, or shape, or vivacity of blood, which enables him to do so to advantage. We doubt whether there have been more men of genius slovens, than coxcombs. There may have been more slovenly authors, speaking in the lump; but authors of genius, and other men of genius, have, we suspect, had too strong a sense of their personality, not excluding a strong sense of other and higher things, but including and in a manner connected with it, to give into that species of sordid desperation: for such it is, unless there is a total want of thought on that and every other subject. Mr Hazlitt himself has set down Lord Byron for a coxcomb; Sir Philip Sidney for a coxcomb, Vandyke, and we believe, Raphael, for coxcombs. It is certain that all these men of genius were the reverse of slovens. Neither was Rubens a sloven; nor Michael Angelo, though no fop; nor Milton; nor, if we are to believe what was said of his fitness to grace the highest company, Shakspeare. The slovens, as a general rule, are to be sought among the inferior ranks, half wits and whole scholars; secluded bookmen; those who have come late from the country, or been brought up among the clownish; authors who have not succeeded; or who from some ill-contrivance on the part of their progenitors have about them an uncouthness, inaptitude, or physical deficiency not to be got rid of. Porson was a sloven. Vincent Bourne was a sloven. Boyse was a sloven. But we are not aware of a single great name, at least not for genius and invention, to be added to the list. Newton and Bacon were not slovens. Addison and Steele were not. Voltaire was not. Bonaparte was no sloven, nor Cæsar; though Charles the Twelfth was. Cæsar was a fop. One thing we can affirm, from undeviating experience; that nobody, man of genius or not, ever possesses an advantage, or thinks he possesses, which he does not contrive to set off, or make others sensible of, in some way or other. They do this in different ways, to be sure; and by the unobserving, the vanity may sometimes be taken for modesty, as it is intended to be taken. The French vanity, and the Quaker vanity, are an old story. Thus one man blossoms forth into a frill and ruffles; another retreats into the simplicity of a plain shirt; and like the girl in Virgil, in retreating, wishes to be observed. The frill is a mightier thing to him, than to the other man, for it is worthy his self-denial. He thinks it a great business to give up so small a matter. The same person will put on sober colours, not because he is not alive to the superiority of the others, but to shew his own superiority to those who wear them. Where he does not carry this announcement along with him, in necessary connexion with his appearance, you will find him like other men; as sumptuous

as he can be, for instance, in his house, his horses, or his pictures. His house may want adorning; and besides, has no other way of shewing itself worthy of its inhabitant:—he himself can dispense with ornament, for he is not to be mistaken. Then as to the inverted egotism that Mr Hazlitt speaks of, we have known a person of that temperament very ready to shew off a fine head of hair. He certainly did not cut it off, because he could not play on the piano-forte; though he did, when it began to fail him. He is now, we believe, all for energy of countenance.* Egotists of this description do not think nothing of a talent, because they possess it; and so, for that reason, impatiently desire the possession of others. Their impatience is in direct proportion to the opinion they have of what they possess; and Mr Hazlitt, in this contradictory essay, has said as much, when he represents them as thinking any accomplishment “wonderful indeed, that baffles their skill.” They are not, it is true, as easily satisfied as egotists of the more sanguine description; but to attribute this to modesty, is to confound the impatience of a will royal with that of a beggar, and then give it the advantage over the gaiety of a court page. Queen Elizabeth could not bear that a young lady at her court should have a dress which particularly struck her royal fancy. She contrived to get possession of it, wore it though it did not fit her, and when she found this out, still would not let the other have it. This was not because she did not think well of the thousand other dresses which she had in her wardrobe, and which she delighted in putting on: it was merely because she, who possessed all those dresses, and had pampered her will with them, could not bear to think that any body else should compete with her in a single gown. Her knowledge of the existence of this gown, or of its having existed, did not hinder her from showing off, till her dying day, in all the other colours of the rainbow. Had she contented herself with the dress when she got it, and been willing to forego all the rest of her wardrobe, a case might have been made out for the little opinion entertained of one’s possessions; but when we speak of our readiness to give up those, we speak of what, we know, will not and cannot happen, and are only indulging our egotism the more by that very pretension.

* So superior, nevertheless, do we think this person to his foibles, and so capable of relishing a truth for its own sake, that when a friend, to whom we read this passage, said he would be very angry with it, we exclaimed, “Not he: he will be delighted!” Nobody is implacable at having his self-love disturbed, but he who has nothing else to repose upon.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

FURTHER REMARKS SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF MR HAZLITT'S “PLAIN SPEAKER.”

Hot and Cold.—This is a very curious and original article—upon Dirt and the Love of Cleanliness, as occasioned by difference of climate. The author, in a very ingenious manner, pursues the question from the physical into the moral. “Northern people,” says our metaphysician, “are clean, and southern people dirty, as a general rule; because where the principle of life is more cold, weak, and impoverished, there is a greater shyness and aversion to come in contact with external matter (with which it does not so easily amalgamate), a greater fastidiousness and delicacy in choosing its sensations, a greater desire to know surrounding objects and to keep them clear of each other, than where this principle being more warm and active may be supposed to absorb outward impressions in itself, to melt them into its own essence, to impart its own vital impulses to them, and in fine, instead of shrinking at everything, to be shocked at nothing. The southern temperament is (so to speak) more sociable with matter, more gross, impure, indifferent, from relying on its own strength; while that opposed to it, from being less able to re-act on external

applications, is obliged to be more cautious and particular as to the kind of excitement to which it renders itself liable. Hence the timidity, reserve, and occasional hypocrisy of northern manners; the boldness, freedom, levity, and frequent licentiousness of southern ones." We doubt the completeness of this solution. The neglect of personal cleanliness in the Italian we can understand; it arises partly from laziness, and partly from the sanguine blood that suffices him with its sensations. The author has bolted this part of his matter to the bran. But we are not so convinced as to the reason of northern cleanliness. We are not convinced indeed of the fact. It is an argument at all events that cannot proceed *à fortiori*. The Scotch are accused by their own writers of being dirty; as the English were by Erasmus, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The Russians are a very dirty people; and the Greenlanders, and others in that latitude, are enormously dirty. The people who have a long while enjoyed the greatest reputation of cleanliness, at least in their houses, are the Dutch, certainly not the most sensitive of the northern nations. Instead of seeking the water, it would appear that the colder a country is, the less inclined are the inhabitants to strip themselves for the purpose of washing. And we take this to be the fact. We suspect, generally speaking, that the English are cleaner in their houses than their persons. They recognise the virtue of cleanliness; their floors and pavements do not shudder to encounter it; but the evil day is put off with regard to their persons. We believe, if they were a cleaner, they would be a livelier people. It would seem to follow that, in warm climates, the inhabitants would seek the bath as a refreshment. And so they do, where it is at hand and gives them no trouble. In summer time, on the coasts of Tuscany and Piedmont, the villagers are dabbling in the water half the night. But in the interior, the disinclination to move outweighs the wish for the refreshment. The dirty northern "would rather bear the ills he has, than fly to others that he knows not of." The dirty southern can afford to bear them, even though pleasure invites him to the riddance. There was a beautiful girl at Leghorn, of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who said she had *never* known what it was to be washed. Somehow or other it did not appear to have

hurt her. She had grown like the fruit out of the ground, and was as ruddy and cheerful. This would have choked up the less active pores of an Englishwoman, and killed her with melancholy. Mr Hazlitt has given his metaphysical cause why the Italian is joyous in himself, and indifferent to the dirt about him. If we were to go beyond this, and give a cause for the cause, we should find it in the power which he has of living in the open air. He there becomes intimate with the elements; finds them good-natured; and sees nothing in the dirtiest of them but good. He breathes eternally what the fainting lady in an English room must be made to breathe suddenly, or she dies,—the fresh air. In this he resembles the Gypsies, who, as long as they continue Gypsies and are kept aloof from the vices and reformatations of manufacturing-towns (which some wiseacres would thrust upon them) are the healthiest and perhaps the happiest of the human race, purely because they drink for ever of this vital breath of heaven, which our artificial habits render so intolerable to us, except for two or three months of the year. The Esquimaux revel and grind themselves in the dirt about them out of a sort of jolly despair: they grapple and make acquaintance with strange bed-fellows of whale and smoke. The Italian reposes on the ground out of which his vine grows, and feels a respect for it. After all, we believe dirt and cleanliness to be more the result of custom, manners, and law, than of climate. We, as well as the Gypsies, might live out of doors winter and summer, if our fathers had done so. Climate may tend in the first instance to make a man dirty, but it will not hinder him or his whole nation from being taught habits of cleanliness. Johnson said of Swift, that he used to wash himself “with an Oriental scrupulosity.” Ablution is as common as eating and drinking throughout the East, and in countries much hotter than Italy. The English, though we suspect their pretensions to cleanliness are exaggerated, are no doubt one of the cleanest people altogether; but this is a habit that has come up since the reign of the Tudors and rush carpets. We would not swear that both Puritanism and gallantry had not a hand in the improvement: and certainly beer and fish-bones are not to be thrown with impunity about a Brussels carpet, as Erasmus describes them to have

been among the rushes. Swift said, that a nice person was a person of nasty ideas. He had reason to say so, as far as he spoke from his own experience; but we do not believe it any further, and for this reason, that a habit is a habit, and does not imply the necessity of being kept alive by thinking of its reverse habit. A clean man will wash himself regularly, because he is in the habit of doing so; not because his imagination wallows in all the dirt which he would have accumulated, had he not washed himself. So a man, who never deviates from nicety of conversation, is nice because he is accustomed to be so. He perhaps has a greater power of imagining the reverse, *if he chuses it*, as Spenser who painted Belphebe, could describe the foulness of Dnessa; but he does not chuse it, and his thoughts do not go that way. If we live in a pleasant world, it does not follow that we must always be thinking of a painful one. But thus much, with Mr Hazlitt, we think with regard to clean people, and thus much we will state for the sake of rendering some of them tolerant, and hindering them from doing an injury to the cause they profess to have at heart; and that is, that as in some the love of cleanliness arises from a taste for what is graceful and proper, and is a part of the general beauty in which they keep their minds and persons, so in others it is caused by a fidgetty sense of the unclean, and a natural tendency in their imagination to run into disagreeable thoughts. Of this description of persons (unless he had an intention and an excuse beyond what appears on the face of his writings) was Swift, and, like him, *you may know them by their talk*. Of the former are all the truly delicate and nice-minded; and as these, in their own persons, will always do the best, so they will be glad to think the best, wherever they can, even of habits the reverse of their own, philosophizing on the elements of things, physical as well as moral, and like a merry friend of ours, who was consoling a lady on getting into the mud, discovering that mud itself, on occasion, is nothing but "*planet;*" to wit, a part of the aboriginal substance which went to compose this star of ours, the Earth! For the benefit of the intolerant on whatever subject, we extract the masterly passage with which Mr Hazlitt has concluded this striking essay:—

“ It may by this time be conjectured why Catholics are less cleanly than Protestants, because in fact they are less scrupulous, and swallow what is set before them in matters of faith as well as other things. Protestants, as such, are captious and scrutinising, try to pick holes and find fault,—have a dry, meagre, penurious imagination. Catholics are buoyed up over doubts and difficulties by a greater redundance of fancy, and make religion subservient to a sense of enjoyment. The one are for detecting and weeding out all corruptions and abuses in doctrine or worship; the others enrich theirs with the dust and cobwebs of antiquity, and think their ritual none the worse for the tarnish of age. Those of the Catholic communion are willing to take it for granted that every thing is right; the professors of the Reformed religion have a pleasure in believing that every thing is wrong, in order that they may have to set it right. In morals, again, Protestants are more precise than their Catholic brethren. The creed of the latter absolves them of half their duties, of all those that are a clog on their inclinations, atones for all slips, and patches up all deficiencies. But though this may make them less censorious and sour, I am not sure that it renders them less in earnest in the part they do perform. When more is left to freedom of choice, perhaps the service that is voluntary will be purer and more effectual. That which is not so may as well be done by proxy; or if it does not come from the heart, may be suffered to exhale merely from the lips. If less is owing in this case to a dread of vice and fear of shame, more will proceed from the love of virtue, free from the least sinister construction. It is asserted that the Italian women are more gross; I can believe it, and that they are at the same time more refined than others. Their religion is in the same manner more sensual: but is it not to the full as visionary and imaginative as any? I have heard Italian women say things that others would not—it does not therefore follow that they would do them: partly because the knowledge of vice that makes it familiar, renders it indifferent; and because the same masculine tone of thinking that enables them to confront vice may raise them above it into a higher sphere of sentiment. If their senses are more inflammable, their passions (and their love of virtue among the rest) may glow with proportionable ardour. Indeed the truest virtue is that which is least susceptible of contamination from its opposite. I may admire a Raphael, and yet not swoon at the sight of a daub. Why should there not be the same taste in morals as in pictures or poems? Granting that vice has more votaries here, at least it has fewer mercenary ones, and this is no trifling advantage. As to manners, the Catholics must be allowed to carry it all over the world. The better sort not only say nothing to

give you pain ; they say nothing of others that it would give them pain to hear repeated. Scandal and tittle-tattle are long banished from good society. After all, to be wise is to be humane. What would our English *blue-stockings* say to this? The fault and the excellence of Italian society is, that the shocking and disagreeable is not supposed to have existence in the nature of things.”*

On Personal Character.—“ No one ever changes his character from the time he is two years old ; nay, I might say, from the time he is two hours old.”—Why not say before he is a minute old, if we are to be thus particular? The importance of speculations like these (and it is a great pity they are not more common) gives them a delicacy beyond delicacy, and with the least address can always make it felt and acknowledged. Mr Hazlitt says, as others have said before him, (but he says it well, and with the usual garnish of good things), that men are but a continued variety of their parents and kindred, and that however appearances may seem otherwise, no character ever changes. This latter assertion it is perhaps impossible to prove. “ He who is said to be cured of any glaring infirmity may be suspected,” says Mr Hazlitt, “ never to have had it.” It may be so. He may also be said to be cured of it, and have it still. But who shall say, that among other things inherited from a man’s ancestors, the very power to get rid of an infirmity may not be one? Of the inheritance itself we have no doubt, but accidents and circumstance modify even that ; and from these propositions conjoined, we would make two deductions beyond what our author seems to have drawn ; namely, that there may be an accession of some new quality to a man’s character, say from no finer-sounding cause than a fit of the jaundice or the recovery from it, which new quality may so displace another or modify it, that in some respects the man shall not only seem a new man but be so. This we think difficult to disprove, and as reasonably to be asserted as anything else not absolutely proveable. The other deduction is, that circumstances may change whole communities as well as individuals, by acting upon the daily life of men, especially beginning with them from children, as in the communities projected by Mr

* “ The dirt and comparative want of convenience among Catholics is often attributed to the number of their Saints’ days and festivals, which divert them from labour, and give them an idle and disorderly turn of mind.”

Owen; and that it is impossible for those who deduce all their conclusions from one state of society, to say how far the constituent parts of character may not be so modified as to give a purpose and bias to the community different from what Mr Hazlitt has confined it to, when he describes it as a probable modification of the cant of Jacobins or Loyalists. If a community could be brought to feel their common good as well as talk about it, and could live in a natural and manly reciprocation of good offices; that is to say, if they can ever arrive at that point in legislation at which, even for any moderate length of time, instinct and reason, the natural appetites and our acquired refinement, shall act truly together, may we not believe that the new generation of human beings born and bred under that system would turn out finer than anything we can easily conceive at present; and that the world, not only being happier, but having found out the reason *why* it is happier, would be both able and willing to continue rolling a sweeter round of existence than ever, as far as we know, it has experienced. "But what of those who have lived before this blessed generation, and been unhappy? Would it be just towards them?" For an answer to this refined question; we must wait till we get into a future state. Meanwhile it is unnecessary to any good purpose, and a hindrance to the best. The world has grave puzzles enough already. Action, and looking forward, are what it requires. Can we not fancy the globe to have been sick? And should it refuse to get well again, because it has once been ill?

On People of Sense.—Mr Hazlitt here makes an admirable remark;—that persons of the most formal understandings, when once they get out of the trammels of them, are apt to be carried away by the most extravagant notions and pretensions; whereas poets, and other imaginative persons, throw off their volatile humours *en passant*, and can more easily resort to their judgment and sound sense in extreme cases. This observation might have led him to qualify the spleen with which he has again been led in this essay, when speaking of his brother reformers. He says in another place, that "Rousseau, by his intense aspirations after good, nearly delivered mankind from the yoke of evil." (Vol. II. p. 263.) If this had not appeared in the "Plain Speaker" unquoted, it might have

been taken for an observation of a late writer whom Mr Hazlitt has thought it allowable, though unnecessary, to scoff at. That writer differed indeed with Rousseau in some things, and in more with Mr Hazlitt; nor do we think he took pains enough, in the particular work here alluded to, to distinguish his real opinions from the machinery in which he thought it useful to convey reflection. But if "intense aspirations after good" are not of necessity to be connected with the best way of putting or distinguishing the good, in order to wake up mankind to a proper sympathy (which is a point, we believe, on which patriots and philosophers have been generally agreed) then certainly there never was an author, whose participation of error Mr Hazlitt might have spared with a better grace in consideration of the virtue, the genius, and the spirit of martyrdom that was in him.

CHAPELLE'S TRIP TO LANGUEDOC AND PROVENCE.

AMONG the lighter compositions, in which the French excel, there is a popular species little known in this country, on account of its local nature. A genuine pearl, however, though of the smaller kind, is welcome in all countries; and had the *Trip to Languedoc*, which has given rise to numberless other trips, been written in our days instead of those of Louis XIV, it would assuredly have found a translator. The author of this charming trifle, who set almost all the wits, from his time downwards, upon making their journeys, and writing accounts of them in mixed prose and verse, was CLAUDE EMANUEL LUILLIER, surnamed CHAPELLE, from the place of his birth. He had a *compagnon de voyage*, a gentleman of the name of BACHAUMONT, who took a part in the recital, and is understood in particular to have written the lines beginning

"Under this bow'r which Love expressly made"—

which the critics inform us possess a graver and tenderer colouring, than the pencil of his brother-wit could have furnished. So nice are the discriminations between this miniature Beaumont and Fletcher!

Bachaumont had been concerned in the wars of the Fronde,

and was intimate with Blot, a celebrated writer of political songs,* and partisan of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII, who is mentioned in the work before us. He died at an advanced age, much respected. Chapelle, who died nearly as old, was a natural son of a *maître des comptes*, and studied under Gassendi with Bernier and Moliere. It is seldom that a philosopher furnishes the world with geniuses of this cast. Gassendi removed the mistakes which had been made respecting the character of Epicurus. Chapelle chose to retain the old reading on that point; but his epicurism was one of temperament and complexion, and did not hinder him from having a good heart. He remained intimate all his life with Moliere, and was one of the brilliant coterie of the wits of that time, and the master of Chaulieu.

Chapelle set, or rather revived the old Troubadour fashion of an endless reduplication of rhymes; for which Voltaire rebukes him in the Temple of Taste. It was not a new practice. Marot had done it before in his rondeaux; and Skelton, with us, in his buffooneries. Chapelle might have defended it, upon the ground, that anything is defensible which serves to distinguish French verses from prose. He might also have laid it to the account of a degree of animal spirits and impulse, greater than what Voltaire possessed; for the gaiety of that extraordinary person was not so much the result of a genial, as of an active temperament.

I have not thought it necessary to retain this mode of rhyming in the translation. As to the rest, I only wish it were as easy for my amount of English to give as true an idea of the lightness and grace of the original, as it is to dispense with these chains of its volatility. Our language on such occasions is not accustomed to need restraint, but abandonment. In our lightest moments we have more of the bee than the butterfly. We lag in the sunshine; are for being equally pungent and useful; and are apt to degenerate into the drone. Nothing can be more French, or more complete of its kind, than the way in which our airy travellers touch and go over their pleasures, tasting of everything, and stopping for nobody. They have some of the Rabelais gusto however in meat and drink. They also load themselves once or twice with a cold

* See the *Nouveau Siècle de Louis XIV*, for numerous specimens.

partridge, and make a pretty scene of it à la *Gil Blas* in the open air ; but it does not agree with them. They must have everything perfected and ready prepared, and be able to quit it with as much ease as they enjoy. If the reader will turn to the original, I am much mistaken if he does not recognise in the *Voyage de Chapelle et de Bachaumont* the same tone of epicurean self-possession, of mixed flattery and indifference, enjoyment and sarcasm and good-humour, which constitutes the charm of the *Memoires de Grammont*, and which has more or less constituted what may be called the free-masonry of high life, since the possession of the good things of this world has been found not to be the same thing as the superiority of contentment. The tone is perhaps less perfect of its kind than that of Grammont ; and there is now and then a cordiality in these pupils of philosophy and of partisanship, which is to be sought in vain among court-wits of a more regular standing.

Chapelle was angry with Boileau for doing nothing but bite and satirize ; and congratulated him on his improving humanity, when he surprised his friends with a drinking-song.

Our travellers address the account of their journey to two brothers, *bon-vivants*, of the name of Broussins. Chapelle begins ; Bachaumont takes up the pen for a few lines, and then they proceed to write in the plural number. I have omitted a passage at the beginning, the allusion of which is obscure ; have altered the meaning of a word or two in the middle, which would now be considered as indefensible ; and have given a new turn to the adventure at Montpellier, the original being founded on manners to which an allusion would be no longer endurable. The rest of the translation is as literal as I could make it, consistently with a proper freedom.

TO THE MESSIEURS BROUSSINS.

Messieurs the pair of brothers, ye
 Who dine as well and learnedly
 As any souls in town ;
 Who in a week more birds can shew
 Than in as many hundreds go
 The daintiest palates down :

Attend, we pray you, to the history of what has happened to us,

since we first took the long road of the Loire, to go and drink the waters; which, by the way, made me sick enough to give you good hopes that I am destined to more genial remedies. You shall not be disappointed, I assure you; for M. de Bachaumont, who came upon me while I was commencing a bad account of our adventures, has resolved that we shall write it together: so you will have a good one. I shall therefore send it without any remorse.

CHAPELLE.

Notwithstanding the solemn compact between M. Chapelle and myself to live in such strict union during our journey, as to have everything in common, he has not scrupled to resort to a philosophical distinction, and pretend a right to his own thoughts. I caught him in the fact. He was writing to you in a room by himself.

This advantage over me was not to be tolerated. I looked at the verses he had committed, and fancied them so easy, that I might as well adopt his manner myself.

Idle I am, and sick, 'tis true,
But I'll indulge my whimsies too,
As invalids are apt to do.
So for the rest of this epistle,
We treat you with a double missile.

We are not altogether certain how you have taken our absence, or whether you deserve this full, true, and particular account of our proceedings. However we send it. If you do not relish it admirably, conclude your mouths out of taste. We say nothing of our departure from Paris, which took place under your own eyes. Perhaps you wondered to see ours not more pathetic; to observe, in our faces, marks of but a reasonable affliction. We confess we received your embraces with a good deal of firmness, and must have appeared sufficiently firm and philosophic.

'Twas necessary, dearest doubles,
Against that farewell siege of troubles
To take prodigious arms:
Think of the spot and all its charms
We left behind us, doubles dear!
'Twas when we turn'd, you might have seen the tear.

Two giddy brains like ours did not allow us to weep long. We pushed on, and beheld Bourg-la-Reine with a dry eye. It was at this place that our sorrow grew little or nothing, and our appetite monstrous. The country air had given it such a magnitude, that it became very pressing towards Antoni, and was insupportable at Long-Jumeau. We stopped at a fountain of the clearest and sprightliest water you ever beheld :

And there upon the grass at ease,
We took out two large sandwiches :
To wit, two birds, whose legs lay crost
Betwixt two sheets of golden toast.
The air was keen, the birds prodigious,
The munching silent and religious.
But oh ! for sublunary joys !
They play'd the devil with us, boys.

You will be surprised to hear that stomachs like ours found it difficult to digest a brace of cold partridges : but so it was. They oppressed us all the way to Sainte-Euverte, where we slept the second night of our pilgrimage. Nothing else occurred worth relating. You know the long stay we made at Sainte-Euverte ; and that M. Boyer, who ought to have arrived there, was the cause of it. People who are kept waiting, generally pass a bad time of it ; but we had the good luck to meet with Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans, who did us the honour to see us often, and is a prelate of a most agreeable conversation. He has the reputation of being one of the honestest men in France.

Heart and head, 'tis his to be,
Delbène, another soul like thee :
Videlicet, a spirit fine,
Good, and gentle, and benign ;
And yet withal as masculine,
As any that we love to see,
In heads of old antiquity.

We spent our evenings for the most part on the banks of the Loire ; sometimes, when the weather was very hot, in the forest that leads from Paris. One day (it was one of the dog-days, and the heat insupportable) we were surprised with the apparition of a very extraordinary courier.

Upon a hackney he came jumbling,
Trotting alternately and stumbling.
His riding-coat and bonnet both,
Not satisfied with being cloth,

Were furr'd with bear-skin—think of that—
 And he was hot, and he was fat.
 Unbutton'd all, his horse in froth,
 His whole apparel wild and wroth,
 He seem'd, along his headlong course,
 Like Icarus tumbled on a horse.

The comparison between one who has fallen from the clouds, and a man riding post, may seem a little extravagant; but if you had met with a picture of Icarus, that we saw a few days since at an inn, you would have thought of the two visions together. In short, think what you will of it, no image could be more wild and fantastic than the actual figure of this poor chevalier, who turned out to be our friend d'Aubeville. With all our joy at the rencontre, we did not choose to hazard a very close meeting during the state he was in; but as soon as he had

Gone in doors, and undefaced him,
 Unbooted, dusted, and uncased him,
 Unflustered, unfatigued, and graced him,
 We took, and as we ought, embrac'd him.

We wrote you word at the time, how we made up our minds to push on without you know who. We were obliged to go to Blavet for a chaise, Orleans not having one to suit us. The day the carriage was to have come from Paris, we received a letter from M. Boyer, assuring us that he was on his way, and that he should sup with us that evening. After having given the proper orders for his reception, we went out to meet him; and about a hundred paces from the gate, on the high road, perceived a battered devil of a coach, drawn by four horses to match, and driven by a genuine hackney-coachman.

An equipage in this taste could only be the one that we looked for; not a shadow of doubt remained, when two persons inside, perceiving our liveries, ordered it to stop.

And forth with hideous cries and gobbles
 There issued an old withered fellow,
 Hobbling just as Boyer hobbles,
 And just as grizzled and as yellow.

At this evidence, who would not have supposed it to be the man himself? And yet it was only the little duke, with M. Potel. They had treated themselves to this joint conveyance, the one to go to

the house of Monsieur his brother, near Tours; the other to see after some affairs that required his attendance in the country. After the usual civilities, we returned together into the town, where we read a letter of apology which they brought us from M. Boyer. They confirmed it; and assured us that he would have set out in spite of the fever that seized him, and kept his promise at all hazards, had not the doctor come in by chance at four in the morning, and prevented him. We had no great difficulty, after so many asseverations, in believing—

That all was true which the poor man said:
Otherwise people might have fancied
What was never yet averr'd,
That he had not kept his word.

We accordingly made up our minds to go on without M. Boyer. It vexed us for the moment; but with his leave, a few other moments consoled us. The supper prepared for him, served to regale those who had come in his stead; and next day we proceeded all together, and slept at Blois. The conversation on the road, by way of being good company, was a little bantering. Upon arriving, our sole object was to find M. Colomb. After so long a separation, we died with desire to see him. He was at an hotel with Monsieur the President Le Bailleur, doing the honours of the town so well, that he could hardly find a moment's time to let us embrace him. Next day, however, we renewed our acquaintance at our ease. The little intercourse we had had for three years, almost appeared a suspension of our friendship. After a thousand enquiries, all made in a breath, as they are apt to be with friends who have not seen one another a long time, we summoned up courage enough to ask him—

All that our poor friend Blot both did and said,
Nay, all he thought of, on his dying bed.
We have not courage to repeat it here:
'Twas like him every word, and all in character.

After having discoursed of a great number of matters, too long to tell you, we all went to pay our respects to his Royal Highness, and then to dine with our friend, and Monsieur and Madame Le Bailleur.

There in his old obliging way,
With open visage, frank and gay,

He gave us his accustom'd cheer,
 Things as good as they were dear,
 And everything that Blois possesses
 To furnish scientific messes.

The set-out was the best in the world. Not a crum of bread was to be seen on the table-cloth. Glasses well rinsed, and of all sorts of shapes, sparkled without end on the sideboard; and there was ice in profusion.

Here, here alone our drink was as it should be,
 Genuine, cool, and clear as could be!

Here, here alone were your devices
 For serving up hot steaks and savage ices,
 And hind'ring footmen (Heaven seize their throttles!)
 From filching virgin bits, and tapping bottles.

The hall was decked out for a dance that evening; all the belles of the neighbourhood were invited, all the violins of the district got together, and all to divert Madame Le Bailleur.

And well content she must have been:
 For doubtless she appeared the queen
 Both of the show and of the beauties;
 So well that day her graces did their duties.

However, neither the good company nor the promised diversions could hinder us from taking our leave after dinner. We were to sleep at Amboise; and there was but just time, as it was, to get there. The loss of our usual road along the charming banks of the Loire made the rest of the evening very tiresome.

We saw no more that pleasant stream,
 Which gliding through the midst of France,
 With ever tranquil countenance,
 Renders each sloping bank a happy dream;
 And carries grace, and wealth, and pleasure
 To towns and turrets without measure.

From Amboise to Fontallade, we will spare you the recital of the annoyances of four unhappy night's lodging, and ourselves the pain of the recollection. You shall be told only of the joy which M. de Lussan testified at seeing his old friends; and yet, for all his fine house and his hospitality, we have but seven poor verses to give him.

Let no wise man wish to go
 To the realms where spices blow,
 Nor to where the sugars flow,
 With fruits above and flowers below,
 Midst worlds of curries and noyau.

All these worlds are ready made
With Lussans at Fontallade.

M. de Lussan, not content with his hospitality, would accompany us as far as Blaye. We turned a little out of the road, to go and pay our respects in a body to Monsieur the Marquis de Jonzac, his brother-in-law. A flourish of compliments began and ended the visit. Of all the offers he made us, we accepted only a brace of partridges and some new bread; a provision very necessary, as you will see.

For betwixt Blaye, Sir, and Jonzac,
There's not a place, save Croupignac;
And Croupignac's a fearful spot;
For Croupignac's a place, God wot,
Where half a dozen souls are all
Out of six hundred, great and small,
Whom t'other day a pestilence
(Plague take the plague!) escorted hence;
And these poor half-a-dozen devils,
Dying of their plaguy evils,
And being stowed into one room,
A villain of a priest must come,
And though surpassing the whole mess
In manifest pestiferousness,
Must needs confess them (what a scene!)
Outside the window,—house between;
“Catch me inside who can,” quoth he,
“With such a traitorous malady.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.

Though recovering from our late severe illness, we are still obliged to draw upon the manuscripts in our desk, and write as little as possible; which must excuse us to some correspondents and encouragers, whom we desire to notice more particularly. Meanwhile we cannot help thanking the friend who has handed us the long extract from the *Hereford Independent*,—one of the most valuable testimonies ever yet borne to the intentions with which we have written, and the effect our endeavours have had upon generous minds. May we thank also the *Chronicle* for the good-natured things it has been pleased to say of our present little work,—and the dramatic critic in the *New Monthly Magazine* for a notice of us, which really makes us proud to think we have ever made part of the thoughts and good wishes of such men?

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

CHAPELLE'S TRIP TO LANGUEDOC AND PROVENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

WE got through poor Croupinac as fast as we could; and meeting with no other place to stop at, were fain to make a meal on the grass, which we did very heartily on the partridges and new bread of M. de Jonzac. After this gentlemanlike accommodation with circumstances, we pursued our journey, and arrived at Blaye, but so late in the evening, and set off again so early next morning, that we saw nothing of the place but what the stars allowed us. The Montant, which sets in at an early hour, compelled us to this activity. After having bid a thousand adieus to Lussan, we embarked in a little shalop, and proceeded a good way by water before daylight.

But soon as the bright dawn looked out,
And let ourselves look round about,
Nothing was seen on every side
But morning, and a tilting tide,
A waste of waters, somewhat frightful,
Which men are bound to think delightful.

In fact the Garonne is so large at the point of land where it forms its junction with the Dordogne, that it really is like a sea; and the tide is so impetuous, that we made the passage to Bordeaux in less than four hours :

Bordeaux, the first of Traffic's daughters,
 Sitting in middle of the waters,
 And welcoming, with steady pride,
 More ships than all the earth beside.

Without lying, it was then so crowded with vessels, that we found it difficult to get to shore. The great fair was about to take place, and had attracted this multitude of visitors, to carry off the wine of the country :

For rude as in reality
 This famous port of our's may be,
 It has the honour, when they dine,
 To furnish half the north with wine.

A frightful quantity is exported every year; but not of the best sort. They treat their customers like Germans. We learnt, that it was not only prohibited to sell the best wines for exportation, but that the merchant could not get a bottle at the tavern. After going down to the beach, and admiring the situation of the place, we retired to our lodging at the Chapeau-Rouge, whither M. Talleman came to conduct us as soon as he knew of our arrival. From this moment we never saw it again but to sleep there. We spent the pleasantest days in the world with Monsieur the Intendant. His house is the common resort of all the best people of the city. He has even discovered among them a heap of cousins. You would take him for first president, rather than intendant. As to Madame his lady, she is, between ourselves, no longer what she was :—

Handsome as ever, it is true,
 And with the same fine eye of blue,
 Full of fire, and sweetness too ;
 But her blue eyes and fond regards
 Are now, poor creature, fix'd on cards!

You remember she never touched a card. She now passes whole nights at lansquenet. All the ladies of the place have become gamesters to oblige her; they have stated evenings for play; and he who wishes to see a *belle assemblée*, has only to pay a visit to Madame Talleman. Luckily for those who are not fond of cards, Mademoiselle Du Pin is sure to be there. She has so much wit and conversation, that they are surely not the least of the winners. It is here, that Messieurs the Gascons acquire a polite air and the tone of good company

But let them take care
 What sort of an air
 They assume with the fair,
 Before witty Du Pin :
 Gasconading with her
 Is a mighty bad plan.

However, not to rally Messieurs the Gascons, we began ourselves to run some risque; and a sudden retreat was not ill timed. See nevertheless our ill luck! We ran from Bordeaux, to fall two days after upon Agen.

O ye hearts that fear a wound,
 Enter not in Agen's gate :
 Heaps of beauties there are found ;
 Crowds of Cupids lie in wait.

Soon as ye approach the spot,
 Look about you ; trust it not
 Swear as stoutly as ye may
 To stop but for a single day.
 Somehow those who stoutly swear,
 Say a day, and stop a year.

An infinite number of persons have passed the whole of their lives there, without the power of going away. The palace of Armida was never so formidable. We there found M. de Saint-Lue detained upwards of six months, Nort for four years, and even d'Ortis a month and a half. D'Ortis gave us the whole history, and insisted upon bringing us acquainted with the enchantresses of the place. He accordingly invited a room full of beauties; and a magnificent supper, with these ladies to grace it, soon made us feel that we were on magic ground. To say the truth, they have so much beauty, that they took us by surprise the first moment; and so much wit, that they completed their conquest the second. It is impossible to see them and not be captivated. Even captives who have the liberty to come away, leave their hearts behind them as hostages for their return.

Therefore of course we did so too ;
 We left our hearts as others do :
 One fair one clench'd the fetter.
 And let the charmers not be wroth,
 If gentle d'Ortis took us both,
 Because she used us better.

Assuredly they had no objection. The conquest, good as it was, was regarded without impatience. They looked upon us, we

believe, as a couple of sick gentlemen bound for the waters, and did not think proper to employ their forces for detaining us. So next morning, we found the gates open and the road free; and set off for Encosse upon the horses which M. Chemeraut had promised us. They had been waiting our pleasure at Agen a whole month. Chemeraut's the man

Of whom you may say, without meaning to joke it,
That he keeps his word truly, and not in his pocket.

We have little to tell you of Encosse, except that the waters are excellent for the stomach. We saw nothing else. It lies at the foot of the Pyrenees, far from resort; and you can get no diversion but what the return of your health brings with it. A little stream just outside the village, winding betwixt poplars and meadows, the greenest you can conceive, was our only resource. We took the waters in this pretty spot every morning, and walked there after dinner. One day, as we were sitting on the grass, talking of the high tides of the Garonne, a subject very fresh in our memories, we fell to discoursing of the reasons given by Descartes and Gessendi for the flux and reflux: when lo! all of a sudden there came upon us, out of the reeds, a figure who had apparently been listening.*

He was an old man, with a peck
Of hair and beard about his neck,
Very like Melchisedeck.

Or rather he resembled greatly
The old Greek bishop we saw lately,
Very courteous, and stately.

His head, by way of hat, had on it
A most extraordinary bonnet:
I think I see the dirt upon it.

'Twas like a washing-basket, very;
And down about his shoulders hairy
Descended, making him look dreary.

His habit was a greenish colour,
Resembling a rush mat, but fuller;
And dropping water, like a sculler.

At this apparition we made two signs of the cross, and retired three paces. Curiosity however prevailed. We resolved, though

* Here follows a pleasant banter upon the common-place personifications of river-gods, and perhaps upon questions of philosophy.

not without some little beating of the heart, to await the explanation of this unusual old gentleman, who accosted us very graciously, and delivered himself in the following words :

Gentlemen, I am not surprised
To see you start, unadvertised;
But when you know my birth and merits,
You'll recollect your scatter'd spirits.

I am the god, who sit for ever,
Pouring away this little river ;
I sit at bottom of the hill,
And there my urn goes pouring still ;
And so, the only natural way,
I keep my green for ever gay.

You've been here now eight days. How is it,
You never pay me, pray, a visit ?
My stream you come to see, 'tis true ;
But something else is surely due
To one inheriting a clear
Receipt of twenty rills a year :
A pretty thing, 'twixt you and me,
For a cadet in Gascony.

You think so ? Well—I know you do ;
For I have overheard you two
Praising my banks and scenery,
Which, I assure you, pleases me,
Much more than those who prais'd myself,
Ere gods were laid upon the shelf.
Gentlemen, never trust a deity,
If I don't handsomely repay it ye.

No words, I beg. Well, gentlemen,
Welcome into this little glen.
'Tis rural, snug, a poet's bit ?
Pray make yourselves at home in it.
And since you wish to know about
Flux and reflux, I'll solve the doubt ;
And shew you, beyond all dispute,
That your mere reason's a mere brute,
Who always was and always will
Be making horned blunders still,
And against knotty points and *themas*
Get into cuckoldy dilemmas.

The old opinions, great and small, }
Upon this point, are fables all, }
And tales of Amadis de Gaul. }
Even your later men of parts,
Your great Gassendis and Descartes,
Though they had sharper eyes to see
The road to a causalty,
Discerned no further in these matters,
Than if for spectacles they 'ad platters.

Now as this thing concerns me nearly,
 I, for my part, see through it clearly,
 And liking mightily you two,
 I'll take the pains to shew it you.
 To you the learned world shall owe
 Whate'er on this point godheads know;
 And to that end, I raise your wit
 And faculties to cope with it.

He then took us both by the hand, and made us sit on each side of him on the grass. We exchanged many looks before we could think what to reply, being very much astonished to find ourselves conversing with a river. But all at once,

He cough'd, and heinm'd, and made a clutter,
 And what ensues was pleased to utter :—

When Neptune for his share inherited
 The ocean he so richly merited,
 The god's accession to the crown
 To all his vassals was made known,
 And 'twas required, that every one
 Should come before him *en personne*.
 Among the rest, before his throne
 There came this great lord, the Garonne,
 But in a style so *brusque* and odd,
 Much wrath conceiv'd the great sea-god,
 And vow'd internally he'd make
 The Gascon sorry for his freak.
 In fact, when it was Garonne's turn
 To pay his homage for his urn,
 He gave the flood a complete cut,
 And measur'd him from head to foot.

At this, though he retired, Garonne
 Called up his servant the Dordonne,
 With other Gascons his acquaintance,
 And shew'd strong signs of non-repentance.
 But Neptune in his proudest fashion,
 His royal bosom swell'd with passion,
 Summon'd his scorn; and with a look
 At once of cold and fierce rebuke,
 Thrust the rude rebel back so far
 (I think e'en now I feel the jar)
 That twice (for twice he got a clearing),
 He was six hours in re-appearing.

In this affair the headstrong river
 Was certainly more bold than clever;
 And yet the river-gods his peers
 Stood by his cause, as if 'twas theirs,
 And swore, as they fell murmuring,
 They thought it savage of the king.

Who now indeed was wroth but he?
 He shook his wet locks bitterly,

And "Silence!" he exclaimed, "ye wretches!
Or must I teach ye, sons of ditches?

The gods, instead of keeping quiet,
Murmur'd, as if they meant a riot.

Neptune then fell into a fury.

"O Styx," he cried, "I thrice adjure ye!"

He shook his trident thrice, and then

In tones that made us shake again,

Cried out, "How now? Is this the place

For shewing us a hostile face?

Shall every little pelting rill

Be taught to carp at Neptune's will?

Must here your tongues be loud? Ah ha!

Per Dio questo non sarà.

I'll make you every one repent

By force of the same punishment.

Twice every day shall every god

Return upon his watery road,

And fly the wrath of Neptune's eye;

But more than all Garonne shall fly,

More far, and with more wondering borders;

Because he rais'd these strange disorders.

And never shall this law be past,

As long as Neptune's reign shall last."

He said; the rebels made submission,

Though hating much their new condition.

They gulp'd an oath with bowing heads,

And murmuring, sought their several beds.

Now, gentlemen, you see the mystery.

This is the matter's real history.

I thought to keep it to myself,

Safe as a poem on a shelf;

But you have pleas'd me so to-day,

I could not say the impulse nay.

He had scarcely finished these words, when he slid from between us; but so rapidly, that he was a dozen yards off before we perceived it. We followed as fast as we could, and finding it to no purpose, called after him several times:—

"Monsieur le Fleuve! Hollo there! Stay!

Flood! River! What the devil's your name!

One word more, if you please! Do, pray!"

Not he. He went the way he came.

We saw him enter among the reeds, out of which he had risen. We ran to the spot; but the good man had become water before we could reach him. His voice was no longer anything more than

A run of little murmuring tones,
Trilling among the pebble stones.

We could make nothing else of it ;
 No, nor you two, were you to sit
 Listening all day with all your wit.

After having called out a number of times in vain, the approach of night compelled us to return to our lodging, where we made a thousand reflections on this adventure. Our minds were not entirely satisfied with the explanation. We could not understand how it was, that only a part of the rivers were punished, when all of them were concerned in the treason. We returned many times to the spot, during our stay at Encosse, in the hope of prevailing on this honest river to give us a quarter of an hour's conversation ; but we never saw him more ; and our course of water-drinking being at an end, it was time to depart.

Monsieur the Seneschal d'Armagnac sent a carriage for us, which took us, in perfect comfort, to his house at Castille. It was easy to see, by the joy with which he received us, that our faces were not unwelcome.

O the taste of this Fontrailles !
 Here it was that ortolans,
 Pies, and other pretty pans,
 Red-legg'd partridges and quails,
 And fifty other birds with juices,
 Made us shudder at the abuses
 Which we used to take for dinners,
 With Carbon, and those other brutal sinners.

You, poor stayers at home, who never saw anything but the valley of misery, and you that fancy you rule the roast at Paris, you know nothing of good cheer. If you do, as you pretend, and are fond of it,

Be good people ; quit your seats ;
 Come, and behold almost the only place,
 Where taking soup is no disgrace ;
 Where human nature eats.

You will be well received, and find the master of the house always the same. Without troubling himself any further with the affairs of the world, he amuses himself with finishing his house, which promises to be admirable. All the honest people of the province know the way to it. By the rest it is not to be discovered. Well : we gormandised four days in company with Monsieur the President Marmiesse, who was good enough to come the moment

he heard of our arrival; and then we all set out together for Toulouse to see the Abbé de Beauregard, who looked for us, and who gave us a repast only to be found at Toulouse. Next day, M. de Marmiesse must needs let us see how far a dinner could go in point of splendour and magnificence; or rather, with his leave, in point of profusion and prodigality. The feast of the Liar was nothing to it. We must have recourse to our verses, for a description.

O thou, whichever Muse thou art,
Who bid'st the gourmand play his part,
Assist us, now or never!
Help us, for our renown, and thine,
To set forth every dish divine,
And keep it warm for ever.

But hold;—what frenzy fires the mind?
Who ever knew a Muse that dined,
Or had a taste in claret?
No, no; the everlasting jades
On bread and water keep good maids;
Or 'faith, they couldn't bear it.

What god then shall our subject woo?
Bacchus, will you, or Comus, you,
Assist us to go through it?
No: neither of you can find time
To scratch your happy heads for rhyme;
And therefore we can't do it.

It is too great an affair. We must content ourselves with saying, that never was anything more splendid. We should have thought Toulouse exhausted of its game for ever, notwithstanding its reputation, if next day, a friend of ours, whom you know, had not given us another dinner, which convinced us that the place was a prodigy. You will name him at once, when we tell you, that he is

One of those fine wits, whom the Muse
First honour'd France with at Toulouse.
The only native Gascon he,
Who bears no mark of Gascony,
But such an air and spirit carries,
You'd think he never stirr'd from Paris.

In short, the agreeable M. d'Osneville, who looks and talks like a man that has never been out of the precincts of the court.

You know he's married. 'Tis a year
Since first the knot was tied, we hear,
And 'twould defy a chopper;

We mean 'tis good as e'er was sung ;
 And both are witty, rich, and young,
 And both their bloods are proper.

M. d'Osneville took us in his coach to Grouille, where Monsieur the Count d'Aubijoux received us very politely. We found him in a little palace of a summer-house, which he had built in the middle of his garden, among shades and fountains. It consists of only three rooms, but all painted and fitted up to perfection. He is to come here when he wishes to be private with two or three friends, or to enjoy his books when alone ; to say nothing of his mistress.

Courts may have been unjust ; but what cares he ?
 Here roll his days in round philosophy.

To tell you that he keeps a good table, is no news ; but perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that with all the good cheer going on, he eats nothing but a crust a day. He has accordingly the look of a dying man. The park is very extensive, full of beautiful spots for walking in, every successive one finer than the other. Yet we spent our whole days in a little isle, planted and kept like a garden, in the middle of which, as if by miracle, a fountain leaps up, and goes wetting the tops of a bower of cypresses.

Under this bow'r, which Love expressly made
 Surely to touch some fair inhuman she,
 One of us two, one day within the shade,
 His pulses quivering, his hand unstaid,
 While the leaves whisper'd, and the fountain play'd,
 Wrote this desiring verse upon a tree :—

Alas ! how blessed were his lot
 Who with his Sylvia in this happy spot,
 Could pass his days, nor feel that time was moving,
 Always belov'd, and always fondly loving.

You will perceive by this, that during our journey we were not always thinking of good cheer. We had moments, you will acknowledge, sufficiently tender. In the sequel, though Grouille abounded in attractions, M. d'Aubijoux could not prevail upon us to stay more than three days ; at the end of which we took his carriage to go and meet that of M. de Penautier at Castres. We met accordingly, and proceeded with him to Penautier, which is a league from Carcassonne. The dear rogue, who never quitted us for a moment, drank to your health a thousand times. You must

know there was the play to amuse us. The performers were not bad; and all the ladies of Carcassonne were present. When we took leave, M. de Penautier, who is unquestionably one of the honestest men breathing, insisted upon our taking his coach as far as Narbonne, though it already had had a long journey. The weather was so fine, that we were in hopes next day, with the fresh horses that followed us from Encosse, to push on and sleep at Montpellier. But as ill luck would have it,

Narbonne has this confounded wonder :
There's always rain, and always thunder.
All night the rain came down pell-mell,
And such a heap of water fell,
That for two days, like one invaded,
The country kept the town blockaded.

You must not be surprised at this. Narbonne lies in a hollow, surrounded by mountains; the rain comes in torrents; and therefore whenever it continues for six hours together, such a quantity of water is collected, that it is impossible to leave the place without hazard of drowning. We determined upon running the risque; but the adventure of a lacquey carried off by the flood, who would certainly have perished if it had not been for his horse, made us get inside the town again as fast as we could, to wait till the roads were clear. Some gentlemen, who observed us walking about in the great square, and who appeared to be among the principal persons of the country, having been apprised of our misfortune, thought themselves bound in politeness not to leave us at the mercy of *ennui*. They proposed to shew us the curiosities of their city, and took us accordingly to the cathedral, which they recommended for a *chef-d'œuvre* on account of the loftiness of the aisles. We cannot say, for our parts,

Whether the architect who made it,
Made it round, oval, square, or what;
Or whether he that last survey'd it,
Concluded it was tall, or not.

For you must know, that as we stood
Admiring in this holy place,
We made a solemn vow to God,
Never to look upon its face.

Another rarity they shew;
An altar-piece, all black with smoking;

Where Lazarus, as he ought to do,
Comes from his grave, extremely shocking.

In fact, the painter has succeeded
So well in making him look frightful,
That if the Devil look'd worse than he did,
E'en Lazarus must have look'd delightful.

Our new friends were not content with shewing us these marvels. To complete their favours, they had the goodness to introduce us to three or four of their most refined damsels, who were tumbling to bits with dirt and affectation. Such is the list of our entertainments at Narbonne. You may judge if we passed our two days agreeably. O Narbonne, thou who hast diverted us so well,

Worthy object of our anger,
Mud's emporium, travellers' curse,
All made up of drains and gutters,
Shambling spouts, and dirty splutters,
How canst thou expect a verse?

Go : thou art but winter quarters
For a score of hapless dogs,
Where, by dint of painful searching,
Three old girls at last come curtsying,
Fair and wholesome as thy fogs.

Go : thou art not worth a stricture ;
Fast we leave thee in the lurch ;
Very little is thy picture,
And less than nothing is thy church.

The apostrophe is somewhat violent, and the imprecation a little strong : but we passed two days in this marvellous sojourn with so much ill will, that we were glad to quit it with a vengeance. At length, the waters being only up to our horses' girths, we were allowed to set forward. We proceeded three or four leagues over plains all in a drench, and had to cross a rascally bridge of planks over a torrent, which the rains had made as big as a river. At this distance we arrived at Beziers, a good clean town, well situate, and altogether as pretty a place as the other was villainous. Next day, having traversed the heath of Saint-Hubéri, and tasted the fine muscats of Loupian, we saw Montpellier before us, surrounded by those plantations of trees and vineyards that you are acquainted with. We had to effect a passage through hundreds of flying balls, for they make a tennis-ground of the highway.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE DINNER PARTY ANTICIPATED.

A PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S NINETEENTH ODE, BOOK THE THIRD.

"Quantum distet ab Inacho."

THE poet rallies his young friend Telephus upon his fondness for talking of genealogy and antiquities, and complains that he does not fix a day for having a dinner-party. The thought of such a meeting fires his imagination, and he supposes them all in the midst of their enjoyments, drinking their toasts, and discussing their mistresses. His proposal to torment the old fellow next door, who envies them their good humour, is very pleasant.

Commentators differ, as usual, upon passages of this Ode. The translator has given himself up to the spirit of the occasion, as the most likely, if not the most learned guide.

Dear Telephus, you trace divinely
The Grecian king who died so finely;
And show a zeal that betters us,
For all the house of Æacus;
And make us, to our special joy,
Feel every blow bestow'd at Troy:—
But not a syllable do you say
Of where we are to dine some day;
Not one about a little stock
Of neat, you rogue; nor what o'clock
Some four of us may come together,
And shut the cold out this strange weather.

Good gods! I feel it done already;
More wine, my boy:—there—steady, steady:
"Whose health?" Whose health! Why,—here's the Moon;
She's young; may she be older soon.
"Whose next?" Why next, I think, it's clear,
Comes mother Midnight—Here's to her:
And after her, with three at least,
Our reverend friend the new-made priest.
Three cups in one then. *Three, and we!*
Fill, as 'tis fitting, three times three:
For poets, in their moods divine,
Measure their goblets by the Nine;
Although the Graces (naked tremblers!)
Talk of a third to common tumblers.
Parties like us, true souls and glad,
Have right and title to be mad.
Who told the flutes there to leave off?
They've not been breath'd yet, half enough:
And who hung up the pipes and lyres?
They have not done with half their fires.

The roses too—heap, heap one's hair !
 I hate a right hand that can spare.
 Let the old envious dog next door,
 Old Lycus, hear the maddening roar,
 And the blithe girl (she'll love it well)
 Whom *Lycus* finds—not haveable.

Ah, Telephus ! Those locks of thine,
 That lie so thick and smooth, and shine,
 And that complete and sparkling air,
 That gilds one's evenings like a star,
 'Tis these the little jade considers,
 And cuts her poor, profuser bidders.

"And you, dear Horace, what fair she
 Inspires you now?" Oh, as for me,
 I'm in the old tormenting way;
 Burnt at a slow fire, day by day,
 For my dull, dear Glycera.

ON THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off, not any of our Companions (who are doubtless too far-sighted not to see into the merits of it) but vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the "great vulgar or the small." Warn—did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us, that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce "everything as is low;" and thou, Bickerstaff, who didst humanize upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding thou, whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet wast not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life. We will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we were among a set of spectators, who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he

originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or at least the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of the sphere of his action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him. Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducting a pig into the other end of Long lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success

in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work : he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond row: masterly his turn at Bell alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the allies.

He bolts!

He's off!—*Evasit, erupit.*

"Oh, Ch—st!" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true,—
"he'll go up all manner of streets!"

Poor fellow! we think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

SOMEBODY, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on “Persons one would wish to have known.” He should write another on “Persons one could wish to have dined with.” There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis*: and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift and Pope, and Dr Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century’s duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding “leave his card” in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakspeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by

intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the Apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with the armed youth exercising themselves in military games, is worse. His best Paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it. For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope, that the state mentioned by the Apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we may be with poetry or calamity, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new and boundless state of existence, where everything is marvellous, and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it: to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities,—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realization of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this taunted and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself,

seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries, Heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realise everything that we have justly desired on earth, will *be* heaven,—we mean, for that period; and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realise all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follows:—

Imprimis,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female one)—*Imprimis* then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together “of afternoons;” and when the *Earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be) other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friend as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

Item, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely) we know upon the best authority, that people are “neither married nor given in marriage;” so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By the way, there can be no clergyman there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say, there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley would refute that; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more Reverend than their neighbours.) Item then, a mistress; beautiful of course,—an angelical expression,—a Peri, or Houri, or whatever shape of perfection you chuse to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her

good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state); good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us); but above all things, true; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade. There is something too good in this to dwell upon; so we spare the fears (and hopes) of the prudish. We would lay her head upon our heart, and look more pleasure into her eyes, than the prudish or the profligate ever so much as fancied.

Item, books. Shakspeare and Spenser should write us *new ones*! Think of that. We would have another Decameron: and Walter Scott (for he will be there too;—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

We think, admitted to that equal sky,
The Arabian Nights must bear us company.

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party."—He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favourite earthly pursuits; only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of new comers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to shew herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a Pegasus, or Ariosto's Hippogriff, or Sinbad's Roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous animals. Fable will be as fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like; and the Utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd by the bye,—those gentlemen, when they first arrive; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal. If we chuse now and then, we shall even have inconveniences.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

(FROM A FAIR CORRESPONDENT.)

MANY years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Charles V, a noble gentleman, Count Antonio Fregoso, was governor of the city of Verona in Italy. The Count was a widower with one daughter, whom he passionately loved, and so entirely trusted, that, yet a girl of seventeen, she enjoyed the most perfect liberty and controul over her own actions. She was beautiful, with dark full eyes and a fair cheek which yet glowed with the roseate hue of health and happiness. Single offspring of the rich Fregoso, she had many lovers, yet among them there were none whom she esteemed as truly loving her, but rather suspected the whole crowd to be moved only by the desire of possessing the richest heiress in Italy. Such ideas endowed her with a strange mixture of pride and humility; she disdained a mercenary band who paid the lowly services of love for the sake of her wealth and rank; and

she felt that her heart contained a treasure of affection, unexpended yet, but which she would gladly bestow on one of whose disinterested love she could feel secure. While she haughtily turned away from her many suitors, she was humbled in her own eyes by the belief that her individual merit had failed to attract one truly loving heart.

A young French knight had lately been added to her train of admirers. The Chevalier Montreville was of a noble but impoverished family, and beholding the object of his passionate idolatry surrounded and vainly courted by the chiefest nobles of her native land, he shrank into himself, fearing to share the disdain he found to be the portion of all who spoke to Ippolita the language of love. The proud girl, herself yet unaware of the cause, marked his appearance in her cortège with pleasure, and watched his movements with something like anxiety. His clear blue eyes seemed incapable of expressing anything but truth—his voice had persuasion in its tone; how was it that that voice alone had never expressed love for her? This question was too soon answered. A moonlight festival—a momentary division from all others—an unwonted gentleness in the lovely Italian's manners, made Montreville forget his prudence and his fears. A word, a pressure of the hand—how were they answered? Ippolita had respected his silence—she replied contemptuously; nay, the unexplained internal conflict of her feelings made her answer even angrily: she commanded his absence, and his future silence on so displeasing and barren a subject.

Some weeks after, Ippolita and many of her companions of either sex were riding on the banks of the Adige. Montreville was there; he had not dared infringe the orders of his lady, nor urge again his suit; yet he did not despair. Nay, in spite of his disappointment, he felt sustained by his own integrity, and shewed no sign of depression. He fancied that he loves me, thought Ippolita—no, I am wrong; he does not even imagine such a sentiment; his conduct is dictated by the basest motives, and he has not the art of even casting a veil over them:—she turned her eyes contemptuously on him:—yet could any vile feeling lurk in so

frank a countenance? She felt the blood glow in her cheek. How prove to herself whether the love he pretended were true or feigned?

The conversation turned on the subject of love. Many of her suitors spoke with enthusiasm on the subject, wishing to gain thus the confidence of Ippolita; but she turned all their high-flown expressions into ridicule, and, with unaccustomed bitterness, forgot her usual courtesy in her tauntings. Montreville listened silently. Impatient of this shew of coldness, she turned suddenly towards him, asking—"And what does our French visitant say to our Italian eloquence? 'Words, and not deeds,' are a lover's motto; think you not so, Chevalier?"

Montreville's countenance lighted up with a glow of pleasure at this address:—"Since," he cried, "you, Madam, deign to permit me to speak on the subject of love, I shall not, I trust, be found a worse pleader than these gentlemen for its sacred cause." Then he entered on a description and a defence of the passion, so glowing, so fervent, and so sincere, that while his bright eyes flashed fire, and his cheek burnt with enthusiasm, the lids of Ippolita's dark orbs half veiled them, and the blush of confusion stained her cheek. He had described the adoration of the lover for his mistress—he descanted on his tenderness—then he spoke of his devotion, his readiness to sacrifice his life for her smile:—towards the end of his harangue Ippolita somewhat recovered herself; and when he paused, as if concluding, she turned to him with a smile of mockery, saying, "Fine expressions these, Chevalier, and they the more confirm my saying, 'words not deeds.' For my part, I never saw any of these furious fire-eating lovers who really ever burnt and were consumed. Sigh, they may—and lament, and strive to weep; but when a test should be made—the fire goes out, and—oh miracle!—the fuel remains unconsumed!"

"Madam," replied Montreville, "that I love you I have confessed, and you have not deigned to believe me, nor will you open your eyes to the burning affection that consumes me. If for a moment you could become aware of the feeling that devours me, your goodness would lead you to pity me. Since by your permission I now speak, may I not say that a fire possesses my heart,

which not all the waters of the Adige, that flows beneath the bridge we are now crossing, could even allay, far less extinguish?"

"Nay, the trial has not yet been made," said the proud girl, with a scornful laugh; piqued at being thus challenged to believe, and acknowledge her belief in the existence of a passion whose existence she had denied:—she continued, "the time is opportune—the waters flow icy cold at your feet, yet not colder than your heart; will you not prove their power over it?"

It was nearly the end of the month of October; the change of season was already severely felt, and the north wind that blew added to the cold. When the lover heard this proud and cruel girl invite him to throw himself into the water, hurried away by youthful and rash passion, and blinded by his ardent desire of proving his truth, he replied fervently—"Most ready am I to obey you—most happy to find a way of proving my sincerity." Then, without pause, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, he forced the noble barb he rode to leap from the bridge into the swift and foaming river. The Adige is very deep, and rapid, and difficult of navigation, especially near the bridges, on account of the gulphs and whirlpools; and now, on account of recent rains, it was swollen and tempestuous. The horse, weighed down by the burthen of his rider, sank at once to the bottom, and then, like a ball which rebounds from the ground on which it has been flung, he rose again to the surface, with the youth still in the saddle. Then he began, with pant and strain, to breast the water transversely towards the shore, guided by Montreville; and, gaining somewhat on the current, he drew near the banks. The youth, who still kept his seat, turning his head towards his proud mistress, cried with a loud voice, "Behold, lady of my heart, behold, I am in the midst of the waters! yet bathed as I am by their icy waves, I feel no cold; and feeling them all around me, they in no way allay the fever of my love, but the rather my true heart burns with a purer and steadier flame in despite of their chilling influence."

His companions, who were still on the bridge, remained astonished and frightened, and overcome by the sight presented to them by the courageous and undaunted Montreville, they stood as if sense-

less, speechless, and wonder-stricken. The youth, who gazed more intently on the beautiful Ippolita than on the course of his horse, reached the banks of the river; but in a place where a high wall rose immediately at its edge, so that he was unable to land. He was obliged therefore to direct his horse towards a spot where the sloping bank promised a safe exit from the river. Desiring to turn his horse with the rein, spurring him at the same time, the water, striking his sides violently as he turned, and rushing between his legs, threw him over, so that the ardent Montreville, notwithstanding all his exertions, lost his stirrups and his seat; but still keeping hold of the rein, thus leading his horse, he came again to the surface of the water. At this frightful and pitiable spectacle, all the persons assembled on the bridge and on the banks began to cry aloud for help. Montreville did not lose his presence of mind, yet as soon as he rose on the water he became aware of the peril of his situation; so, loosening and casting from him his cloak, he quitted his horse's rein, leaving him to guide himself instinctively to a place of safety, he addressed himself for swimming, and though his dress was cumbrous, and his heavy sword was belted to his side, yet he strove gallantly with his watery enemy. There were no boats near, nor was there any person who would risk his life by endeavouring to aid him; but all who beheld him assisted him only by their cries. The women, weeping and trembling for fear, stood overcome by terror, watching the event of this rash and perilous enterprize. The proud Ippolita, who before had never given credit to the existence of so true a passion, softened by so horrible and fearful an event, and deeply compassionating her hapless lover, bathed in tears, cried aloud for help, and passionately entreated the standers-by to go to his assistance; but, as I have said, no one dared make an attempt to save him, which would have put their own lives in similar peril to the one he encountered. Montreville was an excellent swimmer, and had been accustomed to such hardy and even dangerous pastime; so that when he saw his dear mistress weeping bitterly, and demonstrating by her manner her fears on his account, he held himself entirely and overpaid for all that he had risked; and such delight filled his heart, that his strength increasing with his joy,

the idea of danger was entirely forgotten. So, swimming with undaunted heart, and dextrously cutting through the opposing waves, each moment he gained on his enemy, and approached a feasible landing-place; and though impeded by his heavy garments, and weighed down by his sword, yet he contrived to cast from him the waters, and so to conquer their effect, that he reached the sloping bank, and, getting on land, hastened in safety towards the spot where his lady and her companions were. His horse following in his master's wake, also gained the landing-place, and was led away by the Chevalier's servants.

Love and truth the while achieved a complete victory. Ippolita felt her whole heart dissolve in pity and compassion for her lover, so that to have saved him from the waves she would most willingly have put her own life in similar peril; but knowing no means whereby to assist him, she called aloud for help, weeping the while and frantically wringing her hands. When Montreville had landed, wet as he was, he respectfully approached the lovely girl, saying, "I am returned, dearest lady, such as you behold, my heart still burning with unconquerable love—devoted in life and death to your service."

Ippolita was surrounded by the flower of the Italian nobility; she stood bright in loveliness, power, and youth; but pride was extinguished in her bosom: thus as he stood—the waters dripping from his garments—his hair shedding a thousand dew-drops—his cheek which had glowed with enthusiasm, now became ashy pale from his over-exertion,—thus, as he humbly and gently presented himself before her, she cast herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Love, you have conquered!—Montreville, you have won me—I am yours for ever!"

SKETCHES FROM THE CLUB-BOOK.

[We have done a very impudent thing in laying these sketches before the reader. They were sent us by a friend for another purpose, which indeed has been given up,—but we publish them without leave, we hope not without forgiveness or even approbation; for we know we should have had it for asking, and we meant

to have so had it; but what are we to do with such a purse of guineas in our desk, the consequences of sickness upon us, and a printer's devil crying for payment at the door? O beautiful doctrine of the community of property! Our belief in thy beauty must save us. The owner knows, that at any time we would give him ten of our paragraphs for half-a-dozen such of his; and we must say for ourselves, that we are a thief in the style of Robin Hood, equally willing to be surpassed by our Companions, and to share with all who are in want of us. So here follow our stolen goods. If we are not forgiven, generosity no longer resides in a house in Bedford square, which we had taken to be full of it.

We need not say that these portraits are from the life. They bear their own evidence upon them. They ought to have come after our Dinner-party last week. Old Charlton, it is true, is not a *beau ideal* in the style of Telephus; but he is human and Horatian, and might illustrate a series of odes, from the *Mox reficit rates* of the beginning, to the *Est mihi nonum* of Book the Fourth.]

OLD CHARLTON.

“ The first man on our list (he was a sort of President) was Mr Charlton. He was a merry man; neither old nor young—five-and-thirty—forty—fifty—he changed with the season. A frequent smile had ploughed strong furrows on each side of his mouth; rough weather and strong waters had given a tone to his complexion—*erubuit*; and there was a youthful laughter in his grey glistening eye which betokened a mind used to jest and merriment. Yet he was no humourist. He liked a broad joke, or a practical one, and laughed at it loudly; but he was not rugged enough for humour, which requires certain points to retain it. A hydrophobist in his drink, he esteemed water as sacred to ablution, and set it apart for that purpose only. In his early life he had been a traveller. He left the land of whiskey and thistles, and took his passage for India. Forgetting, however, to propitiate the winds, they resented his neglect so effectually (somewhere south or southwest of the Cape) that he was glad to escape with a bruised body and ragged “trews” to some rock on the Indian ocean. It was upon this occasion, he said, that he first remembered the taste of

water—"which is *salt*." By an accident almost as sudden as his shipwreck, he was saved, and after having been tossed from wave to wave, finally landed in India. Here, far away from all friends, he wore away his youth. Law and traffic—good fortune and bad—health and sickness came on him by turns, but he hustled through them all; till at last, with a light heart, and a—pocket pocket full of gold rupees, he set sail again for "the Land of Cakes."—And now? Is he dead?—No, reader, he still lives, fresh and frolicsome, chirping like a bird in his lusty winter. You may see him (unless he be altered) at Will's or the Cider Cellar, with a glass of brandy and water and his cigar, making the midnight echoes ring with songs which were considered matchless fifty years ago. Should you feel any doubt about him, you will know him by his Scotch accent, his rosy good-humoured face, and his "*Igad, Sir*," which I hold to be above imitation. He will not despise your company (if it be good for anything), nor your admiration, if kept within reasonable limits. For my own part, I am content to exchange a compliment or two with him occasionally. He has been pleased to say something civil regarding my productions. Once, indeed, he added a wish that I would make a sketch of him in one of my leisure moments. I promised the old gentleman that I *would* do so—and here it is! [W.]

Dibbs, who follows our old gentleman, as he ought to do, has still less in him of the ideal. He is not a boy to "let the liquid ruby flow;" but he could uncork a bottle of good prose port, and was a topping hand at a pot of porter. There were Dibbses among the Romans,—Divesii,—as Horace and Shakspeare well knew, though every learned person may not. Some of the Davuses were of that family. He is one of the fellows who hung up the pipes and lyres too soon, being anxious to steal off to the *contubernium*.

DIBBS, THE WAITER.

DIBBS was a monstrous blockhead, though small; being of no large circumference, and barely five feet high. He had a little round head which shone like a ball, over which some weak hair straggled, a large mouth, and a couple of eyes like bullets. He

loved idling, gossiping, eating, drinking (especially drinking) and romancing, beyond any one I ever knew—though he lied so indifferently that his countenance perpetually betrayed him. He possessed the art of mistaking, and of never finding what he sought for, to a degree that is scarcely credible. He was a paradoxical perfection; having arrived, if I may say so, at a *full stunted growth* both of mind and body. He was not wanting in any point, but was as complete in his way as a dwarf-oak or a gooseberry-bush. You never wished him to be handsomer, or bigger, or better—except perhaps when he waited on you.—Dibbs had, moreover, his good qualities. He was sometimes willing, and sometimes (when the public-house was not in the way) expeditious. He could tie a knot (he called it ‘a weaver’s knot’—not a Gordian)—could beat carpets, or boys—expel children from the gutter, rats from a house, paupers from a parish, and so forth. His sole ambition was to be beadle of the parish. I imagined at first that he had been attracted by the cocked hat (an awful symbol), but I discovered afterwards that it was the dignity only which affected him. “It was a ‘sponsible place,” as he used to say—“and Mr —— and Mr ——, who had been *in office* a matter of fifteen years, had brought up their families respectably.”

Besides these accomplishments, Dibbs had one or two defects. He was (like many persons below the rank of philosophers) a little sullen, and terribly obstinate when he was in the wrong; and he was seldom in the right. He had so little genius for figures, that he would for ever cast up the bill incorrectly; though it was observed that the error was always in his own favour. He had been ostler, gardener, sailor, porter, constable, and door-keeper at a Methodist chapel, and ended by being familiar with his betters on the strength of his mistress’s larder. If you praised Dibbs, he admitted his merits. If you joked on him, he looked perplexed: (he did not understand jokes.) But if you abused him outright, he shone full upon you:—he had then a fine sullen dogged drunken look, that Hogarth himself could never have painted. The pig that *will* go backwards, the little black-poll’d bull that goes all ways and confounds even the drover, the ass that will go neither

one way nor t'other—all similes fail!—This sturdy stupidity, inaccessible to argument and apology, formed his character. His head was as thick as a wall by nature; and with this armour of angry obstinacy about it, nothing in the world could touch him.—Yet Dibbs had his use, like other animals:—he could draw a cork, froth a tankard, make toast, and tea, and excuses (for himself or another) and turned a beef-steak to perfection. [W.]

REMBRANDT AND VANDYKE.

Among painters, at least among Flemish painters, Rembrandt and Vandyke may be considered as having each attained the highest step in their several departments of art,—the imaginative and the real. For the former, in his higher works was undoubtedly a most imaginative painter. He did not indeed embody the “ideal” in the many faces and figures which he completed; but he let in a flood of light and darkness upon our senses, which has oftener startled imagination from her trance, and sent the human mind into speculation and thinking, than possibly any other painter upon record. He has no grace of figure; no beauty of aspect; no fine drawing; and often but little pretensions to colour: and yet by the mere dint of his wonderful *chiaro-scuro*, he absolutely chains us to his productions. He is like some dark necromancer, from whose spells arise terrible phantasmas,—shapeless things from which daylight shrinks, after having glanced on them for a moment. Whatever may be the mere *subject* of his labours, all are tinged by the same awful mist of his imagination, and come out like black and fatal secrets half revealed, such as we behold in dreams. We look upon the gloomy fictions of Rembrandt, seeking no interpretation even when we understand them not; but content ourselves with contemplating them as we would some spectral appearance, or some mystery of night and darkness, which daylight and impertinent investigation seem (and but seem) to destroy. Vandyke, on the other hand, sate at the right-hand of Nature, transcribing whatever she placed before him with unrivalled fidelity. He was, if I may venture to say so, almost *too* real; that is to say, he copied what he saw at the moment, and *nothing more*. It was

otherwise with Michael-Angelo, Raffaele, Correggio, Leonardo, and, I will presume to say, Titian. Each of these great painters, it is true, obtained all their *materials* from nature; but they combined and reproduced them. And thus it was, also, with the grand Flemish genius, Rembrandt.

The following extract from the letter of a friend of mine (dated Gottingen) will show the effect of Rembrandt's and Vandyke's pictures upon a highly poetic temperament. It is an eloquent tribute to the two Flemings, and conveys an admirable idea of the peculiar powers of the artists.

“ Here are plenty of sights of all sorts—a picture-gallery containing some most extraordinary great historical pictures of Rembrandt. In his pictorial creations, methinks this Flemish wonder never got further than *Fiat Lux*. In man and woman making he must have received instructions from some of Nature's worst journeymen. Here is one, a Sampson (or Simpson, as the Germans call the poor gate-carrier) betrayed to the Philistines. You stand at the mouth of a great dark wide cave, through which comes an overflow of torch-light glancing and resting on Philistines' heads and beards. The wild beast of Israel is at bay on the foreground; but then he is the strangest chaos of wild legs and arms!—One, a dodo-like member, he thrusts into your eye, and the rest are in a state of mutiny against nature and their proprietor. He would have been wiser had he called it a picture of Menenius's fable of The Rebellion against King Belly. There are many wonderfully mysterious heads of his, which look more like evanescent revelations of people that shall be born, than representations of what men have been. They look out at you as if they were going to dive again into their cloudy elements, and as if they could not last an instant. And they are amazingly contrasted with some of Vandyke's clear and real people, who stand and sit about the walls quietly but quite alive—and knowing that they are so, only they choose to be pictures a little longer.”

[W. P.]

SONNETS.*

NOON.

How all the spirits of Nature love to greet,
 In mystic recognition from the grass,
 And cloud, and spray—a warm and vivid class—
 The eagle-tiring Noon : around whose feet
 The glories of the brimfull summer meet ;
 That reeling Time beholds his sober glass
 Turn to a goblet—and the sands that pass
 Seem drops of living wine. Oh ! this is sweet
 To see the heavens all open, and the hood
 Of crystal Noon flung back :—the earth meanwhile
 Filling her veins with sunshine—vital blood
 Of all that now from her full breast doth smile
 (Casting no shadow) on that pleasant flood
 Of light, where every mote is some small minstrel's isle.

To one that marks the quick and certain round
 Of year on year, and finds how every day
 Brings its gray hair, or bears a leaf away
 From the full glory with which life is crowned,
 Ere youth becomes a shade and fame a sound ;
 Surely to one that feels his foot on sand
 Unsure, the bright and ever-visible hand
 Of Time points far above the lowly bound
 Of pride that perishes ; and leads the eye
 To loftier objects and diviner ends—
 A tranquil strength, sublime humility,
 A knowledge of ourselves, a faith in friends,
 A sympathy for all things born to die,
 With cheerful love for those whom truth attends.

* These two sonnets are from a Correspondent, who describes himself as "young." They are very clever. There is a turn in some of the lines, that reminds us of the late Mr Keats. The enthusiasm of our Correspondent has a look with it, that, unfortunately for the world, is thought to belong peculiarly to youth ; but we cannot wish him a greater wisdom, than to hope he may always retain it. The preservation of this sacred fire, for life, among a small number of men would suffice to produce a blaze of warmth and truth, that should make this earth of ours a golden planet.—We shall be happy to hear from the writer again, and to accept the favours he speaks of.

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THE COMPANION.

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“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

It is among the objects of the Companion, from time to time, to look into the more curious particulars in the lives of celebrated poets and wits, especially where a settlement of them appears to be wanting. It is remarkable, on turning over biographies even of the greatest repute (Dr Johnson's for one), to see how contented the authors are to repeat what has been told before them, searching for little or nothing in addition, and only giving some new turn of words to the style. We do not mean to undervalue the criticism of Johnson, up to a certain pitch. His remarks on the town poets and all beneath them are as masterly, as those upon the higher ones are now understood to be defective and uninformed. But like other biographers, he avoids trouble. He errs also, as Hume did in his History, in omitting anecdotes and characteristics, some of them of the most interesting description, as if he thought them too trifling to mention;—a mistake, more surprising even in Johnson than Hume; for the former was a good table companion; whereas we know of nothing to that effect about the philosopher, except the good round stomach which he condescended to have.

If the reader took up Johnson's Lives, and compared them with what might have been added to the stock of amusement, by a dili-

gent perusal of the *works* of the poets, he would be surprised to find how much the latter process can bring forth. Let him compare Gray for instance, or even Akenside. Pursuits, connexions, pieces of auto-biography, or helps to it, are all overlooked. In these two cases, political prejudice interposed to encourage the Doctor's indolence. In others, the want of relish for the finest poetry enabled him to omit some of the greatest names altogether; as his want of animal spirits did some of the most delightful, and his politics others. We have no Chaucer, no Spenser, no Suckling, no Andrew Marvell; but on the other hand we have Sprat. Sprat, though a minnow among the Tritons, was a bishop on dry land. There is also the Reverend Mr Stepney, and the Reverend Mr Harte, and the Reverend Mr Pitt, and the Reverend Mr Broome, and the Reverend Dr Yalden, and the Reverend Dr Watts,—all clergymen; and there is Mr Hughes, who though no clergyman, ought to have been one; and Blackmore, who preached the town deaf with bad poetry.

But we are wandering out of the record.—We begin with some passages in the life of Davenant, of whom a curious question has been raised, whether or not he was a son of Shakspeare's. By the way, what havoc would be made with people's proper names, if all whose lives were noticed, had their family pretensions inquired into! What plebeianizing of peers! What abdicating of monarchs! How many Tomkinse and Jenkinse would suddenly be found figuring among Dukes and Marquisses! How many poor wits patronized by their brothers! And alas! how many footmen ordering about theirs! Perhaps there is not a dynasty in Europe (one, of course, excepted) which has any right to the throne. A prince may be like his predecessor; but what of grandfathers and great-grandfathers? And what of the good old times of Jesuits, and Confessors, and *Petits-Maitres*, and Carpet-Knights, and Chamber-Musicians? Somebody, speaking to Henry IV of France, called our James the First a Solomon. "Aye," returned Henry; "Solomon, the son of David." "Was your mother ever at Rome?" inquired Augustus of a young man who resembled him. "No, Sir; but my father was." Many poets, it is presumed, would be found to have as little pretension to their own names, as a multitude of

other lively people ; except that they generally come out of middle life, where the manners are staidier. Davenant's case is certainly not made out, as he wished it to be.

Was Davenant the Natural Son of Shakspeare?

This poet, who united in a more than ordinary degree the active with the contemplative life, and went through a greater number of adventures than falls to the lot of most of his brethren, was born at Oxford, in February 1605, and was the son of John Davenant, a citizen of repute, who kept an inn or tavern in that city. The biographers have not noticed the deduction; but as he had a brother who became chaplain to Bishop Davenant, it is not unlikely that the family were of the same ancient stock of the Davenants of Sible Heningham and Davenants-lands in Essex. Wit and scandal, however, have interfered to give him a profaner genealogy.

Shakspeare, it seems, used to put up at Mr Davenant's house in his journies between Stratford and London; and Mr Davenant being a very grave personage, though fond of the drama, and Mrs Davenant on the other hand being equally lively and beautiful, and a woman of good wit and conversation, it has been conjectured that Sir William had more reasons for the talents that were in him than the honest vintner had warrant for laying claim to. A story is related of little Davenant's being met in the streets of Oxford by an acquaintance, who, asking him where he was going in such a hurry, was told, "To see my godfather Shakspeare;" upon which the other advised him to be cautious how he took the name of God in vain.

Biographers have very properly called for proofs of this illustrious piece of gossip. Some, with not so much reason, have found a refutation of it in the manners of the time, and the opinions of the great poet of nature himself. What the manners of the time were, at least in those quarters where licence is usually to be found, the memoirs both of court and stage sufficiently inform us; and without entering any deeper into the question as to Shakspeare's opinions, there is no reason to conclude, from what he has left us of them, that such a circumstance would have been absolutely impossible. Thomas Warton was inclined to believe it.

Steevens treated the report with contempt, and alleged that Davenant's face was unworthy of such a father: a strange argument! especially as Sir William, before a misadventure that happened to him, is stated to have been very handsome. Aubrey, who was conversant with him, says of his son Charles Davenant, that he inherited "his father's beauty."

On the other hand, the beauty (to say nothing of our ignorance whether Shakspeare was handsome or not), may have come from the mother: the sage Mr John Davenant might have supplied the graver part of his son's genius; or he might have been as dull as Sir John Suckling's father is said to have been, and the boy have been clever nevertheless. Besides, wit must begin with somebody. We are not to suppose that a race has been facetious ever since the Decline and Fall.

The truth seems to be, that all the surmises on this subject originated with Davenant himself. Wood, who first published them, had them from Aubrey; and Aubrey had them from Davenant. "Sir William," says he, "would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends,—e. g. Sam. Butler (author of *Hudibras*) &c.—say, that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakspeare (did), and seemed contented enough to be thought his son." Sir William hit upon the best argument to be found. It is certainly a curious coincidence, that the cast of his genius resembles a good deal what we might conceive of a minor Shakspeare. There is the same propensity to be dramatic; the same incessant activity of thought; and, consequent upon both, the same unfitness for narrative. *Gondibert* looks quite as much the son of *Venus and Adonis*, as Davenant himself might have been of Shakspeare and his Oxford beauty. His disposition too resembled Shakspeare's, in its romantic turn for friendship. He had the same wish to see fair play between things of good and ill report in this world, as may be observed by what he says in *Gondibert* of the art of war; he evinced the same sympathy with human nature in the individual, mixed with contempt for the populace as a body politic; and though he was liberal in matters of religion to a degree of scepticism (of more than which Shakspeare and his fellows were

accused in their times), he went beyond him in shewing that same inclination towards an imaginative and deserted faith, which the studiers of Shakspeare have thought they discerned in his gentle treatment of friars and the cloister. But all this, being a mixture of the lively and melancholy, might have been produced by a proper conjunction of the Saturn and Venus of the Oxford inn. Shakspeare himself had not only Shakspeares for his progenitors.

Davenant's Friendships.

There were romantic friendships in those days, which shewed better for human nature than the neutralization of everything serious which came up in Charles the Second's time. Young Milton had Deodati for his friend; Cowley, his Hervey; Suckling professed a friendship for Carew. To a volume of miscellaneous poems, Davenant prefixed the following pretty inscription:—"IF THESE POEMS LIVE, MAY THEIR MEMORIES BY WHOM THEY ARE CHERISHED, Endimion Porter, Henry Jermin, LIVE WITH THEM." With these two gentlemen he had a fast friendship for life.

The Defacement of his Beauty.

We hardly know how to touch upon this point, without disturbing that pretended delicacy which, ignorant of nothing which it conceals, only serves to encourage hypocrisy and hinder the spirit of general investigation. We must vindicate ourselves by our zeal in behalf of that spirit,—the only one fitted to blow over the whole world, and set it spinning clearly and healthily again. Davenant, at an early period of life, underwent a misfortune which must have been very mortifying to a handsome gallant. Aubrey does not mince the matter in his gossiping memorandums; but the biographers, naturally feeling the awkwardness and delicacy of the subject, have agreed upon a formula of insinuation very useful to all who come after them. They tell us, that he was so unfortunate "as to carry the tokens of his irregular gallantry" in his face; adding, that it "affected him as little, or perhaps less, than it would any other man." Let us not believe them. Such an indifference is not natural; and it would not have been honourable. No man, especially a handsome man, and one in the daily receipt of

admiration, could write of love as Davenant did, and be indelibly stamped by a spurious and fugitive imitation of it, without feeling a mortification for life. The same writers tell us, that he could not forget the authoress of his misfortune, but has introduced her in his *Gondibert*, as a black-eyed beauty of Verona.*

He laughed, it is true, because others laughed; for some of the wits were unmerciful upon him; but imagine a young poet, handsome, triumphant, with ladies contending for his admiration, and a queen performing in his *Masques* (as *Henrietta Maria* did,) and then judge of the bitterness of heart with which his vanity must have received this unconcealable and ineffaceable wound. There is one good it may have done him. It may have set him upon trains of thought in behalf of physical and moral ill, or rather in opposition to the unequal claims and pedantries of supposed exclusive good, such as have been suggested to other acute minds by some natural bodily defect. At all events, it is greatly to his honour (as it was to *Shakspeare's*, who is supposed to have been lame) that the disadvantage it put him to with the rest of the world, impaired nothing of his real spirit and good-nature, his character for cheerfulness and kindness being as indelible as his misfortune.

Our author had no other reason to complain of the sex. His deformity was so far overlooked for the sake of his wit and good qualities, that it did not hinder him from marrying two wives in succession; at what period of his life, is not related: and the Queen was so little bent upon withdrawing her countenance, that in the year 1637, on the death of *Ben Jonson*, she procured for him the office of *Poet Laureat*. We must own, we could have dispensed with the undistinguishing fondness of his widow, who, to the folio

* We are told by these "particular fellows," that she was "a handsome black girl in Axe yard, Westminster." Black, up to a late period, meant black eyes and hair. Sir Richard Steele, in the book of scandal (the *New Atalantis*) written by his quondam admirer Mrs Manley, is called a "black beau."

Some of the said investigators have doubted, from a passage in *Suckling*, whether *Davenant's* misfortune was not occasioned in France. Others think the word France introduced only for the rhyme. The probability is, that it is metaphorical.

"Will Dav'nant, asham'd of a foolish mischance,
That he had got lately, trav'ling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of 's muse
Might any deformity about him excuse," &c.

See the passage in the 'Session of the Poets.'

edition which she published of his works in 1673, prefixed a real likeness of him, with the laurel to make it worse. Nay, the laurel perhaps rather redeems than makes it worse, being the symbol of his accomplishments; but my lady Davenant might as well have left that matter to our imaginations.

*Davenant's Change of Religion; his Mission to Charles the First,
and Clarendon's invidious Remarks on it.*

On the decline of the King's forces, Davenant retired into France, where he was admitted into such confidence by the Queen, (to whom he had recommended himself by embracing her religion), that he was sent on a special mission to her husband at Newcastle. This was in the summer of 1646. The change in his religion, which looks like the only insincere act of his life (for his works all but prove him to have been a freethinker, and he was regarded as one) was probably reconciled to his conscience by some niceties of construction,—some compromise between letter and spirit, and a philosophical as well as poetical interpretation of a creed already half-pagan. The church of Rome as well as of Luther has had its Platonism; and if the Queen and his interest had not appeared to be the converters, Davenant, with Ficinus on one side of him, and the spirit that wrote 'Gondibert' on the other, might have startled Cudworth and More with a new tune on their spheres. Besides, it was very common in those unsettled times for persons to return to the creed of their ancestors. Davenant's mission to the King was to persuade him to give up the church. The poet had, in a manner, done it himself: the King knew him to be a man of great powers of reflection; and as he was in other respects agreeable to his Majesty, who delighted to shew his superiority in matters of taste over the austere notions of the Puritans, the Queen probably thought she could not have selected a better ambassador. Clarendon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and out of favour with the Queen, thought otherwise; and he has given us to understand, that his Majesty was the of same opinion. He tells us, that Davenant ("an honest man, and a witty, but in all respects inferior to such a trust") finding the message he had brought with him of no effect, took upon himself to offer some reasons in aid of it. Among other things, says Clarendon, he told the King, that "it was the opinion and

advice of all his friends:—his Majesty asking ‘What friends?’ and he answering ‘that it was the opinion of the Lord Jermyn,’ the King said ‘that the Lord Jermyn did not understand anything of the church.’ The other said, ‘the Lord Colepepper was of the same mind.’ The King said, ‘Colepepper had no religion,’ and asked ‘whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer was of that mind?’ to which he answered, ‘he did not know, for that he was not there, and had deserted the Prince; and thereupon said somewhat from the Queen, of the displeasure she had conceived against the Chancellor; to which the King said, ‘The Chancellor was an honest man, and would never desert him, nor the Prince, nor the church, and that he was sorry he was not with his son, but that his wife was mistaken.’ Davenant then offering some reasons of his own, in which he mentioned the church slightly, as if it were not of importance enough to weigh down the benefit that would attend the concession, his Majesty was transported with so much indignation, that he gave him a sharper reprehension than was usual for him to give to any other man, and forbid him to presume to come again into his presence. Whereupon *the poor man*, who had in truth very good affections, was exceedingly dejected and afflicted, and returned into France to give an account of his ill-success to those who sent him.” Clarendon insinuates that the King was not pleased at having a message of this nature committed to the manager of his plays and revels. This may or may not have been the case, according as the fortune of the message turned out; neither do we mean to dispute the main issue of it, though Clarendon does not bring forward his authorities for the truth of the statement; but readers of the ‘History of the Rebellion’ will do well to observe, that besides the passion with which the writer is apt to colour all the statements in which he is personally concerned, agreeably to his hot and proud complexion, he is never more apt to do so than when the person he differs with is a man of intellectual pretensions like himself. Of all the men of wit whom he has occasion to mention as at all differing with his opinions, public or private, he contrives to say something disparaging. Ben Jonson he leaves off visiting when a young man, because he found him becoming too full of himself; that is to say, not sensible enough of the importance of his visitor. Milton he takes care never once to allude to through-

out his history;* and May's defection from the royal side he attributes to his mortification at the bestowal of the laurel upon Davenant. Possibly he was right; but the opinion would have come with more probability from any one else. In short, Clarendon is not to be trusted when speaking of men of wit and talents on the other side of the question, nor even on his own. He cannot come in contact with Montrose, without evincing in his own feelings all the impatience and self-sufficiency which he is so ready to discern in the other. The least opposition chafed him; and his readiness to deal about him his charges of pride and envy and impertinence, is more than suspicious. Let the reader therefore take for as much as it is worth that tenderness mixed with candour, which some biographers have been so ready to take upon trust from one another in his treatment of his old friend Sir William. It is difficult to think that "the poor man," as he calls him, was not thinking of a man a great deal more to be pitied, when he wrote such stanzas as the following:

"Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
 Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
 Yet more than she, courts by weak couns'lers err,
 In adding cyphers where she made but one."

His Imprisonment.

The poem that contained this passage, was Davenant's occupation on his return to France. The cavaliers there had then little to do but to beguile the chagrin of their exile; and Davenant sat down in the Louvre, where he lived with his friend Lord Jermyn, and finished the two first books of Gondibert. These, with an impatience for fame more like a bold than a prudent soldier, he proceeded to publish without waiting for the rest; adding, to make his peril more conspicuous, the Preface addressed to Hobbes, and the philo-

* This was not for want of a burning sense of the part that Milton had acted in those times, but the reverse; for not to mention that a man like Clarendon *must* have known the powers as well as the politics of the great Defender of the English People, some letters have trauspired, in which the minister, advising (if we remember) somebody against publishing or bringing forward some piece of writing, says that he knows no one whom it would please, "unless it be Mr Milton." We quote from memory, but are sure of the spirit of the passage. The consciousness and secret rage of it are evident.

sopher's answer to it. The trumpet of defiance which he blew in that Preface against the followers of Homer and Virgil, roused, in spite of its encouraging echo from the groves of Malmsbury, a host of the most worrying and not the least formidable of the retainers of orthodoxy; namely, the court wits, backed by their long walls of establishment; for, unfortunately, in those times the wits and the critics were the same people. They were not all indeed against him, but the fray appears to have been sufficient to disturb the common quiet; and whether this put him upon new thoughts of adventures, or the restless thoughts, and the hankering after a life of action, which are strongly discernible in Gondibert, would not suffer him long to sit still, he broke up his literary warfare, to turn his endeavours elsewhere. Davenant had heard of mighty improvements to be made in the loyal colony of Virginia, provided good hands could be carried thither; and accordingly, with the spirit of one of the military wanderers of old, he got together a number of industrious men in France, whose fortunes wanted mending, and embarked with them for that country in one of the ports of Normandy. He was destined however to experience more of the epic hindrance of great travellers,

————— *terris jactatus et alto*
Vi superum,—

and being intercepted by one of the Parliament ships of war, was taken into the Isle of Wight, and committed close prisoner to Cowes Castle. Here, with an energy which will astonish no one that has tasted of the wants of great calamities, and the strength with which they furnish us to supply them, he resumed his poem; and having written six cantos of a third book, full of his usual powers of thought, and enlivened with more fancy, he begged the reader's "leave to desist, being," as he says, "interrupted by so great an experiment as dying." This he says in a Postscript, as finely written as anything he produced, sweet and manly,—with a heart in it beating with as thoughtful yet noble pulses as ever lay down greatly to die. It is glorious to see a man's animal spirits vindicate themselves in this manner from the suspicion both of fear and levity, and shewing that the profoundest contemplations of death are not incompatible with a gallant encounter of it.

His Epitaph, and Ben Jonson's.

Davenant departed this life, a general favourite, at his house in Little Lincoln's Inn fields, on the 7th of April 1668, in the sixty-third year of his age; and was interred with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. "I was at his funerall," quoth Aubrey: "he had a coffin of wallnut-tree. Sir John Denham saide 'twas the finest coffin that ever he sawe." Upon the stone over his grave was cut, in imitation or rather echo of the epitaph on Ben Jonson, "O rare Sir William Davenant;" which is as bad as the other was good, being an impulse at second-hand.

Ben Jonson's epitaph is a genuine thing, and was done on the sudden. It appears to have been owing to a friend of Davenant and Suckling, whom we have mentioned in our account of the latter. "He lies buried," says Aubrey, speaking of Jonson, "in the north aisle in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, blew marble, about 14 inches square, O RARE BEN JONSON—which was donne at the chardge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted) who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cutt it."—We learn from the same authority, that Davenant lies in the south cross aisle, under a paving stone of marble.

Davenant would have shewn himself a greater poet, had he indulged less in putting philosophical reflections into verse, and given way in a greater degree to the impulses of his imagination, which were very genuine. His 'Gondibert' is better known than it used to be, in consequence of the remarks of Dr Aikin, Mr Hazlitt, and others. It is too full (as we have before observed) of the fault just mentioned, however noble the reflections are; and this, and the versification, will ever hinder it from becoming popular. The versification is heavy and clogged to an inconceivable degree, the lines being laden with spondees, which carry a fresh lump with them at every step; and this becomes tiresome, though the lumps are of gold. Among his other mistakes, it was he who, in restoring the theatre among us, was the first to bring over from the continent the seeds of that intermixture of the French and romantic drama, which

Dryden afterwards carried to such a flourishing height of absurdity ; and in such lines as the following, we think we can trace the first footsteps of the return of certain classical common-places which will be obvious to the reader. Speaking of Fletcher, he says—

'Twas he reduced Evadne from her scorne,
And taught the sad Aspasia how to mourne;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad reliefe;
And made Panthea elegant in griefe.

His most unexceptionable beauties, setting aside a few most noble ones in 'Gondibert,' are to be found in his miscellaneous poems; some of which, whether for delicacy of feeling, force of imagery, or strength and sweetness of verse, are, we think, not to be surpassed. We must close this paper with a few specimens.

TO THE QUEEN, ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF
ANGLESEY.

" Faire as unshaded light ; or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
Sweet, as the altars smook, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swel'd by the early dew ;
Smooth, as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard :
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer farre,
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are :
You that are more, then our discreter feare
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here ?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much-injur'd sphere,
And t' ease the travailles of her beames to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light."

Another little poem, in a similar strain, but still finer, addressed to Lady Olivia Porter, his friend's wife, appeared the other day in the first number of the ' Keepsake.'

In the Elegy on the Earl of Rutland :—

" Thy bounties if I name ; I'll not admit,
Kings when they love, or woce, to equall it :
It shew'd like Nature's self, when she doth bring
All she can promise by an early spring ;
Or when she payes that promise where she best
Makes summers for mankind ; in the rich east.
And, as the wise sun silently employes
His lib'rall beames, and ripens without noise ;

As precious dewes doe undiscover'd fall,
 And growth insensibly doth steale on all ;
 So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,
 (As in the dark) from one that had no name ;
 Like fayries wealth, not given to restore,
 Or if reveal'd, it visited no more."

The following is another specimen of the style in which the Queen was complimented. We here see Henrietta, with her beautiful black eyes, painted to the life, and the King's uxoriousness made noble. It is at the beginning of some lines to the Earl of Portland, on the marriage of his son.

" My Lord, this night is yours ! each wand'ring star
 That was unbusi'd, and irregular,
 Most gravely now his bright companion leads,
 To fix o're your glad roofe their shining heads ;
 And it is said, th' exemplar king's your guest ;
 And that the rich-ey'd darling of his breast
 (To ripen all our joys) will there become
 The music, odor, light of ev'ry roome !"

No man has written finer hyperboles on women ; in which we find a certain natural track of philosophy, and a charming taste of nature. The following is out of an elegy on a friend's mistress.

— " Lovers (whose wise senses take delight
 In warm contaction, and in real sight)
 Are not with lean imagination fed,
 Or satisfi'd with thinking on the dead.
 'Tis fit we seek her then ; but he that finds
 Her out, must enter friendship with the winds ;
 Enquire their dwelling and uncertain walks ;
 Whither they blow, from their forsaken stalks
 Flowers that are gone, ere they are smelt ? or how
 Dispose o'th' sweeter blossoms of the bough :
 For she (the treasuress of these) is fled,
 Not having the dull leasure to be dead ;
 But t'hoord this wealth ; return, and this wealth bring
 Still vary'd, and increas'd in ev'ry spring."

TWO SIMILES.

" Cold as the feet of rocks ; silent in shade
 As Chaos lay, before the winds were made."

See also the *song* beginning—

" O whither will you lead the fair
 And spicy daughter of the morn ?"

—a dialogue between *Endymion Porter* and *Olivia*,—the *Dying Lover*,—the *Philosopher* and the *Lover*, &c. and the magnificent verses to his friend, beginning with those fine pauses—

“ It is,—lord of my muse and heart,—since last
Thy sight inspir’d me, many ages past.”

But with these, if the printer can find room for them, we will terminate, as with a piece of noble music, the entertainment which our romantic poet has afforded us.

TO ENDYMION PORTER.

“ It is,—lord of my muse and heart,—since last
Thy sight inspir’d me, many ages past.
In darkness, thick as ill-met clouds can make,
In sleeps wherein the last trump scarce could wake
The guilty dead, I lay, and hidden more
Than truth, which testy disputants explore;
More hid than paths of snakes, to their deep beds;
Or walkes of mountaine-springs from their first heads.
And when my long-forgotten eies, and mind,
Awak’d, I thought to see the sun declin’d
Through age, to th’ influence of a star; and men
So small, that they might live in wombes agen,
But now, my strength’s so giantly, that were
The great hill-lifters once more toying here;
They’d choose me out, for active back, for bone,
To heave at Pælion first, and heave alone.
Now by the softness of thy noble care,
Reason and light my lov’d companions are;
I may too, ere this moon be lost, refine
My bloud, and bathe my temples with thy wine;
And then, know, my Endymion, (thou whose name
To the world example is, music to fame)
I’ll trie if art, and nature, able be
From the whole strength, and stock of poesie,
To pay thee my large debts; such as the poor,
In open blushes, hidden hearts restore.”

YES AND NO.

[The following little natural effusion is one of the most celebrated from the pen of Marot, and made a "great sensation" among the gallants of his time. He alludes to it himself in a famous couplet, often quoted as a motto to his works:

Et tant que Ouy et Nenny se dira,
Par l'univers le monde me lira.

As long as Love says Yes and No,
The universe shall read Marot.

Marot is worth dozens of the French modern poets, even of their "Augustan age." The verses appeared in a court, and were very good and useful for that region; but for our parts, who love the practice of sincerity and kindness without alloy, we love a woman to give way to the genuine impulses of her heart, and to say "Yes" precisely as she means it.]

Un doux Nenni, avec un doux sousrire,
Est tant honneste ; il le vous faut apprendre :
Quant est d'Ouy, si veniez a le dire,
D'avoir trop dit je voudrois vous reprendre.
Non que je sois ennuyé d'entreprendre
D'avoir le fruit, dont le desir me point ;
Mais je voudrois, qu'en le me laissart prendre,
Vous me disiez, " Non, vous ne l'aurez point."

O sweet No, no,—with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl :—I'd have you learn it.
As for plain Yes, it may be said, i'faith,
Too plainly and too oft :—pray well discern it.
Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or baulk the kiss for which my lips beset you ;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, " No, no,—I will not let you."

BROTHER LUBIN.*

(FROM MAROT.)

To shuffle to town twenty times in a day,
 Why or wherefore no one can tell,
 To do any thing which nobody may,
 Brother Lubin will do very well.
 But in a right conversation to dwell,
 Or in a life that's wholesome withal,
 That's for the Christians that heed the gospel;
 Brother Lubin will not do at all.

To put (in a proper, thief-like style)
 Another man's property in his own cell,
 And leave you without either cross or pile,
 Brother Lubin will do very well.
 To get and to keep he proceedeth pell-mell,
 And on his creditors loudly to call;
 But to restore what might fill a nut-shell,
 Brother Lubin will do not at all.

To lure some young damsel, by dint of a tongue,
 Out of the fair house where she doth dwell,
 No need of a crone that ought to be hung;
 Brother Lubin will do very well.
 Sermons with him are not things to spell:
 But to drink clear good water, pray call
 Your dog to drink it, for I can foretell
 Brother Lubin will not drink it at all.

ENVOY.

Sooner than good to do ill withal,
 Brother Lubin hath a natural call;
 But if there's any good work to pursue,
 Brother Lubin is one that won't do.

* This is one of the squibs with which Marot used to annoy the friars. They who have seen a coarse, fat, sly-looking lay-brother of a convent jogging towards a city in Italy in his dirty drugget on a hot day, will recognize the sort of person aimed at.

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THE COMPANION.

No. XV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1828.

“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only
to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

MISCELLANEOUS INTENTIONS OF THE COMPANION.

OWING to illness and other circumstances, the Companion has hitherto been unable to effect the main part of its design; which was to keep an eye upon what is going on in the world, and talk upon any subject whatsoever which liberal observers discuss over their tables. We observed in our Prospectus, that the two main topics of the weekly press are politics and the theatre; to which have been lately added specimens of new publications, and more lately, reviews as well as specimens: for, in the former instance, the dull rogues had a sufficient instinct of self-preservation to avoid committing themselves with much of their own. The town, therefore, have enough at present, in a regular way, of politics, and theatricals, and new books; and upon none of these was it part of our intention to expatiate more largely, than the feeling of the moment should excite us. We only reserved a right, as we still do, to say as much or as little of them, as we please. Some old readers encouraged us to say more than we intended, of the

theatres; and this seduced us into late hours, and suppers, and other pleasing enormities, very much to the joy of our hearts, but not at all so to that of our livers; and these being a very resentful part of the human body, and our weakness (if the critics must know it) lying on that side, we have been obliged to eschew the theatres as a general thing; and to go to bed and get up again, like good, middle-aged boys; and so quiet this inconvenient mystery, the liver; which like an over-conscientious dog at one's side, bites his very master if he does not behave himself.

Adieu then, except at rare intervals, dear, delightful Pasta, with your face of truth, and your heart full of song! If we were a sovereign prince, we would have you sing to us every evening; and light up our belief in truth at your eyes; and ask you, as a particular favour, not to get fatter.

Adieu, wet nights, and hackney-coaches; and playbills, pleasing to be pestered with; and the gallant English pit, so ready to take clap-traps to themselves, and keep seats from the women; and the music between the acts at Covent garden; and Mr Kean's *Othello*, the finest piece of acting we ever beheld; and "Had it pleased heaven," &c. the finest speech in it, which we intended to hear again; and that very disagreeable piece of wit, the *Critic*, which we intended to go and see at Drury lane, because there is Mathews in it in *Sir Fretful*, and Liston (who if he does not bestir himself, will make himself as melancholy with his fat, as he makes others merry with his face), and Mrs Orger, a natural actress, born, if we mistake not, to be as full of truth and good-humour, with that genial smile of her's, as her *Tilburina* is said to be full of humour sophisticate.

And adieu, pleasing deteriorators,—things impossible not to take after the theatre,—to wit, suppers, with your fire poked up, and your evening just "begun again," and the faces that shine in your lustre; sweet runners into the night, but slayers of next morning;—love you we must, but afford you we cannot. The little eyes are fast asleep, which we must resemble, or not look at. To some other belongs the happy lot of being

— The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

—And our infirmities, not being mortal at present, we must not render so without special warrant less pleasurable.

And therefore, last not least, adieu also, watchmen !

Farewell, the tranquil box ! Farewell, “ good nights : ”
Farewell, your drowsy stoop ; and the big coats
That make you so much lumber.

To frequent the theatre is not in our bond : night-time we have not undertaken to illustrate ; but all the rest of the world is before us, from six in the morning : and then we dine, and are the reader’s humble servant for any topic of conversation with which books, or newspapers, or town and country, can furnish us. We do not mean to give up our old books. The spirits in them would leap out of their shelves at us, if we did : at least we hope so. But new books will be welcome, if good ; and plenty of extraordinary things are always occurring. There is the ‘ Roué ’ for instance ; or Don Miguel, who means to be one before his time ; or Vesuvius, which has conveniently broken out for us ; or the ground which lately became inflammable, like an author’s head, “ after boring for salt ; ” or the subterraneous whispers which have lately frightened the Durham people ; or the horse in flower, who has six legs, and is budding two more ; or “ respectable ” people, going about picking and stealing, out of pure want of ideas, and inability to have but one at a time ; or the Greenwich holidays ; or the Hyde Park holidays ; or the correspondence between Mrs Diana Beaumont and my Lord Howden, in which his Lordship seems to understand well the sympathy between those apparently remote places, and says, he “ cannot bring himself to consider ” the consequences as “ an inexpiable offence ; ” only he thinks it would be insane in a man to be lively in the vicinity of Diana.*

* “ We extract,” says the Examiner, “ from the report of an action for slander (Northern Circuit) two letters curiously illustrative of the character of polite morals. The first is from Mrs Beaumont, the convicted offender, against whose husband a verdict was found for 1,700*l.* Mrs Beaumont, by virtue of her name of Diana, takes cognizance of a certain alleged incontinency in her agent, the plaintiff, Mr Horsington ; and here we have to remark on a curious point in morals, namely, that the gravamen of his sin seems to have been entirely geographical. The *corpus delicti* was what the lawyers would call the *venue*. Mrs Beaumont clearly indicates that such is the main substance of the grievance

We are mistaken if the following remarks, in the *Atlas* newspaper, upon a criticism of Sir Walter Scott's, are not by the same hand. We know not whether we are trenching on any newspaper delicacies; and whatever might be thought to the contrary from our own connexions, are really not aware whether the author has any regard for ourselves; nor did we ever so much as see him; but unless somebody here has been catching his style, he is the only prose author (now writing) whom we look upon as a man of wit in the good old sense of the word,—and who makes us laugh. Elia, it seems, will write no longer, though we have not given up all hopes of his throwing in an eleemosinary joke or so to this our Companion. Mr Hazlitt makes us think and feel; puts our faculties to the utmost; and renders dishonest critics and politicians very contemptible: but he is not a man of wit, nor does he make us laugh for laughing's sake. Sir Walter Scott (and we have now named the only three writers to whose volumes we are in the habit of turning, for the pleasure of reading them again and again) can paint humorous characters, at which we laugh; but neither is he a man of wit; his sentences do not tell after the manner of Swift and others; his ideas are not laughable, unconnected with the whole history of a man's character and behaviour: they are not happy in themselves and from immediate juxta-position; and indeed he abounds as little as any man in quotable sentences, whether serious or comic. There is perhaps no man of genius that ever wrote (unless it be Smollet) from whom you can less extract mottoes or pithy sayings: and the reason is, that he is nothing except as a painter of what has gone before him, and a writer of narrative. He is a

in her letter; and Lord Howden, a tolerant nobleman enough, in his reply concurs so completely in the sentiment as to say, '*Situated as the world is, and with so much of the same going on in every direction, among the very highest as well as those of an humble class, I cannot bring myself to consider it as an inexpiable offence; but had he done what you suspected that he had—brought and fixed the person in your village, as it may be said at your very door, I should, as you did, have deemed it a crime and an insult not to be pardoned—an act of insanity scarcely to be conceived.*'

"From this position we may arrive at some mathematical conclusions in morals. The crime in question increases in direct proportion to its propinquity to the great lady's house. At her door it is unpardonable; a league off, the way of the world. It is thus, according to two exalted authorities, argued as entirely a matter of topography, and the degree of peccability is regulated by the distance from the mansion of the mistress of the estate."—*Rationale of Polite Morals.*

very great novelist; a very mediocre poet; and to our thinking, no critic at all. He is so great a man in one way, that he cannot but interest you in any. Let him talk ever so wide of the mark, he talks agreeably; but his criticism, we think, is nothing but agreeable talking, and that of nothing new. He lives entirely in the past; and cannot think, feel, or hope anything, that is not made up of the great mass of conventionality; the very shadow of which haunts and holds him in like a talisman; so that he cannot laugh but there is something melancholy at the bottom of it; nor feel anything but the anger of timidity and hopelessness, at those who seek for an enlightenment of the darkness. It is curious to find him, in the passage here criticised, expressing his opinion, that mankind at large—the inhabitants of his “vale of blood and tears,” (as he has called it)—are more sensible of the comic than the pathetic. We should fancy there was more at the bottom of this mistake, than appears at first sight; but it is only one of the sure and certain errors which he commits, when he undertakes to be critical. He has been taking some other mistake for a principle to go upon, and made an erroneous deduction accordingly. It would be enough for him, for instance, to consider that Molière was more popular in the world at large than Racine; and from this circumstance, as if Racine and pathos were the same thing, because there are pathetic things in that author, he would conclude that comedy is more popular than tragedy.—But to our extract.

“Sir Walter Scott, in an article on Molière, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*,” says our pleasant critic, “affirms that ‘the sense of the comic is far more general among mankind, and far less altered and modified by the artificial rules of society, than that of the pathetic; and that a hundred men of different ranks, or different countries, will laugh at the same jest, when not five of them perhaps would blend their tears over the same point of sentiment. Take, for example, the *Dead Ass* of Sterne, and reflect how few would join in feeling the pathos of that incident, in comparison with the numbers who would laugh in chorus till their eyes ran over at the too lively steed of the redoubtable John Gilpin.’

“It may be conceded that ‘a hundred men of different ranks and different countries will laugh at the same jest, when not five of them perhaps would blend their tears over the same point of sentiment’—simply because

it is not the habit of men to indicate their sensibility by tears, and it is their habit to manifest their mirth by laughter. The test proposed is therefore a false one. *Newspaper editors indeed 'shed a tear' over the distress of Ireland, and the ravages of Greece, or the troubles of Portugal; but we are aware of no other class of men who make a boast and parade of their larmoyant propensities; and we have considerable doubts whether the said editors are as good as their word when they make these shed-a-tear professions. For this we can vouch, speaking from some experience, that we never caught one of them in the act of weeping over the woes of the world when composing; and we have often wished them to inform us of the opportunity they take to drop their tear.*—We use the word in the singular, as the newspaper establishments in their collective capacity (expressed by the we) only club a tear.

“So much for the test of weeping.

“The example we consider as faulty as the test. Few may, we grant, join in feeling the pathos of the incident of the Dead Ass in Sterne, while many will laugh in chorus at the performances of John Gilpin; but will this observation tend to prove that the comic is more generally apprehended than the pathetic? Are we quite certain that the Dead Ass of Sterne is as true to the pathetic as the adventures of John Gilpin are to the comic? Our own opinion is, that genuine pathos will be felt by a greater number of persons than genuine comedy, and naturally with increased intensity. In youth, tragedy is preferred to comedy; and it is only as we acquire knowledge of the world that our delight in tragedy gives place to a relish for comedy. Of the million who live, and breathe, and see, and hear, without acquiring this knowledge, or acquiring only a slender portion, the large majority retain their admiration for tragedy. Ask the vulgar which they prefer, a tragedy or a comedy, and we are persuaded that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer will be tragedy. We are ready to concede to Sir Walter Scott his Dead Ass; we admit that John Gilpin will ride triumphantly over it; and we think that if he meets Maria washing on the road, he will prove too much for her also, and her pocket-handkerchief to boot; but we will match Le Fevre against even John Gilpin—and here is the less doubtful pathetic placed in comparison with the true broad comic.

“From his portable form, Gilpin has an advantage which is scarcely fair over most prose instances; but, in his own metrical lists, we would pit against him, as a candidate for popularity, the ballad of the Babes in the Wood.

“Sir Walter Scott has, we think, erred in his comparative estimate of

the sensibility to the pathetic and the comic, from attaching an undue weight to the outward indications. Men generally feel pathos more than they choose to express it, and express more mirth than they feel. The indication of deep feeling is repressed as a weakness, while that of merriment is rather volunteered as a sign of good humour. For this reason, independent of other reasons of equal force, we may, as Sir Walter says, find a hundred men to laugh together at a joke, while it is almost impossible to beat up two or three Billy Lackadays to blend their tears over the same point of sentiment. Weeping is, however, not the test of sensibility."

This is a long extract for our small work ; but our Companions must imagine we are reading it to them at table. It is not the first time. The " other reasons of equal force," which are numerous, we shall endeavour to supply in a future article ; unless we can get a friend of ours, a true critic, and of the first order, to do it better. Sir Walter has forgotten, among forty other things, that comedy itself is founded in manners and sophistications, and is the greater in proportion as it illustrates some contradiction to what is natural ; whereas the pathetic has to do with the whole circle of humanity, in savage nations and civilized, and in the shape, not only of sorrow and mortality, and every tragic experience that is common to us, but of hope, and even joy, and everything *beyond* the artificial.

THE ROUÉ.

[The title of Roué by the bye is surely a mistake,—meaning rather a worn-out old libertine, broken on the wheel of his *bonnes fortunes*, than a young one in full possession of it.]

WE have got among the good things of our neighbours this week, and know not where to leave off. This comes of reading the papers. We only wish we had nothing to do but to make extracts every week, and comment upon them. We quote the following passage however from one of the above newspapers, to object as well as agree. The writer praises the new novel for its " intellectual vigour and literary mastery," but thinks it dangerous. Now there is surely no literary mastery in it. It is constantly missing the word proper to

be used, and is even full of mistakes in grammar. We particularly allude to the repetition of the conjunction *that*. But the author is a very shrewd, and for all the pains he has bestowed on his libertine hero, we should think a very good-hearted observer. He writes with great dash and animal spirits, pouring out cleverness and common-places in abundance, like good or bad wine, no matter which, so that the stream flows on; and by no means loses sight, as he goes, of the claims, the virtues, and (though he hardly dares to say as much to himself, or perhaps would think it wise in his generation) of the hopes of humanity. We thank him for his picture of Mrs Tresor, whom that clever fool of a fellow, his hero, might have loved to so much better purpose. And poor Fanny Pearson, the reckless and bloated wanderer in the streets, once all that was lovely! His account of her is in the innermost part of the heart of tragedy, and well and manfully done. He minces nothing loathsome, in his zeal for a cure; for though he sees no cure after the ordinary fashion, we are much mistaken if he is altogether without hope for one of a better sort, and if the object of his book is not to hint as much. At all events we are sure there is nothing dangerous in it. "The idea," says the critic we have just alluded to, "of a man who bends all the attraction of a fine person, and powers of a highly-cultivated mind, to systematic seduction, is anything but a new conception; but it is dealt with very forcibly in the present instance, and the work being written with a perfect knowledge of the world of fashion of the day, *will succeed much better than it ought to do.*"

"Yet," he continues, "it makes its villain the victim of his own selfish treachery after all, but not exactly in the right way to operate beneficially, nor in fact correctly as to verisimilitude. However flauntily and triumphantly the general seducer may carry it, sooner or later in his career he is sure to find, on striking the balance, that in real happiness he is a loser. How frequently does he discover that his victim has fallen a sacrifice to vanity rather than love; how often, with all his skill, is he made a dupe, and played upon by female artifice in return! What thorns often attend on the stupid *éclat* in which his vanity so much delights! The late Sir

Francis Blake Delaval, the friend of Foote, was very eminent for his success in this way ; and dying nearly in the prime of life, he declared, on his death-bed, that nothing had been more heartless and unsatisfactory than his multiplied amours, and that he was as often the deceived as the deceiver, and a frequent dupe of the most vain and selfish coquetry. We would have our ‘ Roué ’ punished this way rather than by the resentment of an injured husband, because we shrewdly suspect that almost all practised seducers do thus suffer in some stage or other of their progress.”

This is very true ; and the instance of Sir Francis and his “ sweet experiences ” is excellent. Gallantry is in general nothing but vanity from beginning to end. But our author’s hero is not happy, even when he appears to be most so ; nor do we conceive it is intended that the reader should think him happy. To be happy and to be heartless at one and the same time, is luckily not possible in this world, further than the mere possession of health (which we allow is much) can console a man for the greater degree of enjoyment which he would realize by its union with a good heart. And herein we take to lie the secret of these gay deceivers, and something which their historians are too apt to leave out of the question, to the detriment of their shrewdness, and the great loss of the reader ; and that is,—that the power to go ranging about in this manner, seducing or intriguing, arises from nothing in general but the natural thoughtlessness of youth and good-health, mixed with a great deal of the vanity aforesaid, and little imagination. If it survive the period of youth, it is a habit, and a very uneasy one ; and is obliged to vindicate itself by that identical ill opinion of man and woman-kind, which pollutes its pleasures (such as they are) when it gets them. Very intellectual seducers (such as our author’s hero is intended to be) we have no faith in ; unless by some preposterous chance their intellectual faculties lie on the side of geometry and the mathematics ; for imagination, with all its warmth, is allied to conscience ; having a tendency to dwell upon its ideas ; and to suppose every possible case, both of pain and pleasure, especially when no longer young. Poets, for this reason, who are accounted at once the most amorous and imaginative of men, have been famous for their

long and individual attachments:—we do not mean rhyming trenchermen, such as Milton speaks of; but poets like Milton himself,—Petrarchs and the Spensers of old. The poorer the imagination, the more it stands in need of the excitement of novelty; and for a similar reason, the more conscious the mental weakness, united with bodily activity, the more it seeks a supply of power and self-estimation in shabby triumphs and imaginary success.

We should be glad if the author of the ‘*Roué*’ would give us another novel, with an eye to this view of the subject. And pray let him give way as much as he likes to his pleasant after-dinner style, (omitting only those other illegitimate conjunctions we spoke of), and shirk no matter whatsoever that gentlemen can speak of, lively or tragic, not forgetting the most unfairly treated of all the unfairly treated sex; and he will make another set off, not of the least important description, to the selfish efforts of the conventional. But if his book be a tragedy (which we hope it need not, whatever tragedies it may contain) he must not conclude it with an *Oh!* *Oh* is a very good conclusion sometimes, as well as convenient; but not in tragedy. He remembers the mishap of Thomson in the famous line of Sophonisba—

Oh Sophonisba! Sophonisba Oh!

This would have been very well, had Sophonisba been a pretty milliner, startling some bachelor with a pin; but formally written down as a climax, it will never do seriously, especially where it is stamped upon us by those two official words “The End;” and we find moreover that it has been printed for us “by A. J. Valpy,” in “Red Lion court.” The best specimen of a terminating *Oh* which we ever met with in print, is in a little poem by Fenton. This article shall be concluded with it by way of a little bit of farce after our tragedy. It is on his First Fit of the Gout. On turning to it, we find that the explanation is not at the end of the poem itself, but only of a paragraph. However, it is in point so far; and at all events, is very fit for table recitation.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that has alone the power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride ;
Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;
Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of State ;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below ;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;
Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies' knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
So do thou grant (for thou 'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the God of Wine)
My humble suit !—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

TRIP TO LANGUEDOC AND PROVENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

THE entrance to Montpellier is through the great street of the Perfumers, where you would fancy yourself in the shop of Martial ; and yet

Though this pretty place refines
A perfume beyond our's,
The country round it, rich in vines,
Never produces flowers.

This street, full of odours, conducts to the great square, where the best hotels are to be found. Conceive our astonishment at seeing before one of the doors

A crowd, composed of few or no men,
But for the most part, of old women !
The clack was fierce ; and midst the clack
You heard the name of d'Aubignac.
" God grant he had but taken me !"
Cried an old crone of seventy ;
" I would have taught him, what it was
To steal old women, by the mass."

You will believe our curiosity was excited. Besides the crowd below, all the windows were open, and filled with people of condition. A gentleman of the place, whom we recognized, invited us into the hotel, where we learnt, that a young Chevalier D'Aubignac had run away that morning with an old lady, and that horsemen had been sent in pursuit of him. The old lady lodged in the hotel with a brother of her's ; and what made the story a complication of wonders was, that besides having a pretty niece, she was not at all disposed to be run away with by Monsieur the Chevalier, but was seen to resist as he forced her on horseback. Furthermore, though a lively old dame, she is neither handsome nor rich ; whereas, the Chevalier is in fine condition. The young lady is ill in bed, hardly able to speak, because she thought the gallant in love with herself ! Here's a drama for you !

In the room where our friend introduced us, were a great number of ladies, the very politest, we understood, the most

accomplished, and the most witty in Montpellier. They were not however alarmingly handsome, nor very well dressed. But their little mincing ways, mixed up with an extraordinary plain speaking, and prodigious matters of discourse, made us conclude ourselves in an assembly of Montpellier *précieuses*.* Our appearance incited them to new efforts of the ridiculous; but it was country work after all, and a poor imitation of our Parisian marvels. They began with being very deep on the wits, to let us see what company we had fallen into, and how intimate they were in that quarter. Upon which there ensued a pleasant conversation.

Some said, that all the world must grant
 Ménage was mightily gallant; †
 Chapelain perhaps was somewhat antic;
 But Costar—Oh, the least pedantic!
 Then as for Monsieur Scudéri,
 Who for engaging looks but he?
 Rich, valiant, a delightful man;
 And catch him badly drest who can.
 His sister was a Venus: none
 Deserv'd her, sure, but Pélisson.

They ran on, in the same manner, upon a number of others: and then from characterising their general merits, fell to criticising their works in particular. In Alaric and Moses, they saw nothing but judgment and conduct; in the Pucelle, nothing at all. The only thing they had a regard for in Sarracin, was the letter of M. de Ménage; and the preface of M. Pelisson was treated with ridicule. Voiture was even set down for a coarse fellow. As to romances, Cassandra was in esteem for the delicacy of the conversation; Cyrus and Clelia for grandeur of action, and the magnificence of the style. A thousand other things were said, more surprising than all the rest. On a sudden, a stir out-of-doors restored the subject of M. d'Aubignac. One of the ladies addressed another, who appeared to be *Precieuse* in chief:—

* Perhaps the modern word *Exquisite*, transferred to a female, and implying a romantic foppery in literary as well as personal pretensions, would very well answer to the *Précieuse* of Moliere and Chapelle. But there seems a violation of costume in not preserving the old word.

† The opinions here expressed are about as correct as if we were to say, that Dr Bentley was a man of fashion, Cowley, a buffoon, &c. In the subsequent passage, not having the original by us, we are not sure, from some blurs in our manuscript, that every work is referred to, as it should be.

“ This d'Aubignac, my dear. Is he
 The Monsieur d'Aubignac that writes ?
 Why, he has written poetry !
 I've seen a thing of his—Stay, let me see—
 Affrights, Invites, Delights—Yes, yes, Delights ;
 Beginning with Delights—Yes, that was it.
 Why, he must be a wit.”

“ Undoubtedly, my dear,” replies the dame :
 “ One of the wits, and has a monstrous fame.”
 Then turning to another lady, “ Madam, I
 Have seen his letters, seal'd by the Academy.
 I have a list of all the members, Madam ;
 And he goes first ; which shews that he must lead 'em.”

Assuming then a still more serious air,
 Dropping her sidelong head, and putting on
 The perfect *précieuse* tone,—
 “ Is it not much to be deplored, my dear,
 That all these members of the Academy,
 All these fine gentlemen, the *beaux esprits*,
 In love affairs, should have prodigious fancies ?
 I'm told, in Paris, that 'tis not uncommon,
 To be quite shocking to the oldest woman,
 Provided she sups late, and reads romances.”

Such a furious desire of laughter seized us at this sally, that we
 were obliged to quit the place abruptly, in order to go and burst at
 our ease. We made for our hotel through the crowd ; who cut a
 very singular figure. It was impossible not to see

In the old women and their faces
 Strange attempts at airs and graces,
 Though devoting to the rack
 This irreverend d'Aubignac.

Some confessed, that, after all, the old lady was not so very old.
 Others averred, that she was too old by four or five years. Had it
 been under that mark, it would not have been so bad. Others
 said, that ten or a dozen years since, the young women would have
 torn a man to pieces for behaving so ; but that the world was much
 altered, and that for their parts they did not see much difference
 now-a-days between young and old. In short,

Had this chevalier d'Aubignac
 By his pursuers been brought back,
 'Twas plain there would have been no rack
 For the irreverend d'Aubignac.

We had not been a quarter of an hour in our hotel when a fresh

clamour made us look out of window. The pursuers of the fugitives had returned. A gentleman was haranging the crowd at the door of the house we had left; and all the younger part of his audience sent up shouts of laughter. In a word, it turned out that the father of the young lady, being a capricious old fool, had picked a quarrel with a good match of his own approving between d'Aubignac and his daughter, much to the chagrin of the old lady as well as the young: upon which what does the good old gentleman, but go to bed with a sick voice, and pretend to be the daughter; while Mademoiselle, as lively as the aunt, puts on the latter's clothes, and rides off with the chevalier on the same horse! They were observed, not without astonishment; but the adventure of the struggle was thrown in, with many others, for nothing. A letter was left for the supposed young lady, who took to her bed accordingly. In the course of a dozen minutes all the girls in Montpellier were mad with laughter. The old women did not know quite so well how to behave; but the vivacity of the aunt was, upon the whole, very much admired, and it was easy to see that the chevalier would have no trouble in securing his prize. We longed to be able to tell him of the disposition in his favour; but he was now at a good distance; so we contented ourselves with wishing him joy in a bottle of Avignon.

Somehow the confusion at Montpellier had made us restless. We stopped only a few hours; and then set off for Massilargues, talking all the way

Of the gallant d'Aubignac,
Now upon an easy track
With his fair one at his back.
She, old hooded, and young faced,
Went with arm about his waist;
And in lanes he sometimes kiss'd her,
And in highways call'd her sister.

Such were our thoughts, thought being free; and ours were disposed to give up none of their privileges. But about half a league beyond Montpellier, we met a gentleman who had seen the fugitives. Their object was to get into the Papal territory; for which

purpose they had got another horse, and given up the old lady's riding-coat. So there was an end of our romance. We arrived before night at the house of M. de Cauvisson, who laughed heartily at our adventure. He took care, with his good cheer and his good beds, to settle our fatigue, and make us fresh for next morning; when being at such a little distance from Nismes, we could not refuse ourselves the pleasure of going out of the road to see the aqueduct and amphitheatres, two glorious remains of antiquity, and in wonderful preservation.

Having finished to our heart's content with Languedoc, we pushed on for Provence by the great meadow of Beaucaire, whither they keep the fair we have all heard of: and at an early hour the same day we beheld the celebrated city of Arles, which conducted us over its bridge of boats from Languedoc to Provence. It makes a glorious entrance. Its fine situation has drawn together almost all the nobility of the district; and the women are all trim, pretty, and piquant! They patch however to an excess, and are too vain of it. We saw them all in the place we put in, behaving themselves mightily prettily with the gentlemen of the town, who are very well shaped. The ladies, though we had not the pleasure of their acquaintance, gave us an opportunity of accosting them; and we may say without vanity, that in the course of a couple of hours we got on considerably, not perhaps without creating a little jealousy. In the evening we were invited to a party, where our progress was still greater. For all that, we did not stop over next morning. Our road was very troublesome, lying across the great plain actually covered with stones all the way as far as Salon, a little town which has nothing to shew but the tomb of Nostradamus. We slept there, or rather lay awake all night, an actress in the next room chusing to lie-in of two little performers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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THE COMPANION.

No. XVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1828.

"Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

NEW SPLENDOURS AT WINDSOR.

AN evening paper has given us some beatific glimpses into a new quadrangle, which is being added to Windsor Castle. How it obtained them, is not very clear; seeing that measures have been taken "for the most rigid exclusion of prying curiosity!" The architect, it is said, has been ordered by the King, "under pain of his royal displeasure," not to allow any person whatever to see the interior of the new structure; and in consequence of this strong prohibition, my Lord Gambier, "and even Bishops," have tried in vain to get admittance. We suppose the accounts have been brought away by some ecstatic upholsterer's man, or peeping glazier. We must fancy him in a fit of rapture, throwing out bits of description, and sentences too happy to go on:—"splendour and magnificence!"—"blue and gold!"—"Oh, the fillagree staircase!" And then they hold him down.

The following are the chief marvels that have transpired:—

"The silk hangings are wrought in pannels made on purpose."

"The flowers and borders consist of a species of embroidery, never before seen in this country."—"Different individuals were employed in the manufacture thereof; so that no one out of doors could see the *tout-ensemble*."]

"In his Majesty's bed-room there is a bath, the vapours of which, when heated, must prove rather an inconvenience." The bed is to be placed "in a recess opposite the fire-place."

"The windows are all of superb plate-glass, most of them five or six feet high, and about three feet wide. There are four huge panes to each window, made to lift up, each pane being framed by itself, slipping in a groove, and lifting up separately, so as to form a distinct window. They are of the most costly materials. One room on the private staircase has a glass dome or lantern, with ornamented stone-work of the finest texture, resembling fillagree."

"Plate glasses are in every door throughout the building, except in the bed-rooms."

"Some of the doors and double doors have five hinges, of the most expensive kind and exquisite workmanship."

"Two rooms are completely hung, one with dark blue paper, and broad crimson border covered with gold; the other is of a delicate salmon colour."

And "there are three hundred rooms, requiring five hundred servants in constant attendance."

"The finishing will cost at least half a million."

This ungrateful plumber adds, that, in spite of its extensive and costly improvements, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Heir Presumptive of the Throne, is said to be "by no means partial to Windsor;" and he is of opinion, that "if the late Minister had avoided sending an expedition to Portugal, and expended its cost upon this building, the King might have had a palace worthy of the empire; the nation something to show for its money; and the affairs of Portugal would be only in the same situation they are now in."

That is to say, if Mr Canning had not taken the liberal side of politics with regard to Portugal, as a quarter which he could not omit without detriment to the cause all over the world, princes and paper-hangers might have been now doing what they pleased; and Don Miguel, "that unlicked cub," (as a Plymouth friend describes him) might have been rifling the honey of his industrious subjects, without bringing a hive about his ears.

We only hope, for our parts, that the erection of this new edifice will amuse the King, and give him some pleasant hours. We have our opinions respecting the desirableness of such things; but they involve reflections upon a great many other things for which kings are not responsible, and which cannot hinder us from wishing that their latter days may be comforted. Comfort, unluckily, it is not very easy to identify with buildings of this sort. To say nothing of the "bed in a recess," and of panes that open like windows to let in a zephyr at a time, which are matters of private taste, what

sense of privacy can a man have, in a house with three hundred splendid rooms in it, "requiring five hundred servants in constant attendance?" A king can never be comfortable like another man, unless he sets his wits to act as if he were no king, and then his birth and bringing-up would not let him. He and the poorest man in his dominions are just about in as bad a way for the attainment of a tranquil pleasure. His enjoyments must always be at the height, "full measure, pressed down, and running over;" and let them get ever so high, they must be higher, or what do they amount to? The will, the will, is the thing. When this is put into a state of excitement, beyond the level of humanity, there is no end of measuring its wants with its possessions.

Somehow these large houses never do to live in, even for men whose imaginations might be supposed to be equal to them. In the famous account of his house left us by Pliny, to say nothing of the obscurity of it to modern readers, and the strange number of windows he seems to have delighted in, we are teased with the multitude of rooms, the neighbourhood of servants, and the great pains he is obliged to take, after all, to secure to himself in the midst of all this elegant retirement, a little noiseless room in which he can really retire.

There is another ostentatious account of a house by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (the palace still called Buckingham House, in the Park). He tries to make a great case out for himself; talks of rising from a very large bedchamber, entirely quiet, &c. "to walk in the garden," or in "a saloon filled with pictures;" of looking into "the pleasantest park in the world;" of concluding the evening "on a delightful terrace;" and of heaven knows how many rooms, views, paintings, and other luxuries; and yet at the close of his description, he must needs add,—with a sigh,—

"After all this (to a friend I will expose my weakness as an instance of the mind's unquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments) I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all manner of respects."

This candour does him honour. He concludes, in a strain which lets us still further into his uneasiness, and which, among other

evidences in his writings, shows him, with all the pride of which he was accused, to have been a good-natured man:—

“And now,” says he, “(*pour faire bonne bouche*, with a grave reflection) it were well for us, if this incapacity of being entirely contented was as sure a proof of our being reserved for happiness in another world, as it is of our frailty and imperfection in this; I confess the divines tell us so; but though I believe in a future state more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate desire of the good things in this; yet I own my faith is founded, not on the fallacious arguments of preachers, but on that adorable conjunction of unbounded power and goodness, which certainly must recompense hereafter so many thousands of innocent wretches created to be so miserable here.”

It is unphilosophical to say, that the poor are “created to be miserable.” We know that they too often are so, and princes and dukes with them; and there is good reason to believe that these notions of destiny, superficially taken, are capital things for keeping them so. The case is, that unhappy paupers and unhappy princes are equally in a condition unbefitting the reasonableness of humanity; and that neither too many rooms, nor too little, are the secret for putting the occupier at ease. Here is a good-natured possessor of a palace, uneasy both with the palace itself, and with the thought that others have got none. If he were not good-natured, his own ill-disposition would plague him worse. And thus it is that individuals cannot be happy, while the mass are in a preposterous state of inequality. It is a common answer to lamentations respecting poverty, that the rich are in reality not more happy than the poor; that care is equally distributed, if people knew all, &c., and pleasure with it. This, to a certain extent, is true; but it is as foolish an argument as can be conceived for maintaining things as they are: for the great point is, that no class of men should have cares *beyond what they need have*, whether of poverty or wealth; whereas, granting that care must always exist in a degree, some men are rendered superfluously miserable by an excess of want, while others are made equally so by an unnatural and will-pampering abundance. Another sophistry is, that these superfluities “employ the poor.” Employ the poor by all means, and the rich too (especially as they think it such a good thing); but why employ them to any one’s disadvantage? Why have uneasy proprietors of a dozen great houses, and people un-

easy with being no proprietors at all? Moderate employment is good for everybody, and immoderate possession for nobody.

We may reckon it for certain, that the greatest pleasure which the King has in his new building, is in seeing how it gets on, examining plans, &c., and giving directions for the furniture: that is to say, in occupying himself. All the rest—the grandeur, the effect on strangers, the saying to himself, “How fine this is!” and “How royally I am housed!” comes to nothing, when the occupation is gone, or only serves as a groundwork for some unattainable wish. The top of Babel was found to be no nearer heaven than the bottom.

DOMESTIC NEWS FROM CHINA.

A CURIOSITY has arrived in town, of a nature more interesting to those who consider the world at large, and the prospects of it, than twenty more obvious phenomena. We mean, the first three numbers of an English newspaper, *printed in China*. It is called the Canton Register; and is to give us as much information as possible relative to the manners and proceedings of that very populous, cunning, twinkle-eyed, tea-drinking, petti-toed, and out-of-the-way country; which has so long contrived to keep its monotony to itself.

When an ambassador arrives in China, he is *had up to town* (as we should say) by the most secret possible conveyance; suffered to look about him as little as may be; and dispatched as fast as he can be turned out, with a toy for his master, and none of his objects gained. Furthermore, Canton is the Yarmouth or Portsmouth of China; and from that quarter an occasional decree has transpired from the Emperor, just as a Chinese might have carried off one of our king's proclamations from a wall at a sea-port. In this manner, all the information hitherto afforded us has been brought away. We know something of the rabble of Canton, and the rabble of the Court; but respecting the great mass of the people, travellers have been able to tell us little or nothing.

We suspect, however, that the world has been enabled to form a better judgment of the Chinese than they fancy. We might

believe the account of the Jesuits, or not, as we pleased ; but those reverend gentlemen, besides the history of their own praises and progress, furnished us with some Chinese *dramas* and *novels*, which have turned out to be genuine. The number of these has latterly been increased ; Sir George Staunton has added a translation of their chief book of the law ; and thus, from the evidences afforded by books (books, ever the great enlighteners of the earth !) we have been enabled to form at least some good probable guesses at the state of society and knowledge among all the classes of our little-eyed friends ; the upshot of which appears to be this ; that they are a people naturally intelligent, humane, and fanciful, who, by reason of an excess of veneration paid to their fathers and forefathers, have been kept for an extraordinary period of time in a state of profound submission to their “ paternal government ;” and the consequence has been, that their gentleness has been converted into effeminacy, their intelligence into cunning and trickery, and the whole popular mind rendered stationary for centuries. It is impossible not to be sensible of the miniature scale upon which everything proceeds in their novels. They take little sups of wine, little cups of tea ; have little feet and eyes ; write little poems, and get on in the world by dint of very little tricks. One cannot but fancy them writing with crow-quills, and speaking at the tip of their voice.

At the same time, there is something not unamiable, nor even undignified or unprofound, in that universal sense of the filial duties, of which the government has taken so much advantage. And this has kept alive certain virtues and humanities among them, which would have gone out under any other despotism. A Chinese is taught to have a sort of worship for the authors of his being, and if we mistake not, for their’s ; perhaps for two or three generations upward. Wherever subsistence is easy, and the temper not excessively bad, this can hardly fail to produce a corresponding tenderness towards the children, at least a mild and considerate treatment. It is true, instances of the reverse, when they do occur, must be frightful, and give double force to that excess of arrogance and selfish exaction which parents, not overwise, are sometimes guilty of in all countries : for even in China the mistake must be exaspe-

rated by an instinctive sense of it's contradicting the first laws of nature, which are rather prospective than retrospective, and for an obvious reason, consider rather children than parents. But necessity and public opinion must, upon the whole, combine to render the principle of filiality a convenience rather than an abuse; and we have little doubt, that, in their domestic intercourse, the Chinese are prepared to entertain all the gentler sympathies of their nature, subject to those drawbacks which accompany excessive submission of any sort, and which keep them timid, secret, and circumventing. The worst of it is that the paternal system of law is apt, like other dull parents, to mistake anger and bodily correction for good things; and thus the Chinese are the most bastinadoed people on earth.

It is remarkable, that the first account we have of a Chinese paper (for such the Canton Register may be called) brings with it an instance of this extraordinary reverence inculcated towards parents, of the licence into which their effeminacy leads them, and of the opportunities taken by government to turn the national feeling to its own purposes. At the same time the government itself, not being out of the pale of this feeling, and always making a shew both of its power and humanity, takes into consideration the "extenuating" circumstances of the case, and, though apparently both cruel and unjust, is not more so, it is to be supposed, than it can help. The following is the extract:—

"HO-NAN PROVINCE.—A native of this province, in August 1827, *unintentionally* caused the death of his own mother. The sentence is, *to cut him to pieces by slow degrees. That is, beginning at the less vital parts deliberately, the hands, the fore-arms, the feet, the legs, the thighs, the head, and then stab the trunk to the heart.* But there was something extenuating in his case, and the sentence is referred for ratification to Peking. His Majesty has sent it to the Criminal Board.

"The offender, Yaou-a-pa, detected his uncle in incestuous intercourse with his mother, for which his uncle tied him up, and beat him. After which he witnessed his uncle going and spending the whole night in his mother's room. Yaou-a-pa's feelings of anger and indignation were now worked up to the highest pitch. He seized a sickle, and made blows at Yaou-tseih, his dear uncle. The uncle slipped and got behind him, and seized the handle of the sickle, with his arms round his nephew. The mother came behind, and relieved the uncle from his embrace. He fled, and the mother threw her arms round the youth *without his being conscious of the change.* The struggle continued until the young man overpowered the woman, and wounded her mortally before he was aware that the stroke of the sickle entered his mother's heart.

"On the 21st of August his Majesty's decision in the case of Yaou-a-pa

was received. His sentence is decapitation, *after* a period of imprisonment; this sentence usually terminates in strangling on a cross, which, leaving the body entire, is regarded as a lesser punishment than beheading. Yaou-tseih, the incestuous uncle, is ordered for immediate execution.*

Some amusing specimens of national manners and feeling accompany this tragic story.

The Governor of Canton, a personage of the name of Le, who appears to have newly entered upon his office, is, we are told, "a gentleman of mild and conciliating manners, *easily satisfied with pecuniary offerings*, and desirous of tranquillity. In short, he is considered a good governor."

His Excellency the *Hoppo* also, whose name is Wan, is a very mild, good-natured man, *when he is sober*; but he has an unhappy propensity, like most of the Tartars, to strong liquors; and, when under their influence, he is rather violent and unruly."

Thus it is under all Imperial Governments. "Let *observation*," as Johnson says,

————— *with extensive view*,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,

and, besides equally bad poetry written by the critics, it will find that the way to satisfy great men in all countries is to make them pecuniary offerings; and that they are not above the temptation of drinking strong liquors; upon which occasion the ruler becomes unruly. The *Hoppo* however is still a God-send, considering he is a Governor; for he is mild when sober: and Le is still better, for he is "easily satisfied with pecuniary offerings;" which, as fees appear to be *ad libitum* in that quarter, is more than you could say of gentlemen in less heathen countries.

The religion of the intelligent classes in China is understood to be

* The law against parricide stands as follows, in the book translated by Sir George Staunton:—

"Any person convicted of a design to kill his or her father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, whether by the father's or mother's side; and any woman convicted of a design to kill her husband's father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, shall, whether the blow is or is not struck in consequence, suffer death by being beheaded. In punishing this criminal design, no distinction shall be made between principals and accessaries, except as far as regards their respective relationships to the persons against whose life the design is entertained. If the murder is committed, all parties concerned therein, and related to the deceased, as above-mentioned, shall suffer death by a slow and painful execution. If the criminal should die in prison, an execution similar in mode shall take place on his body."

deism: but the public one is polytheistical. They have a gun-powder-plot in November "in honour of the God of Fire," with illuminations and street plays; and last summer, thanksgivings were ordered to the Great Dragon, or God of Water, for visiting the thirsty province of Pekin with rain.

MISTAKES IN MATRIMONY.

SPAIN, as well as China, has furnished us this week with a domestic tragedy, arising unfortunately from circumstances much more common. Don Joseph Gutierrez, a married man, an eminent lawyer at Madrid, formed a connexion with "a fair vender of oranges;" which by little and little induced him to desert his house, and neglect his professional duties. Donna Balbina, his wife, at first only addressed to him "simple reproaches;" afterwards, "she had recourse to threats;" and at length, after an angry discussion, they came to a resolution of living quietly apart, without troubling the law about the matter.

For some months, Donna Balbina observed the agreement as well as her husband; but all of a sudden she preferred her complaint to the tribunals. The judge, Don Manuel Segovia, a good-natured man, endeavoured to make up the quarrel; the husband consented; but Donna Balbina "having poured on him a volley of invectives," he "retracted, and obstinately rejected every overture to a reconciliation." The Judge indeed decided that they should live together; the fruit-woman was told that she was to offend again on her peril; but Don Joseph did not care. He went living on as before; Donna Balbina renewed her charges again and again, but to no purpose, the proofs failing her; and this forced her to pay the expenses.—At length an ingenious thought struck her.

"Don Joseph had a dog who followed him everywhere. Donna Balbina said to him one day, as he was going out, 'Do leave the dog at home,' to which he consented; but the moment he departed she sent for a notary and two alguazils, who had been put at her disposal, and taking the dog with them, they proceeded all four to the quarter called La Cebada, where the dog stopped at the house No. 3, and quitting his mistress, immediately entered it. Donna Balbina and the ministers of the law followed, and found Don Joseph engaged, *tête-à-tête*, with Louisa."

With this new fact against her husband, Donna Balbina proceeded to the Judge, who refused to listen to the charge; and five days afterwards the poor woman was found dead; assassinated, they say, by Louisa, at the moment she was preparing to pay the Judge another visit. Louisa, after three interrogatories, was condemned to death, asserting her innocence. The sentence was carried to the superior court, and confirmed upon new testimony; and the last intelligence was, that it only waited to receive the sanction of the King.

On the face of this story, here is another instance of the dreadful effects produced by what many people appear to think a very innocent thing,—to wit, a propensity to scolding. A married man forms a connexion, which induces him “to desert his house and neglect his professional duties.” So far, *he* appears to be the person in error. Indeed, if he has a family, he had no right to neglect his professional duties under any circumstances, if the pursuit of them were necessary to the well-being of the woman he had undertaken to support, and the children she had produced him. But no mention is made of a family; and in the next sentence we learn that the first step taken by the lady was to address to her husband “simple reproaches.” Now simple reproaches are very simple things; but allowance must be made on all sides, especially on that which conceives itself injured, and which society encourages to think so, however it may have contributed to the misfortune. Gentle methods, nevertheless, it is universally agreed, ought to succeed to reproaches, however just. They are expected equally from husbands and wives. Of these we hear nothing. The next information is, that “she had recourse to threats;” and finally, after angry discussions and a sullen agreement to separate (for it could have been nothing else, and was probably the angriest part of the business) she has recourse to the law.

A good-natured lawyer makes his appearance: he endeavours to effect a reconciliation; and the husband is willing. The lady does not appear unwilling, as far as the mere fact of living upon terms with him is concerned; but even with this prospect before her, and apparently in the very relish of it, she proceeds to give him a foretaste of his old bliss by pouring on him “a volley of invectives.”

Upon this our gentleman grows savage in his turn; retracts his consent to live peaceably; and “obstinately rejects every overture to a reconciliation.”

Donna Balbina returns again and again to the charge, but in vain. At length she succeeds in *dogging* him to his mistress’s lodging; and in a few days the wretched woman is found dead, and the mistress condemned to death as her assassin.

There is a passage in Shakspeare, which seems very much to the purpose of this narrative. It is in the ‘Comedy of Errors.’

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon, his passion
Ne’er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Aye, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Aye, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.

Observe, we only speak of what appears to have been the case, on the face of it. The husband may have been worse than is understood; the wife may have been better. On the other hand, it is she that may have been worse; and even Louisa herself might have had more to say than we are aware of, beset on one side by the tempting tongue of the barrister, and on the other by that of his wife. “What can we reason but from what we know?” On the face of the matter, the husband is faithless, but not averse to reconciliation; the wife scolding *and* averse; and the fair vender of oranges an assassin. This is all we know of the affair; and

unfortunately it is a situation of things much too common, with the exception of the murder, which, when it happens on such occasions, is generally one of a much worse description, and perpetrated by one of the married parties.

We are far from wishing to beg any question against the fair sex, on these or any other points. Our zeal in their behalf is too well known to render it necessary to deprecate any conclusion of that sort. We think, it is true, that scolding is very unworthy of their fairness, physical or moral, and that in the present instance it was very likely the *immediate* cause of the whole calamity, as it is of a hundred others. But our object in noticing the business lies deeper than that, and goes to first causes; which are unquestionably to be found somehow or other in the nature of marriage itself, as at present constituted, and call loudly for the interference of legislation. Men may often be the persons having the more immediate right of complaint; but if they have not their legal remedies, they take their illegal consolations; while all the feelings of anger and self-love and desolation, of which the female heart (like every other heart) is susceptible, are not only roused by the force of the mortifying circumstances, but taught and expected to be so by the very sex who complain of them,—the very sex who first made the laws what they are for their own pride and convenience, and then monopolize the right to infringe them.

It is in this anomaly that the first causes of the fate of this unhappy woman are most likely to be found:—in this anomaly even the alleged assassin may find the origin of *her* misfortunes:—while the only one of the sex who make these unequal laws, and whose selfishness and bad conscience hinder them from looking them in the face and making them better, walks abroad with the reputation of being a good-natured man (as he probably is) and a living martyr to a couple of violent women.

To use a common phrase, it is hardly possible now-a-days to take up a newspaper, at least in England, that does not contain the most frightful evidences of the want of a better legislation respecting the union of the sexes. We shall doubtless have too many occasions to return to the subject; and we shall do so, whatever the selfish and hypocritical might think, with feelings of

the most serious interest on behalf of both the sexes, and with a reverence and anxiety for the cause of real love and lasting attachments, equally foreign from profligacy and superstition.

THE "MISERABLE METHODISTS."

"THE Duke of WELLINGTON presented a petition from a Congregation at Lewes, Sussex, praying their Lordships not to pass the Bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts. The Petitioners stated, the Noble Duke said, and in that statement he concurred, the great advantages that arose from toleration. The Petitioners also expressed great apprehensions—in which he hoped they would be deceived—that if the Act passed into a law, they might suffer considerably.

"Lord KING understood that the Petitioners were Dissenters; and if they were, they were very strange Dissenters—they were the miserable Wesleyan Methodists, the most intolerant of sects, who would have toleration for themselves, but would not tolerate any other persons.

"The Earl of FALMOUTH did not know why so respectable a body of people should be called in that House miserable Methodists."—*Examiner*.

Lord KING gave a very good reason why they should be called "Miserable Methodists," granting even that there were no other. The Methodists may be divided into two classes, both miserable; one because they are unhealthy, unhappy men, trying to look for a comfort in the next world, which they cannot find in this; the other, because they are a parcel of shallow, hard people, just the reverse of the former, with no imaginations, who secure themselves a place in heaven, just as they would in the Buckingham stage. The former try in vain to be happy; they are too sensitive and good-hearted for their own opinions; and are haunted with a sense of those who are to be left *out* of Paradise. Of this description was poor Cowper; whose fine understanding was no more fitted to put up with their absurdities, than his frightened and shattered frame was to enable him to throw them off. The other methodists care not who is left out of heaven, so that they are in; they turn it all to the "glory of God," whom they make so illustrious for everything inhuman and unjust, that as a philosopher has said, their religion ought to be called Dæmonism, not Christianity. It would be frightfuller than it is, if it were not exceedingly foolish: for in truth, there is no Dæmonism on earth, much less in heaven;

but there is a great deal of folly ; and this, according to the temperament it acts upon, produces a great deal of selfishness ; so that men utter doctrines, and are unfortunately influenced by them, which with a little help from the physician or “ the schoolmaster,” they would be ashamed of. We attend here to no distinctions of Wesleyan and Whitfieldian Methodists. Temperament makes the real difference. There are frightened Methodists, and hard, unimagi-
native Methodists. This is the proper distinction. The former are miserable in the ordinary sense of the word ; the latter, according to the poet, may be accounted still more miserable :—

They, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more lovely than before.

The ‘ Chronicle,’ speaking of the Earl of Falmouth’s uneasiness at hearing the Methodists called miserable, and his vindication of them as a respectable body of people, says it does not augur well for them. “ We fear,” says the ‘ Chronicle,’ “ for a sect, when it is called *respectable* by Lords. It used to be said, in the country, of a youth when he had done growing, that he had got a knock on the head. During the growth of sects, the rule is to hate them ; they become respectable when they become stationary, or are on the decline.”

There are three things which may be said to have grown up together, and which make a formidable alliteration ; Misery, Methodism, and Manufactures. If you wish to see Methodism in all its ingloriousness, go into the lace-making districts. It is there in all its triumph over the poor, the sedentary, and the frightened. However, another M. has come up, still more formidable, which is Machinery. This, after a great deal of trouble, will force its way with its giant arms, and insist upon fairer play being shewn to labour and the right of leisure ; and meanwhile the Press is increasing with it ; the two giants, the mechanical and the intellectual, have united their forces ; and nothing will stand before them. At this moment, hundreds of iron mouths are at work, pouring forth “ knowledge enormous.” This it is that makes Methodism on the decline ; for the Methodist, like any other bigot, dares argue only so far. Knowledge argues as far as

it can; and the Methodist is left behind. "Two-penny trash" is putting out a world of shilling, eighteen-penny, aye, and six-shilling trash. What is the 'Methodist's Magazine' once every four weeks, or the lumbering heap of falsehoods and common-places, called the 'Quarterly,' every three months, to the little weekly and almost every-day papers, that play like spirits about the heads of the community, and keep them fresh and joyous for the rejection of nonsense? Mr Limbird's 'Mirror' alone, merely by circulating a variety of knowledge, throws light upon thousands of human minds, and prepares them to repel with scorn the dark absurdities and frightful shapes, with which bigotry and corruption would hold them bound.*

The Examiner speaks of "a pious brig." We happened once to find ourselves on board one of those vessels of sanctification. It was a Margate hoy, which sailed "by the grace of God." At night-time, walking about to keep ourselves warm, we hit against something on deck, and stooped to examine it. It was a woman! The Methodists (for theirs was the hoy) had secured all the beds below; and not one of them could be induced to give up his snug corner to the female.

LORD HOLLAND AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"In home news," says the *Atlas*, "the great event of the past week is the second reading of the Bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, in the House of Lords. It was a marvel peculiar to these latter days, to see Lord Holland, in a measure of such a nature, supported by the King's First Minister, and the whole Episcopal Bench. The last hope of the Ultra-Churchmen was in "Heaven and the Duke of Wellington." We know not what miracle Heaven may work for them at the twelfth hour; but the Duke of Wellington cannot afford to keep open, as a continual subject of rancorous and useless controversy, a question which the opinion of the Country and of the Church, and the vote of the House of Commons, have combined to seal,"

Lord Holland, "supported by the King's First Minister and the whole Bench of Bishops," upon a religious question, has cer-

* We have just seen a late number of the "Mirror," after a long interval. Mr Limbird has a right to be impartial, and to make his selections from all quarters; but he should take care how he repeats, as facts, assertions which have no authority but that of the "Quarterly Review;" a work deficient in common honesty.

tainly a right to a new coat of arms. A Bishop on each side would do very well instead of his Foxes; and he might give up, for a new motto, the dumb eloquence of his *Faire sans dire* to the Noble Duke. What does he think of "*Libertas, otia, libri?*" This, with "*occupationes,*" ought to become the motto of the whole world. We happen to have kept our eye upon Lord Holland more than upon any other nobleman, ever since we have had to do with the press; and we never remember an instance, in which a handsome thing was to be done in the House of Lords, that he did not advocate it, nor an unhandsome one, which was not sure of his Protest. So great a thing it is to unite the humanity of a love of letters, with a genial temperament, and a liberal family name.

There are many reasons why the Duke of Wellington is in his present station, and why he acts as he does. It is of use to many people. He is a great cutter of Gordian knots. But they say, that among his recommendations to the royal favour, he has that of being a sincere man, and of saying what he thinks. If this be the case, we wonder at no confidence which the King reposes in him. A sincere man, and reasonable withal, must to a King be a god-send inconceivable. Ever since we heard of the Duke's character to that effect, we have had an inclination to like him, and hope we may find additional reasons for it. In friend or enemy sincerity is a noble thing,—the daylight of humanity. It enables us to see what we have to do or to oppose, and is an argument of natural greatness; if not in the presence of what is great, at least in the absence of what is dark and petty.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SUBJECTS FOR DISSECTION.

THE difficulty of procuring bodies for the anatomist, whose science is so obviously connected with the interests of humanity, has at length obtained the notice of parliament; and a committee has been appointed to inquire into the means of doing it away. It appears that there are six or seven hundred students of anatomy in London, three parts of whom are obliged to go into other countries to find the means of pursuing their investigations. Mr Warburton said, that “if due facilities of obtaining subjects were afforded, the number of students in this country would not be less than 1,000, and taking the necessary supply of subjects to each student at two, the number required would be 2,000. According to the existing usage, none but the bodies of murderers could be legally obtained for dissection; but it was quite obvious that the supply thus afforded was totally insufficient. The number of bodies for the county of Middlesex in cases of murder, was only in the proportion of five in seven years.”

Is it possible that this rate can be true? There is consolation so far, at all events. On the other hand, the necessity for 2,000 dead bodies in hand, is a little startling. Mr Warburton mentioned a circumstance, illustrative of the importance of the human subject to anatomical explanation, from which the House appear to have

expected a more awful impression. "He was informed," he said, "of a fact which really occurred in this metropolis lately, which he would mention to the House in illustration of this matter. It was at the Mechanics' Institute. Some lectures were given on anatomy and dissection: it was found that without having the actual subject brought in, the lecturer was not able to explain satisfactorily some of the soft parts of the human body. A subject was procured, and brought into the lecture-room carefully covered. The lecturer then proceeded with the explanation to about 1,200 persons; one or two of whom, of delicate stomachs, retired—(*a laugh*)—the rest remained, and immediately comprehended the complete anatomy before them. The body was now the property of the mechanics."

On this piece of illustration, Mr Peel remarked,—“As to the anecdote which the Hon. Member related of the 1,200 mechanics, he (Mr Peel) listened with attention, expecting that the Hon. Member would follow it up, by telling the House that those admiring mechanics, one and all, instantly volunteered to give up their own bodies for dissection. (*Much laughing.*)”

The House did not deny the importance of the motion. On the contrary, they appeared to be fully impressed with it; but Mr Peel justly said, that “it was hard to contend against those feelings among the people, which the Hon. Gentleman called prejudices; and impossible not to respect those feelings of regard which the people retained for their relatives, even beyond the grave.* Whatever regulations were adopted, he thought it would be found extremely difficult to effect the desired object.”

In Paris, it appears, it is easy enough to get subjects. In Dublin it is easier than in England. In Naples and other countries of the south, where they tumble the dead into pits, and seem to think no more of them than of so many bits of plaster, it might be easier still. Life runs more merrily in the veins of the people of those countries, France and even Ireland included, than in the bodies of our beef-eating and fire-side brethren; and this

* We have not entered upon this point, though an important one; because we conceive that the feelings of kindred would alter with those of society at large. As it is, they can give way to other feelings esteemed honourable, such as the desire to ascertain what was the cause of a person's death.

makes them less thoughtful of what happens after death. The famous appeal of the condemned man in 'Measure for Measure,' is in true northern taste, and would have become Hamlet still better than a northern Italian—

“ Aye, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod,” &c.

Dr Johnson was found sitting and repeating these lines a little before his death.

On the other hand, nothing seems more curious, on this very account, than the dislike which people's imaginations entertain of having their bodies “ disturbed,” as they call it, in the grave, and taken out to be disposed of in another manner; that is to say, delivered from this very obstruction and rotting, and mingled more speedily with the elements. It is still more wonderful to consider how easily they contemplate being buried at all, especially when the public are horrified now and then with stories of men prematurely put in the earth, and of bodies that are found to have turned in their graves. On reading those stories, and considering the probability of some of them, one might reasonably be astonished to think, how it is, that the very imaginations which induce men to shudder at the idea of being disturbed in their graves (feeling themselves alive, as it were, *so far*), do not make society rise up against the present system of interment, and demand the ancient custom of urn-burial,—of being reduced at once to ashes, and gathered into that pure and graceful depository. But here lies the secret; for the old *custom* is not the prevailing one; and custom lords it, even over the most tyrannical of our fears. “ To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,” presents a terrible idea, both on account of its unnaturalness to our living sensations and its *continuity*;—nay, to be disturbed *at all*, is to the dreamer of the coffin very shocking;—and yet the same man will be more shocked at the notion of being burnt; and little, if at all, moved with those circumstances attending upon corruption, which imply a disturbing of the most loathsome description. The reason is, that his fathers were not burnt. *They* were put into coffins; *they* were subject to be stolen by resurrection-men, and eaten by worms;

and *they* disliked extremely the apprehension of being interred, as well as the very appalling things mentioned by Shakspeare; but as they underwent all this, their sons must undergo it.

We do not state these prejudices, to laugh at them. There is something in the reverence for existing things, which we also deeply respect, and which we would only trench upon by degrees, and with due regard to what the natural changes of the world assist in bringing about. Besides, we partake of them, in common with everybody who has a real sympathy with mankind. We confess, that if any one could give us our choice tomorrow of being burnt after death, instead of buried, our imaginations would run through the whole process of the fire, and feel inclined to give up their classical predilections. It would appear a sort of new martyrdom at the stake; dead, it is true; void of sensation, says reason; but then we know nothing of death; we have no experience of it; and can only think of death itself with our living ideas; all which is told us by reason also. We might even follow our particles in their flight, and wonder what those burning atoms experience.

Nevertheless, so abhorrent is human nature from confinement and want of motion, and so appalling to a breathing creature, above every other idea, is that of being pressed down, or having the mouth covered, that "if we were a king" (as the little boys say), and could do as proper little-boy kings ought, who sit with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands from breakfast till dinner, we certainly conceive, that on the seventh day from our coronation, and after ordering a world of improvements for the benefit of our living subjects, we should insist upon making fuel of them when they were dead. We should of course occupy an urn ourselves, in due course of time; and upon our urn should be written,—“Here lies the man who would suffer nobody to be idle, or without leisure; who hindered the old from marrying the young, and allowed the unhappily married not to be a torment to one another; who rescued the living from intolerance, and the dead from corruption; and saw no more end to the hopes of man, than to the number of the stars.”

After this rhapsody (which by the way, comprises almost the whole substance of our creed) the reader may ask, what would

become of our zeal in behalf of science, and of such interests of our loving and living subjects as required a knowledge of anatomy. The question, we allow, has a startling look ; but in so generous and loving a community as we should rule over, the difficulty would surely come to nothing. We would proclaim the merits of a new species of sacrifice after death ; one, that delayed indeed the body's mixture with the elements, but only delayed it, and was a gallant thing for the imagination to encounter in behalf of the welfare of society. We would have children taught it ; parents should be shown how useful it might turn out to their own children ; poets and men of letters should help to render it desirable ; and if loving anatomical subjects still failed us for a season, we would proclaim rewards for it, not of money, but of honour. A man's urn should be distinguished by some mark for it ; or he should be allowed, while living, some privileges, not mercenary, nor yet unuseful to others : or a train of children, when his body was ultimately consigned to the urn, should follow it to his tomb with garlands and a song of thanks,—(which would give him a flowery idea of death);—in short, that principle in man should be appealed to, which, however mercenary a community may be in other respects, has never yet, *when aided by education*, been found wanting to the call of circumstances, even in all the *living* shapes of martyrdom ; from the self-sacrifice of the patriot in his dungeon, or the pale and worn scholar at the stake, down to that of the poorest soldier, who thinks it worth dying in a Forlorn Hope for a glance of his captain's eye.

It will be said, that no such principle could be brought to bear on the present object, considering the manners and customs now existing. We doubt it;—not indeed, in its full effect, or in the forms we have been amusing ourselves with supposing ; though we think that in these, as in all other cases, influential persons are never aware how much they could effect by laying aside a little of that mistrust, and ill-opinion of men, which they themselves may have contributed to warrant, and appealing handsomely to what is handsome in the human spirit. We heard the other day of a school, in which the master threw open his orchard to the boys, or at least took away all defence of it, and all punishment for its robbery, appealing only to their honour and future manhood :—and not an

apple of it was afterwards touched. Now if it could be managed, in this want of bodies for the surgeon, that some worldly advantage could be held out to the *children* of the poor, rather than to themselves, the two principles of interest and disinterestedness, or at least of a proper self-interest, and a most honourable anxiety for others, would be so united, as to take away all self-disrespect in the minds of the poor persons who added themselves to the list required, as well as all sting of anything ridiculous, which might otherwise be excited in those of their neighbours. We suspect, as it is, that more persons would be found, ready to sell a mortal part of them for a little lively consideration, than statesmen, sitting in their easy chairs, might suppose. "Money in hand!" What have not statesmen themselves parted with for it, willing as we are to acquit most of them of that sordidness? But when dreadful necessity, and some of the best feelings of the heart, come in aid of it also, what sale of himself might not be expected of a pauper? The great obstacle to resources of this kind would lie, as all other obstacles to good measures lie, in the *unjust* portion of the inequalities among men;—in the spectacle of excessive wealth, contrasted with that of squalid destitution. "Why should poor people," it would be said, "be under the necessity of giving up their bodies any more than the rich?"—Why indeed?—The necessity might exist; the measure might so far avail; but statesmen would pause before they sanctioned this new source of comparison with the superabundant. The same reflections would influence everything that was to be done for the object, exclusively out of the poor classes. The poor sick in hospitals,—poor soldiers,—poor suicides,—how would this sting of comparison be done away, looking to the wealthy rich, to the general officer, and to the gambler who shot himself with his silver-mounted pistol? More criminals indeed, besides the murderer, might be threatened with anatomizing; and this, it might be thought, would be sure of doing good one way or other; of adding to the number of bodies, or diminishing that of crimes. But our penal code is severe enough already; people would think this addition to it a new barbarism; the only eventual good we could contemplate from such a custom, supposing it could take place, would be in its diminishing the horror of dissection with the rarity

of it; and even this would be at the hazard of its doing the very reverse, in adding to its infamy.

Nevertheless, the case, we think, is not without hope. Dissection, as appointed by law, is hitherto a thing infamous, and confined to criminals; men in general are supposed to have a horror of it; they have certainly a horror of death, by one of the first laws of their nature; and in England as well as other countries there prevails a great objection to the chance of being disturbed in the grave. And yet, notwithstanding all this, it is no less certain that there are hundreds, and most probably thousands of men, who do not care twopence for the thought of what shall become of their dead bodies. We have heard more than one person say so, and we believe them. Now here perhaps is a want of imagination; but there may be great active goodness; and we do not see, why such persons should not be encouraged to bequeath themselves to the good of the community. Again, there may be no want of imagination on the side of sympathy with the living, and yet none of that sort of imagination, which forms the weak side of the poetical temperament. And above all, whether the example was furnished by a want of imagination on the one side, or an abundance of it on the other, we know not; but a voluntary thing of the sort did actually take place the other day, in the person of a professional gentleman, a member, we believe, of the Society of Friends, who made a regular disposal of himself in his will, and for the express purposes of science. Really, after all, if the legislature do anything in the business, we think they had better speak upon this hint. Give such bequests the sanction of esteem, and the character of reasonableness; and then all the other inducements, which might bring people into the measure, would be encouraged to have their full play. We know of nothing better to say, on our first view of the subject; and something upon it we could not help saying, on account of its great importance.

As to *criminals*,—if the law turns its attention to that quarter, and wishes to add to the list of available ones, we beg leave to propose the following:—

All old bachelors, of a reasonable income, above forty.

All methodist-preachers, who talk of “this vile body” (the bodies to be had cheap, being, by their own account, worth so little.)

All young men who have married old women (the plea that they have sold their bodies already, being, by the consent of the old ladies, frivolous after death).

Item, all old men who have got young wives (the plea that their bodies are worth nothing being to be held vexatious, notwithstanding what the widows may say in confirmation of it).

Item, all those who have helped to make the national debt what it is, leaving their children to pay for it; because this is the only mode of proving they did it for their good.

Furthermore, all persons who have contributed nothing to the common good by some sort of personal service. (Here will be a fine crop of specimens, barring the gout).

THE DRAWING-ROOM AND THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

“YESTERDAY,” saith the Court Newsmen, speaking of Wednesday last, “being St George’s Day, and also appointed for the anniversary and celebration of his Majesty’s *nativity*, every demonstration of respect was observed throughout the metropolis.” There may be reasons we are not acquainted with, for congratulating his Majesty on being born the day on which he was not born. In France they keep the name-day, as it is called, but that custom originated in children’s being named after the saint, on whose festival they came into the world. Now his Majesty was not christened after the illustrious bacon-contractor, who, according to Gibbon, came afterwards to be called St George, and to be the watch-word of the English chivalry. The name however did originate among his Majesty’s ancestors from that sacred and equivocal personage; and we notice the thing rather for the novelty of it, than for any purpose of objection. Whatever tends to amalgamate the customs of all Europe may be regarded with pleasure, provided it be nothing but an evidence of sociality. The more we copy harmlessly from one another, the more inclined are all parties to an interchange of real advantages. There is no nation in Europe, however highly it may think of itself, that may not learn something on points of importance by a liberal study of its neighbours. By the way, it is curious, that this name of George, which has become so royal, should signify an agriculturer. The King is his Most Illustrious and Gracious Majesty, Agriculturer the Fourth. Mr Southey might write hexameters on his reign, and call them the Georgics. They would be read, as somebody said of the rest of his poetry, “when Virgil’s were forgotten;” and, as Mr Porson added—“not till then.” It is strange, that Mr Southey writes no laureat odes. Can nothing that the King does, inspire him? The silence would look not a little jacobinical, if the Laureat did not pay so much attention to Church and State in every other particular.

He does not wish to look bought perhaps? But then why be so? Or if he cannot bring himself to think he is bought, what could induce him to suppose that the government would crown his poetry, more than that of any other person? Does he think it was for Wat Tyler, or the Botany Bay Eclogues? or not rather for the poetical fictions against his old brother Reformers, in the prose of the Quarterly Review?—But this is a common-place subject, and gives rise to common-places.

The Court Newsman informs us, that “the illustrious company who assembled on this occasion to pay their respects to their Sovereign, comprised the beauty, the rank, the talent, the genius, the wealth, and the enterprise of the British Empire.”

Halt a little there, sweet Signior. A great deal of the “rank,” no doubt, and a good deal of the “wealth;” but not all the talent, thou gifted Newsman; nor the genius, thou discriminating Sub-Laureat; (not a man of genius was in thy list, that the public know of, except Sir Thomas Lawrence). And as to the beauty! Bear witness, opera-house, and exhibition, and concert-room, and all the carriages of all the squares, that we deny not the charming faces which abound in high life, and which doubtless contributed their full cluster of human rose-buds to this garden of waving feathers, and diamonds like the dew. But had the gallant old Duke of Gordon been at thy side, he would never have suffered thee, thou traitor to the Jenkinsons of thine own acquaintance, to blaspheme the loveliness and the lustre to be found in dairy-maid and in milliner; in bakers’ daughters, and carpenters’; in the houses of Holborn, and the Strand, and Oxford street, and the remote parts of Stepney, even beyond Bethnal; and then again in all the county-towns, and all the counties; and in Ireland, with its darlings that have a breath in their speaking; and Scotland, with its barefoot beauties, standing in the brooks of Burns and Allan Ramsay!

Dost thou forget, ungrateful recorder of petticoats, dazzled with silver lama, and drunk with slips, how many fair faces have stooped over the making of those very petticoats, and lost their bloom in contributing to that of others?—faces, some of them with as fine eyes and as much refinement in them, ay, and perhaps as much gentility of origin, as hundreds that held themselves among the highest?

Take care, inconsiderate historian, how thou repeatest the like offence of omission, the deadliest in matters of beauty; or like the petticoats of thy Duchesses, thou wilt be elegantly trimmed thyself,—*gros de Londres* that thou art, and deficient in “garniture to correspond.”

It must be a curious thing,—one of these Court Drawing-rooms, with its heap of external splendour, and its multitude of humours, bad and good. How much sparkling of eyes, for the first time, amidst the young! What apparent indifference, and real triumph, in the beautiful! What regret or good-humoured maternity among the old! What happy self-estimation on all sides! What

envy or generous admiration of others! And yet perhaps little of all this, in comparison with a sense of bustle and hurry, and a wonder how soon it is all over, and how little was thought of! The author of 'The Roué' has given us a lively notion on this head, in a passage of his first volume; which, in default of having ever been at Court ourselves (here the Newsman looks disdainful) shall be laid before our readers.

"Trevor took advantage of this — seized the pen and the cards, and wrote 'Miss Fleming, presented by Lady Pomeroy.' 'Miss Agnes Fleming, presented by Lady Pomeroy.' Duplicates of these were as quickly made and thrown upon the table; each young lady took the one designed for her. Trevor, in spite of a slight resistance, drew one of Lady Pomeroy's arms within his, while the other held her train, and they took their places at the back of the crowd.

"A number of young men who were loitering that they might lose no part of the scene of confusion, for such is every part of the palace on a drawing-room day, excepting the presence-chamber and those immediately adjoining, called out after Trevor, but he heeded them not.

"They were now fairly in the crowd; new comers had closed them in, and were pushing from behind, which the struggles of those before to take care of their dresses, and to steer clear of the swords and of the wigs of dignitaries of the church and the law, which were here and there seen like cauliflowers in the crowd, made a mob at Buckingham House very similar to a mob anywhere else.

"These struggles were still more vehement at the approach to any of the doorways, to the narrow spaces of which the people who had occupied a whole room, were obliged to contract themselves to gain a passage to another.

"Here Trevor's arm was of great use, and Lady Pomeroy ceased to regret that she had been obliged to him, when she felt the conveniences of passage which his strength and attentions obtained for her and her *protégées* at these perilous passages; for very perilous they were to flounces, feathers, and festoons.

"Many ladies were near fainting in these doorways, and excited the compassion of Agnes, in spite of the difficulties of her own progress; though she could scarcely forbear laughing, when she saw the plump face of a short roundabout lady actually buried 'eyes, nose, and mouth,' as children say of the moon, in the full-bottomed wig of a short dumpling D.D., who had been thrust back upon her by some sudden re-action of the crowd.

"At length, however, they came to a door where their further progress was stopped by the crossed halberds of the gentlemen-pensioners who lined the apartment into which the door led.

"Here was the beginning of the appearance of a court—here things were conducted with some of that order, which should certainly characterise the admission of the subject to the presence of the sovereign; and here our party had time to breathe, and to feel some return of that trepidation with which so many young hearts beat on their first presentation.

"Lady Pomeroy gave a hasty look at her nieces as they entered this last room, when the halberds were for a moment withdrawn to admit those nearest the door, and Trevor found more favour in her eyes when she saw that their dresses were much less discomposed than those of many of the others, through the exertions he had made in piloting them through the crowd—'Take off your gloves—let go your train, ma'am,' was heard

uttered to those immediately before them. Amelia obeyed like an automaton; but the heart of Agnes leaped to her throat with a mingled sensation of fear and loyalty, as she caught a first glimpse of that court, in the midst of which she saw a monarch whom she had been trained to love, and whose presence and kindness she had never forgotten at the juvenile ball at Brighton.

"Their trains dropped—they moved forward, while the attentive pages arranged the half-acres of satin which swept gracefully behind them.

"Amelia moved with her accustomed ease. Lady Pomeroy's heart glowed with pride as she saw her bend and rise gracefully as she passed the King; and it was lucky that, in this admiration of her sister, she did not perceive the agitation which Agnes had great difficulty to conceal.

"Agnes had no eye for the moment for any but the monarch, surrounded as he was by all the heroes and statesmen of the age. They were all unregarded; her whole soul seemed swallowed up with a feeling of loyalty and affection that almost overpowered her. This feeling was plainly depicted in her rising colour and panting bosom; and she felt then that sensation which in the other sex makes the patriot and the hero.

"Agnes did not recover her self-command till she got out of the presence-chamber; but when she first arrived at the top of the stair-case, and looked down over the balustrade into the hall, she was delighted at the splendid *coup d'œil* that presented itself.

"It was here that the splendour of the English court was to be appreciated; a splendour not arising solely from dress and decoration, but from the really fine persons of most of those who compose it.

"Foreign courts may outstrip the English in tinsel, and diamonds, and brilliancy, but there is no court in Europe that can exhibit such a number of fine young men and handsome women as ours.

"From the gallery Agnes took a survey of the whole scene below, which the blaze of diamonds, glitter of stars, nodding of plumes, and mixture of military with civil costumes sparkling with gold and silver, rendered almost a realisation of some enchantment."

The greatest pleasure on these occasions, next to that of being presented for the first time, must be the sight of some extraordinary lion or lioness. In the present instance, the Duchess of St Albans appears to have been the spectacle in request. The Court Newsman, after his general preface, and mentioning the costly tiaras of the Royal Family (who appeared, by the way, in dresses of British manufacture), hastens to speak of the Duchess the very first; and to tell us, that "in addition to a diamond tiara, she had a stomacher of diamonds." We do not introduce the mention of this lady invidiously. We think she had as much right to be at Court as anybody there; and wish, with all our hearts, for her sake as well as the spectators, that she was as young and handsome as she was twenty years back, and had married three Dukes in succession. A French philosopher under the old regime is said to have written a very serious treatise, the object of which was to consider the best mode of making "Dukes useful." Now one of the modes, we conceive, might be the encouraging them to cross the breed with young and handsome plebeians. Her Grace, it is said, is not without hopes to that effect, though she is young no

longer. *Va bene.* Greater marvels have been known before this: nor is it every Duchess that has so young a heart at her time of life, to say nothing of so young a husband.

It was the famous Lord Peterborough who first set the example of ennobling a wife from the stage. He married Anastasia Robinson, a singer, who survived him several years, and appears to have adorned her station. The next union of the sort was that of Charles, third Duke of Bolton, with Miss Fenwick, another singer, who had made a great sensation, as the phrase is, in the character of Polly, in the Beggars' Opera; which she was the first to perform. A pretty story is told of her, that being once threatened with desertion by the Duke, she fell on her knees, and began singing the well-known lines, "*Oh ponder well,—be not severe;*" an appeal, which he found irresistible. This marriage took place in the middle of the last century. A few years previous, Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of the brother of the Marquis of Powis, and daughter of James, Earl Waldegrave, had married a celebrated singer of the name of Beard. It is curious that he also made a great sensation in the Beggars' Opera, in the character of Macheath. There is something in that production which has always excited an instinctive sympathy in the bosoms of people of rank; and there is a view of the matter that does them credit. Mr Beard, at all events, did honour to the lady's choice; for he appears, if ever there was one, to have been a born gentleman. He was not only a great favourite of the public, an actor as well as singer, and as a singer "unrivalled," says his biographer, both in the serious and comic, but we are told that all this praise, "great as it was, fell short of what his private merits acquired. He had one of the sincerest hearts joined to the most polished manners. He was a most delightful companion, whether as host or guest. His time, his pen, and his purse, were devoted to the alleviation of every distress that fell within the compass of his power; and through life he fulfilled the relative duties of son, brother, guardian, friend, and husband, with the most exemplary truth and tenderness."*

* Chalmers's General Biogr. Dict. Vol. IV. All these virtues and accomplishments did not hinder the writer of the article 'Waldegrave,' in the last edition of Collins's Peerage, from leaving out all mention of Mr Beard's marriage. The lady is mentioned as having married the Honourable Edward Herbert (only brother of the Marquis of Powis), and died May 31, 1753. Not a word of the noble-hearted singer and actor, "one of God Almighty's gentlemen." By another passage, we find that her Ladyship was grand-daughter of Henrietta, "natural daughter of James II, by Mrs Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough." No shame there, though the thing is protested against in all churches and chapels throughout England, and the Waldegraves appear to have been a very grave family;—but the vice of marrying an honest man, who was a singer! This is a blot on the scutcheon, that must not be spoken of. We have nothing, for our parts, to say against a lady for being descended from a natural daughter; but great families have, according to modern writers; though not, it seems, on these particular occasions. "Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."—However, the peerage are gaining in liberality; and wealth may further, what has been denied to mere accomplishments.

We are not aware of another instance till the marriage of the Earl of Derby with Miss Farren in the year 1797. The prudence and lady-like manners of this actress conciliated, we believe, all hearts. With the progress of liberal opinion in general, they certainly prepared the way for other matches of the kind. In 1807, the Earl of Craven married Miss Brunton, who is handsomely designated in the Peerage above-mentioned, as of "Covent Garden Theatre;" and sometime after, we know not in what year, Miss Bolton was married to Lord Thurlow.

The objections to intermarrying with performers, among the gentry at large, appear not only to have been done away by these examples in high life, but to have merged into an absolute fashion, or propensity, the other way. Nor is it to be doubted, that if the elevated party is on a footing with those among whom she is raised by gentility of manners, the husband is probably a gainer on the score of accomplishments. At all events, the lady has more to shew for the match, than ladies have in general. She is a good actress or singer, if she is nothing else; or she has attracted somehow or other the public admiration. Miss Searle, a dancer, who married a brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, has been mentioned in this work, as a girl who had a look of remarkable elegance. Miss O'Neil was reckoned an actress of a high order; and the grace and refinement in the performance of Miss Tree, the singer, will not soon be forgotten. There was also a little girl at the Haymarket, Miss Blanchard, daughter, we believe, of Mr Blanchard of Covent Garden, whom in our younger days we should infallibly have added to the list of our theatrical goddesses, and who married speedily, and disappeared. She had a look of good-heartedness and domestic promise, beyond anything we remember on the boards.

In the union that has suggested this retrospect, there is supposed to be nothing of the causes that gave rise to the former ones. The tables are even turned in one respect; for the lady brings wealth; and wealth too, large enough to repair the splendours of a ducal house. Furthermore, she is many years older than her bridegroom; is no longer handsome, though she has been so; and has not only left no impression of any particular grace or refinement on the minds of those who remember her, but presents them with an idea of something the reverse. Nor is this likely to have been diminished by the power and wilfulness arising from wealth.

Nevertheless, we can easily imagine that, whatever causes may have combined to effect this marriage, the Duke may have been well inclined to it on other accounts, and the Duchess be a woman well calculated to please and interest him. We say nothing of the stories of her generosity or her want of generosity. A very wealthy person is under a great disadvantage in that matter, on account of the numerous applicants who must of necessity be refused; while those, on the other hand, who have been assisted, are seldom loud in proclaiming their obligations. Persons who come into the possession of wealth, after having been stinted when young, err

generally on the side of profuseness rather than the reverse; and if Miss Mellon has been taught to be careful, the probability is that she is nevertheless a generous woman, or she would hardly have been so pleasant to those whom she has interested. She has no right indeed to all this wealth; no single person has; but that is not her fault; and she is not among those who have done nothing for the good or amusement of the world. That she has talents, her acting used to shew; that she is capable of filling up the hours, and exciting the high gratitude, of another man, old, it is true, but we believe not unacute, and certainly not wanting in the means of procuring diversion, is clear from her marriage with Mr Coutts; and that she can equally well fill up the hours, and obtain the gratitude and affection of a young man, not perhaps very brilliant himself, but the more desirous on that account of all the ideas he can get from others, we can most easily believe, and in default of knowing anything to the contrary, do so. Besides, though no longer handsome in one sense, and as large in person as genial temperaments are too apt to get in middle life, there is something still good-looking and agreeable in the face that belonged to Miss Mellon:—its archness is not all gone, nor its disposition to enjoyment; certainly none of its festivity; and if these evidences are true, the Duke of St Albans in a tête-à-tête over his champagne, may think of a hundred marriages he might have made, “unexceptionable,” as people say, “in every respect;” and congratulate himself that he is not ready to cut his throat with *ennui*, after one of them. The stories that we read of Diana de Poitiers, and other marvellous women whose fascination survived to a late period of life, had, we may be assured, little to do with their beauty. Beautiful they might have been; but the charm was in the power of entertainment. In one respect, there is at least a singular fitness in this union. The Dukedom of St Albans came by an actress (Nell Gwynn), and it is repaired by an actress. The stage has become grateful at a late day to his Majesty King Charles the Second, author of the race of St Albans; though what he meant by the hopeful motto which he gave to this new house (“*The Omen of a Better Age*”) the heralds must have been at a loss to conceive. The arms are his own royal arms, with a goat on one side, and a greyhound on the other, and the above prophetic rapture,—*Auspicium Melioris Ævi*. Was he philosophizing? or was he drunk? The contemplations of kings, with regard to future times, must be very curious on these occasions. Future times, it must be owned, are very obliging; and take the dukedoms and the indecorums in the best possible way, with a mixture of public respect and private objection very salutary. We are not for being severe on the matter; far from it; especially where there happens to have been anything like a long and real attachment; but we love consistency and plain dealing. If good is to be taught us by these things, let us learn it, and *better the age*. If not, how, in the name of example and Holy Mother Church, can kings go on making peerages out of their illegal vivacities, and

expect that provision is not to be made for the sallies of their beloved subjects?

The worst of these marriages unequal in point of age, is the time to come;—the time when the woman must be old, in the venerable sense of the term, while the man is still in the vigour of life. Then is the good sense of the lady put to the test indeed; and the circumstances have been very peculiar from the first that would entirely justify such an experiment on either side. We may suppose the present to have been one, for the sake of argument: but generally speaking, no matches would be more foolish for the comfort of either party, and society ought unquestionably to set its face against them without exception. We speak of inequalities of age solely, and not of rank. People might, under a better system, make any experiment in reason, and provided no person were injured; but to force the old and the young to remain together, because the former perhaps is a dotard, and the latter not yet come to years of discretion, is a folly which, if it did not exist already, and were proposed as an *innovation*, would cause those who think themselves very good legislators at present, to be looked upon as a parcel of madmen.

MAY-DAY AND SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

TOMORROW is May-day.

"May-day, is it?" quoth a reader: "ah, so it is." And then he thinks of something his grandmother used to tell him about dairy-maids, and dances, and poles hung with garlands; all which are displaced by the idea of the chimney-sweeper. "May-day! Then we shall see the chimney-sweepers!" This is all that a Londoner, or perhaps a countryman for fifty miles round London, thinks of the season now.

Two hundred years ago, a poet wrote a song to May, as blithe and beautiful as the season used to be. You see the colour in her cheek.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

This song (profanation apart) might be now altered for the season, as follows:—

Now Sal, the daughter of the scavenger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her

The tinsell'd sweeps, who with their brushes go
Rattling a jig, and hopping to and fro.

Hail, dingy Sal, that dost inspire
Anything but warm desire !

Sims and Jones are of thy dressing ;
All the Smiths may boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee, to our great disgrace,
And pity thee, and wish thee a wash'd face.

Poor soul ! It is not her fault ; and we resent, somehow, the saying anything in which the sex is made to appear at a disadvantage, even in her shape. Luckily, on these occasions, she is apt to be not herself, but some " great lubberly boy."

We never see chimney-sweepers, especially on May-day, but we long to consign them over to a good washerwoman, and then turn them loose in the fields to take a month's airing, before we promote them to be printer's devils. Will nobody take up the cause heartily, and put an end to them ?

In spite of these melancholy appearances of the modern May-day, we exhort such of our readers as have a relish for poetry and the country, and live conveniently for the purpose, to call to mind the sprightlier customs of the ancient one, and do their healths, heads, and hearts good, by getting up either tomorrow morning (or old May-day, if it be finer, next Monday week) and take a rush into the green lanes. We warrant the birds and trees in beautiful condition ; and do aver, that the thrushes are of the very same order, and the hawthorns of the same identical fashion, as they were in the time of Shakspeare. If *he* thought them so beautiful, why should not we ?

Shakspeare himself, as well as the Morning-Star, was May's harbinger. His birth-day fell on the *old* 23d of April, on which day Mr Elliston kept it " well, but not wisely ;" for as old May-day is now on the 12th of May, so Shakspeare's birth-day is on the 5th of that month. On this hint why do not a dozen celebrations of the day start up ? And how is it that the theatres do not light up in honour of the Prince of the Drama ? The word SHAKSPEARE would look beautiful over their doors ; and we would be bound, do good to their boxes. Do they owe more to the King than to him ? or do they pay his Majesty the ill compliment of thinking he would be jealous ?—Shakspeare is far above competition, as a dramatist ; so that there would be no danger of their being called upon to extend the practice.

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THE COMPANION.

NO. XVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1828.

“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

MAY-DAY AT HOLLY LODGE.

WALKING up Highgate Hill on the evening of the first of May, we found a string of carriages lining that beautiful road, and a throng of people collected at the lodge-door of her Grace the Duchess of St Albans. The hedges, instead of white thorn, blossomed with footmen in livery; little boys were in the elms and bushes, trying to get a sight over the way into her Grace's paradise; and a sound of music, and the sight of blue favours at button-holes, told us, that something extraordinary was doing there, on this genial anniversary.

Surely, thought we, the Duchess is not snatching a grace beyond the reach of her title, and setting a good holiday example to the people in high life? If so, and the COMPANION of last week came in her way, we should be doubly sorry that anything we have said should chance to offend her. What we say at any time in this paper, even when apparently designed to offend, is never really so, but has a view to the many; and we have it not in us intentionally to offend a woman, much less a generous one, and one whose face we recollect with pleasure. But a sympathy with us on the subject of May-day is a tender point; and if it turn out, that she has been keeping it, we shall hardly be content till we call her as young as she is rich. Remorse will touch our excessive consciences,

though we do not deserve it. These things may not absolutely make people young again; but they produce a pleasing confusion in our notions of their time of life; and at any rate they are the cause of a great deal of young merriment in others; and tend to keep the heart and the power of pleasing, young to the last.

It was even so: the music and the little boys were right: May-day was being kept in all its glory at Holly Lodge, with a proper May-pole, and garlands, and dances. No: not all its glory, for the "great folks," it seems, did not dance; they "felt ashamed," we suppose, as the children say:—every thing cannot be brought about at once. But then, did none but the poor or the peasantry dance? That would have been better than no dancing; but then it would not have been so pleasant to think of the mistress of the mansion looking upon it as a duchess. No: it was still better, we think, than this, though with a less natural look; for the dancers came from the *theatres*:—in other words, the association of ideas was not shirked: the Duchess was still Harriett Mellon; and this we used to think was the best thing she could be, till we found that Harriett Mellon could shew herself better for being a Duchess.

If these are the modes in which her Grace means to vindicate herself as an exception to the ordinary rules of matrimony, we say in God's name let her go on, and be the cause of all the mirth, and youth, and love of nature she can think of. This indeed will be making a fine exception out of a monied common-place. But next time we exhort her to make the "gentlefolks" dance. It will be a great lift to the fashionable world; and may help them to find out, that not only chalked floors and stifling rooms, but May-day, and the morning air, and a good honest piece of turf with health and vigour upon it, have their merits. The press and the steam-engine are bringing about great changes in the world; and the greater the sweetness in the blood of all parties, and the humaner their common knowledge, the more happily for all will those changes take place. It is not patronage that will do anything. The Duchess is wise in not affecting to patronize, and to distribute holiday beef and pudding. The poor do not want alms now-a-days. They are *too* poor, and *too well* informed. They

want employment and proper pay ; and after employment, a reasonable leisure. All this they will get by the inevitable progress of things, and by means of those very improvements which they contemplate at present with a mixture of pain and admiration. But meanwhile care forces them to think ; the press enables them to do so with greater tranquillity ; and the more they see the rich inclined to be just to them in a serious way, and partaking their pleasures in a lively one, the more the whole common interests of humanity will move forwards, to everyone's honour, and no one's disadvantage.

All the village dances in France, and all the holiday condescensions of the great to the poor, did not prevent the revolution ; because in the meantime all the real injustice was going on,—the frightful game laws, the odious exactions of labour without pay, privileged classes sunk in luxury, and cities without bread. But the abolition of those frightful game laws would have assisted to prevent the revolution ; the cessation of those odious exactions of unrequited labour would have assisted to prevent it ; privileged classes, not condescending in the particular, but diffusing the means of knowledge and comfort in general, and making common cause with the poorest in a taste for nature, would have converted it into a happy reformation ; and the world would never have had a proof of the stupidity to which the highest are made subject, in the famous speech of a princess, who when told that people wanted bread, asked why they did not eat cakes.

In short, we would have the rich and the poor exhibit as many tastes in common as possible, without being forced to shew one another either that the immediate possession of wealth is contemplated with impatience, or that good can only be done to poverty in the shape of alms-giving. The best way to further this mutual benefit is for both sides to learn as much, to teach as much, and to enjoy openly as much pleasure common to all, as they can discover ; and therefore again we say, long life to the merry meetings at Holly Lodge, and may the sound of the pipe and tabor be heard on May-day again throughout England, among duchesses as healthy as peasants, and peasant-girls as much alive to the poetry of May-day as duchesses.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

READERS of newspapers are constantly being shocked with the unnatural conduct of parents towards their children. Some are detected in locking them up, and half-starving them: others tax them beyond their strength, and scourge them dreadfully for not bearing it: others take horrible dislikes to their children, and vex and torture them in every way they can think of, short of subjecting themselves to the gallows. In most cases the tyranny is of long duration before it is exposed. A whole neighbourhood are saddened by the cries of the poor victim, till they are obliged to rise up in self-defence, and bring the offender to justice. By this we may judge how many miseries are taking place, of which people have no suspicion; how many wretches have crimes of this sort, to account for the evil in their looks; and how many others, more criminal because more lying, go about in decent repute, while some oppressed and feeble relative, awfully patient, is awaiting in solitude the horror of the returning knock at the door.

It is sometimes alleged by offenders of this description, that the children have real faults, and are really provoking; that their conduct is very "aggravating," as the phrase is; and that "nothing can mend them but blows,"—*which never do*. But whence come the faults of children? And how were they suffered to grow to such a height? Really,—setting aside these monsters of unpaternity,—parents are too apt to demand a great deal in their children, which they themselves do not possess. The child, on the mere will of the parents, and without any of their experience, is expected to have good sense, good temper, and heaven knows how many other good qualities; while the parents perhaps, notwithstanding all the lessons they have received from time and trouble, have little or nothing of any of them. Above all, they forget that, in originating the bodies of their children, they originate their minds and temperaments; that a child is but a continuation of his father and mother, or their fathers and mothers, and kindred; that it is further modified, and made what it is, by education and bringing up; and that on all these accounts the parents have no excuse for

abusing and tormenting it, unless with equal wisdom and a glorious impartiality they should abuse and torment *themselves* in like manner,—scourge their own flesh, and condemn themselves to a crust and a black hole. If a father were to give his own sore legs a good flogging for inheriting ill humours from his ancestors, he might with some shew of reason proceed to punish the continuation of them in those of his child. If a cruel mother got into a handsome tub of cold water, of a winter morning, and edified the neighbours with the just and retributive shrieks which she thence poured forth for a couple of hours, crying out to her deceased “mammy” that she would be a good elderly woman in future, and not a scold and a reprobate, then she might, like a proper madwoman (for she is but an improper one now) put her child into the tub after her, and make it shriek out “mammy” in its turn.

But let us do justice to all one’s fellow-creatures, not forgetting these very “aggravating” parents. To regard even them as something infernal, and forget that they as well as their children have become what they are from circumstances over which they had no controul, is to fall into their own error, and forget our common humanity. We believe that the very worst of these domestic tyrants (and it is an awful lesson for the best of them) would have been shocked in early life, if they could have been shewn, in a magic glass, what sort of beings they would become. Suppose one of them a young man, blooming with health, and not ill-natured, but subject to fits of sulkiness or passion, and not very wise; and suppose that in this glass he sees an old ill-looking fellow, scowling, violent, outrageous, tormenting with a bloody scourge his own child, who is meagre, squalid, and half starved:—“Good God!” he would cry, “can that be myself? Can that be my arm, and my face? And that my own poor little child? There *are* devils then, and I am doomed to be one of them.” And the tears would pour into his eyes.—No; not so, poor wretch: thou art no devil; there is no such thing as devilism, or pure malice for its own sake; the very cruellest actions are committed to relieve the cravings of their own want of excitement, more than to hurt another. But though no devil, you are very ignorant, and are not aware of this. The energies of the universe, being on a great

scale, are liable, in their progress from worse to better, to great roughness in the working, and appalling sounds of discord. The wiser you become, the more you diminish this jarring, and tend to produce that amelioration. Learn this, and be neither appalled nor appalling; or if your reflections do not travel so far, and you are in no danger of continuing your evil course by the subtle desperations of superstition, be content to know, that nobody ill-treats another, who is satisfied with his own conduct. If the case were otherwise, it would be worse; for you would not have the excuse, even of a necessity for relieving your own sensations. But it never *is* so, sophisticate about it as you may. The very pains you take to reconcile yourself *to* yourself, may show you how much need you have of doing so. It is nothing else which makes the silliest little child sulky; and the same folly makes the grown man a tyrant. When you begin to ill-treat your child, you begin to punish in him your own faults; and you most likely do nothing but beat them in upon him with every stroke of the seourge: for why should he be wiser than you? Why should he be able to throw off the ill-humours, of which your greater energies cannot get rid?

These thoughts we address to those who are worthy of them; and who, not being tyrants, may yet become such, for want of reflection. Vulgar offenders can be mended only with the whole progress of society, and the advancement of education. There is one thing we must not omit to say; which is, that the best parents are apt to expect too much of their children, and to forget how much error they may have committed in the course of bringing them up. Nobody is in fault, in a criminal sense. Children have their excuses; and parents have their excuses; but the wiser any of us become, the less we exact from others, and the more we do to deserve their regard. The great art of being a good parent consists in setting a good example, and in maintaining that union of dispassionate firmness with habitual good-humour, which a child never *thinks* of treating with disrespect.

We have here been speaking principally of the behaviour of parents to *little children*. When violent disputes take place between parents and children grown up,—young men and women,—there are generally great faults on both sides; though, for an

obvious reason, the parent, who has had the training and formation of the other, is likely to be most in the wrong. But unhappily, very excellent people may sometimes find themselves hampered in a calamity of this nature; and out of that sort of weakness, which is so confounded with strength, turn their very sense of being in the right to the same hostile and implacable purpose, as if it were the reverse. We can only say, that from all we have seen in the world, and indeed from the whole experience of mankind, they who are conscious of being right, are the first to make a movement towards reconciliation, let the cause of quarrel be what it may; and that there is no surer method, in the eyes of any who know what human nature is, both to sustain the real dignity of the right side, and to amend the wrong one. To kind-hearted fathers in general, who have the misfortune to get into a dilemma of this sort, we would recommend the pathetic story of a French general, who was observed after the death of his son in battle, never to hold up his head. He said to a friend, "My boy was used to think me severe; and he had too much reason to do so. He did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; *and it is now too late.*"

MARRIAGES ROYAL, AND OF DOUBTFUL PROPRIETY.

THE following remarks on the little prince George, with a memorandum respecting his father, are from the *Times*.—A Sunday paper has headed it—

A TALE OF MYSTERY.—"The arrival of a certain person in England created pain when it first took place: it was anxiety for his health, no doubt, that excited the feeling—the season was wet, and he was exposed to raw cold. His mother had other reasons for wishing him to stay abroad: in those, perhaps, the people of England do not partake; but the supposed cause of his visit would, if it were more than a mere supposition, create real pain and disgust. It is said, among other things, to be the negotiation of a marriage between two children. Nature revolts at the proposition; and let us—let the people of England—still adhere to nature. In barbarous and brutal times it was not uncommon to unite infants of high birth (if any birth be high, all being born alike) by what may be called pre-natural, if not preternatural, marriage; but the age of barbarism, we should suppose, is extinct, and the sacred ritual of our church is totally incompatible with any application to an union such as that which is rumoured or insinuated. Our last Princess chose

for herself. The union was not long, and it led to no results ; but it was not unhappy to the parties, we believe, whilst it lasted, and to the people it imparted unmingled satisfaction. In proportion to that satisfaction would now be the public loathing, if any expedient of an infantine union or betrothment were avowed. We trust, therefore, this matter will sink into oblivion for some eight or ten good years to come ; and then—ay, but who knows what may happen then ? We may here mention another circumstance of minor importance, but yet curious. A certain venerable and learned peer—whose prolonged, and we sincerely hope happy life, seems to justify the slowness with which he once decided causes—was seen *padding* down St James's street on Saturday last ; and who should be observed following him step for step—*pari passu*, as certain orators say—but Neale, the Neale who was a witness in the affair of Sellis, when the Duke of Cumberland was all but hewn in pieces : together they entered the palace where his Royal Highness now resides, and there they continued for some time. We only mention the facts : they are curious. We have not been able to learn what was the subject of the confabulation."

The consideration of the importance of a little child to a great people has always in it something humiliating ; and on no occasion perhaps have the subjects of a monarchy greater reason to cast a glance of doubt and shame at the people of a republic. One cannot help fancying the legislators of the United States turning to look at one another, and joining in a smile of dignified scorn, at the necessity we are under of regarding these matters. We feel as if they must look upon us as so many little boys.

Nature does indeed, as the *Times* says, revolt at the proposition of these infantine unions or betrothments. It may have turned out well enough occasionally to bring two children together, and let an affection grow up between them, uninfluenced or uninterested ; but these things are best done in the Arcadian vallies of St Pierre. The recklessness of will royal can never manage them properly : and if it could, in an instance like the present, other and very serious objections remain. The little parties alluded to are cousins. Now it is a fact well ascertained in these latter days, and notorious to everybody at all conversant with nature, that " breeding in and in," as we believe they term it, inevitably spoils any race of animals ; and unfortunately human beings cannot escape this designation, nor princes among them. The latter indeed, by the unlucky chances of their station, are too often rendered especially animal and corporeal ; and in exhibiting little mind, have all the disadvantages of their nature brought forward in pampered promi-

nence. It was probably from a sense of this law in physics, as well as our experience of the domestic dangers attending it, that incest, or the union of more immediate kindred of the same blood, was looked upon in so evil a light from the earliest periods of history. In countries even, where it was permitted, it seems (curiously enough) to have been only a licence assumed by royalty or the priesthood. It did no good in those cases (we allude particularly to the Magi in Persia, and the family of the Ptolemies in Egypt); and it never obtained among the people. If the Gipsies are accused of it, it should be recollected, first, that there is no proof; there is only a surmise; secondly, that that extraordinary people lead a life, of all others, calculated to keep them in health and vigour, and counteract the chances of deterioration; and thirdly, that they have considerable intercourse with strangers. The Greeks permitted marriages with half-sisters on one side; which is remarkable, considering that no people seem to have been more earnest in proclaiming the evils of a mixture of blood. The most terrible part of their drama is occupied in rendering them frightful; though by making the parties unconscious in one instance, and loading the offspring with miseries undeserved, they subjected themselves to the satire of the poet; who says, that they wrote these tragedies, in order

“ That other men might tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they’re born in.”

With brothers and sisters-in-law, the case is different. It would be ludicrous to talk of incest-in-law. In one respect, supposing the horror of real incest to be kept up, the marriage of persons in that mode of relationship might be considered as tending to diminish the chances of deterioration; because their offspring would be no longer mere cousins (whose marriage in this country is permitted) but brothers and sisters also, and thereby hindered from marrying. The connexion however, in the present state of society, is justly discountenanced; because it is likely to give rise to family troubles. Jacob himself could not live well with the two sisters he married. Not that we believe it impossible for two females to live in happy union with the same man. The novelists of China

inform us it can be done in that country:* and to say nothing of what is repeated of other countries in the East, there is the story of Count Gleichen and his double marriage, which is said to have been allowed by the Pope: stories, similar in spirit though not in letter, have been told of several princes; and the celebrated Whig Chancellor Cowper, whom Steele panegyricizes as one of the best of men, is said to have lived many years in a like connexion; for which Swift gave him the nick-name of Will Bigamy. It implies however extreme amiableness in all the parties; would be very dangerous, on some accounts, even to them,—unless they were as wise and temperate, as amiable; and is upon the whole to be discountenanced, like the family marriages before-mentioned. But doubts and hazards of all sorts will be perpetually taking place, if not on this point, yet on others connected with it, till something better is done to render the intercourse of the sexes the blessing it ought to be.† We have little respect for the existing laws on that

* See the curious work lately published entitled *Iu-Kiao-Li, or the Two Fair Cousins*; and a tale in another version from the Chinese, whose title we forget. An accommodation of this kind seems to be a favourite winding up of a Chinese story, and is certainly a very useful one to the author.

† They say they manage these things better in Germany. We believe (startling as it may sound to the opinion entertained of themselves on that matter by our beloved and somewhat sulky countrymen) that most nations manage them better than England; *or our sulkiness would be diminished*. There are great faults in the system of Italy; and greater, because more deception, in that of France. Altogether, it is a subject of the very deepest importance, and well worth inquiring into, especially now that people seem agreed that the interests of humanity may be discussed on all points, without a despicable ill-construction on any. The following is an extract from an interesting work just published, which may give us an insight into the opinions of our German friends. There seems a “preference” in them, provided the goodness is what it seems, and no health is injured, bodily or mental. But these things require a volume.—

“The Bavarian women are celebrated for their innate kindness and goodness of heart; and there is a saying with respect to them, which has grown in some parts of the country almost proverbial—‘*Sie werden nichts abschlagen*,’—‘they will refuse nothing.’ Whether such an observation may be borne out in fact in its widest application I presume not to say; but their friendly natures are sufficiently evident. A young opera-singer of Munich, who travelled with me, having worn himself out by excess of joking and laughter during the day, became sleepy in the evening, and, not occupying a corner of the coach, found his head rather inconvenient; a Bavarian lady, who sat next to him, protesting that she could never sleep in a coach, surrendered her place to him, and in a few minutes his head was recumbent on her shoulder, his arm round her waist, and he slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, I walked with my musical friend to view the ruins of a little Gothic church in the moonlight; and, on asking him if he was acquainted with the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, he replied, ‘I have never seen her before—but we do these things for one another in Bavaria.’”—*A Summer among Music and Musical Professors in Germany.*

subject. We think they prohibit a great deal too much, and allow more than they ought; prohibit, where every just and universal feeling says there ought to be no prohibition, as in the case of married parties, wholly unfit for one another, who, though in decency bound to separate, cannot in "reputation" do so, or legally seek for other companions; and shamefully allow,—as in the instance of old men and women, permitted to marry young ones. There is a grossness in the very restrictions, and an evidence of a mercenary and over-commercial state of society, in the indulgences ordained by English law on this subject, which are productive of daily and notorious miseries to an enormous extent, and call loudly for the interference of the legislative philosopher.

But to return to the question before us. The marriage of cousins is permitted in England. In the catholic countries it is reckoned a species of incest, and must have a dispensation from the Pope. Voltaire mentions an "advocate Vogler," who is for having cousins burnt, that venture to love one another. We are not for making any new laws on the subject. The fewer prohibitory laws on any subject, the better; provided every one is encouraged to speak openly, and knowledge and moral opinion go together. But we think, knowing what is now known respecting the injurious tendency of these connexions, that marriages between cousins ought to be discouraged rather than otherwise; and certainly between the children of married cousins. We have heard it said (we know not on what authority) that as breeding in and in, between other animals, infallibly makes the breed degenerate, and ultimately puts an end to it, so at a certain distance of time, and that not very remote, intermarriages between kindred produce insanity. Now it is remarkable, not only that the royal houses of Europe are full of weak intellects, especially those that entertain the most imperial notions in this matter, but that the dynasty which has bred the most "in and in," and made a practice of obtaining licences from the Pope, has exhibited the most awful examples of perverseness and madness. We mean that of Braganza, the worthy kindred of Don Miguel. They are always marrying their uncles and aunts. Cousins are a drug. The practice (for we have not enough books at hand to refer to) seems to have begun with King Alphonso

the Fifth, who married his niece. The mother of the late king married her uncle Don Pedro, and died in a state of religious melancholy, which afflicted her many years. Her majesty's sister, Mary Frances, married her nephew. Don John, the late king, was, we believe, a melancholy man; at all events weak, and of a desponding aspect. Maria de Gloria, who ruled the other day in consequence of the abdication of her father Pedro, now Emperor of Brazil, was affianced to her uncle Don Miguel; and Don Miguel, proposed husband of his niece, grandson of the son of a niece and an uncle, and great grandson of a woman afflicted with melancholy madness, we all know, and here see all his excuses.

This is an excessive dynasty. But the other royal houses of Europe (who are almost all cousins and aunts by this time) have had enough of intermarrying; and the more this evil can be hindered from coming closer among us, the better. It is true, if statesmen speculated upon having a series of foolish princes, it might be thought they could not do better than by encouraging the breed after this fashion; but to say nothing of the extinction of those sort of speculations, or the unsuitableness of them to the age we live in, a foolish prince has often a trick of being a perverse and stubborn one, and giving more trouble than his betters. A very little knowledge of history will warn us off that ground. There is Don Miguel himself, now this moment, flourishing his sword, and playing all the vagaries of the King in Tom Thumb, to shew us the danger of it. The Duke of Cumberland's wife is a princess of the House of Mecklenburgh Strelitz,—a cousin-house, as it is. The union of the little prince and princess would be another marriage of cousins; and their children would very likely be no healthier than the late Princess Charlotte, also a daughter of cousins, and a person (as it turned out, and as the importance of the object must excuse us for mentioning) unfit for child-bearing.

LETTER OF MADAME PASTA.

MADAME PASTA has sent the following letter to the newspapers, in which she presents her acknowledgments to Mademoiselle Sontag for consenting to sing on her benefit-night. Our favourite singer

(no offence to the fair German, whom we have not seen, but whom we now wish to see more than ever) has a Christian or rather Jewish name (Judith), which will be thought by many highly suitable to the more heroical part of her performances. We think she ought to have given herself one in addition, expressive of the softer and more humane. Catalani had an excellent name for one who ran away with hearts, and does not seem to have cared for them;—Angelica. By the way, what a perfection of a name had Corelli, for the player of a celestial bow;—Arcangelo Corelli! It makes him look like a seraph in a picture,

“Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.”

But to the letter. The Italics in it are not marked by ourselves; but we leave them, for a reason which will appear presently.

“SIR—It was originally my intention to give, on the evening of my benefit, a new Opera of Caraffa, entitled *La Gabriella di Vergy*; but having encountered difficulties which occasioned delay, want of time renders the representation of that Opera impossible for the present. I found I should have had obstacles equally insurmountable to contend against in attempting to get up any other new Opera; and I felt besides *unwilling that the public should be deprived of* the benefit of Mademoiselle Sontag's talents, by any new production, brought out on my account alone. Having then to choose in the actual *repertoire* of the King's Theatre, it appeared to me possible to prepare a representation which might not be unworthy of public approbation. To effect this, however, it was necessary to have recourse to Mademoiselle Sontag, in whom I have met the most complaisant readiness to accede to my wishes. That lady has been induced to *overcome scruples* which her *extreme modesty* alone could have suggested, and has kindly consented to undertake, on the occasion of my benefit only, the part of *Desdemona*, a character in which she is not, by the terms of her engagement, bound to appear at this theatre. The *obliging acquiescence* of Mademoiselle Sontag has enabled me to fix on *Otello* for the night of my benefit (which will take place on the 15th of May), and has also determined me to personate the Moor. The proceeding of Mademoiselle Sontag in my behalf, has been of so *accommodating* a kind, that I feel great pleasure in publicly expressing to her my acknowledgments. I beg, therefore, that you will, by an early insertion of this letter in your journal, enable me to offer her this public tribute of my thanks.

“I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

“3 Old Burlington street.

“GIUDITTA PASTA.”

A friend of ours mentioned this letter to us, hoping that we would notice it, “as it did Madame Pasta so much honour.” On the other hand, a writer in a Sunday paper chucks it in the fair singer's teeth, calling it an advertisement, a puff, and a “miserable attempt at feigned candour.” The Italics are of his marking; so

that if any of our readers have been admiring those passages, they may see how innocent they are, and how extremely wrong when they are amiable.

"Is not everybody aware," says the critic, "that female singers are like cats, full of spite to each other, and that they would willingly scratch each other's eyes out? Will anybody persuade us that there is a Signora among them who would not gladly give a fatal squeeze to the throat of any sister warbler of them all, as the notes come gurgling out, and the audience listen entranced? Who supposes for a moment that Pasta, the Queen of the Opera, who has now reigned in our hearts so long, can bear a rival near the throne? And if, after all, Pasta's letter of compliments should be said to be nothing more than a puff, it is still more unworthy of her. She has found sufficient favour from the public, and might reckon upon the continuance of a fair proportion of it, without resorting to so vulgar a method of extending notoriety. Puffing is, however, the vice and folly of the age—the established order of the day, and perhaps we are wrong in expecting an opera-singer to be above it: but then, such an opera-singer as Pasta—the Siddons of the Italian stage—she who is associated in our minds with images of such lofty passion and dignified grandeur—why should she be telling a long story about Sontag's engagements, Sontag's unconquerable modesty, and incredible good-nature? why this miserable attempt at feigned candour? why mix up her high reputation with the new wonder of the day, and thus attempt to catch a share of a rival's popularity? why this advertising (for it is nothing else) under false colours? It is our regard for Pasta, as our constant praise has always proved, which thus speaks out, and which makes us hate anything that would diminish it."

Now we do not conceive that the writer's regard for Madame Pasta need be diminished by this letter of her's; especially as, notwithstanding his high opinion of her, he thinks her capable of scratching people's eyes out, and squeezing the throat of any sister warbler. The advertisement is not to be denied. Madame Pasta, we suppose, would not wish to deny it; and if there looks something ordinary and sophisticate in bringing it in after this fashion, the circumstances with which she is surrounded might be taken into consideration; the influence of advisers; the custom, which she might be taunted for not following; and fifty other things, by which the natural simplicity of her heart would render her liable to be acted upon. But perhaps a doubt of its propriety never entered her head. She might think the public interested (as they are) in her benefit-night, and willing to hear anything she had to say about it. Her simplicity might mislead her in that way, as well as the other; and if something of an anxiety about the new singer crept in, a good as well as ill construction might surely be put upon the

mode in which she evinced it. The *Mal y pense* is a short cut to the reputation of cleverness, which the writer in question need not give into. It is easy to suppose, that because there is a great deal of jealousy and envy among singers, every singer is jealous, and the best of them so many furies. But there are good as well as bad sides even to our infirmities; and if we are to suppose that Madame Pasta felt jealous and uneasy about the new singer, there might be discerned, in the way in which she speaks of her, a haste to rid herself of so unworthy a feeling, granting even it was nothing higher and more generous; that is to say, provided anything can be higher, than such a determination following upon such a consciousness. But Madame Pasta, especially with her acknowledged superiority to help her, might have felt no such jealousy. It is said of Farinelli, that "free from every spice of jealousy," he furnished the singers Garducci, Carlanì, and others, with an opportunity of shewing their talents in the presence of the King of Spain, "by whom they were richly rewarded." The jealousy even of an inferior singer can be extinguished in delight; if not for ever, at least during the enthusiasm of the moment; and we feel certain, that there is a love of truth, and a delight in the delightfulness of others, which can put jealousy as much out of the question, as it is when we look at gems or the sunshine. Did the writer never hear the famous anecdote of Senesino (we believe it was), who in the part of a tyrant, before whom Farinelli was pleading, and whose business it was to turn a deaf ear to the petition, was so transported out of his character, that in the face of the whole house he clasped the singer in his arms? Has our critic heard of one Robin Hood, who would admit nobody into his crew, unless he had proved himself a better man than the leader? This may be thought out of all question with singers, and a fable in itself; but it shows at any rate what people think of the capabilities of our nature; and for our parts, we can believe, that a singer like Madame Pasta, whose merits arise from an exquisite sense of the true and beautiful, which they could not do if she had not faith in both, can feel truly generous towards a sister warbler, and applaud her with all her heart, as a friend tells us she seemed to be doing the other night at the theatre. Besides, as human

nature is capable of being handsome on these occasions, it ought to be encouraged to be so by all the good opinions we can entertain of it: for as our worst actions sometimes arise from no better cause than people's believing us capable of them, so there is no greater help to our becoming what we ought, than their giving us credit for the reverse, and thus securing our generosity *by their own*.

LOVE AT THE PLOUGH;
OR, JUPITER REMINDED OF EUROPA.

Imitated from Moschus.

Love laid aside his torch, his quiver, and his bow,
And like a roguish herdsman, a ploughing he would go.
He took a pair of bulls, so patient and so strong,
And as he went, he look'd to heav'n, and sung this merry song :—
Now mind me, Jove, a harvest,—a good harvest ;—or *by* Jove,
I'll make the bull come plough for me, that plough'd the seas for love.

A KISS IN REASON.

From the French of Madame Deshoulières.

IRIS amidst the fern,
Beside a tender lover,
Said, looking very stern,
And colouring all over,
“ Where's that respect, Sir, pray? that niceness, Sir,
Which marks a lover's proper character?”
“ Why,” replied he, “ 'twixt you and me,
Moments there are, my dove,
When lovers think, that it might be
As well to be in love.”

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THE COMPANION.

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“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

PROGRESS OF LIBERAL OPINION, AND WHAT BECOMES THE HIGHEST AMBITION ACCORDINGLY.

THE good that has been done for us by the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts consists in this ; that instead of taking a sacramental oath not to injure the reigning Church, and committing the swearer's conscience on a variety of opinions, such as the doctrine of the Trinity, of eternal punishment, and the damnable nature of everybody's opinion but our own (for this is what is meant by “ damnable heresies”), the person who enters upon office makes a simple declaration to that effect “ in the presence of God” and “ on the true faith of a Christian.” In other words, the chances of insincerity are diminished, even among the insincere; and office is thrown open to a greater number of the lovers of truth. The former are rendered not so guilty; the latter find their virtue no longer an obstacle. Worldliness is discountenanced even in a worldly matter.

It would undoubtedly have been better, had no sort of test or declaration been retained. The chances of insincerity would then have been *all* done away; and honest men, who may not think themselves justified in subscribing to any construction of the Chris-

tian "faith," might have been able to unite with honest men who do, to the advancement of the glorious progress of society in Christian practice. But a great gain has been acquired. The advancement is going on. If Government is not in earnest, society is; and so much power has been given to its opinion by the press and other circumstances, that Government feels itself under the necessity of not saying it nay. We are not sure, however, that Government is not more sincere than many suppose it. Jealousy of authority is natural and useful; but the tricks of state, and the ill opinion they are apt to generate of mankind, do not hinder statesmen, after all, from partaking of the virtues of humanity. Ambition itself is but the love of esteem in its most violent shape, and therefore partakes of the tendencies of a social virtue; and if once this passion can be drawn round by the voice of the great charmer, intellect, to the common cause of the world, and men can discover that to increase happiness like presiding deities, raises them to a higher degree of the glorified than to commit gorgeous ills like a hero, the hero himself may acquire wings angelical, and rise to that more exalted height. What the world demand, if they demand it with sincerity, the lovers of their applause must become; for whatever may have been said of the folly of mankind by those who nevertheless evince the greatest desire for their approbation, has been said, rather in impatience at not having better multitudes to admire, than in contempt of the sympathy of those who do. The wiser the multitude, the nobler the ambition: and therefore it is, that knowledge and a *corrected* ambition are likely to go hand in hand; and that in despairing of nothing (which should ever be the motto of activity) we despair not even of the philanthropy of the proud. The downfall of Napoleon, who was the representative of the classical glories of antiquity, but who failed to secure victory and esteem, because he was retrospective to those glories only, and not prospective to those of the hopes and efforts of mankind, or in other words, and to use the phrase attributed to himself, because he "sinned against the liberality of the age,"* will perhaps have

* He lied in Spain; he lied in Poland; and deceived himself, and betrayed the natural truth of his own greatness, in thinking that men were deceived any longer, or willing to adore him in spite of his lying. Truth is the greatest and only final greatness.

been no mean help to a due extension of this light; but the two giants, Mechanical and Intellectual Power, will be the securers of it. The great wheels have been discovered, material and moral, by which the globe is moved, beyond all other principles of motion; and they who endeavour to guide it, and do not catch the handles of them properly, will be thrown off, like Phaetons out of the sun. In such attempts it may be "glorious e'en to fail," especially in the eyes of the readers of old school-books; but it is more glorious to ride in tranquil victory through the sky, dispensing daylight and abundance, and enjoying the praise and gratitude of the readers of the new. Ovid shall vindicate the one; and he shall do it finely. Bacon, and the sage of Weimar, shall hail the other; and the world shall bless them.

There are many signs of the times, that rejoice us when we contemplate the result of these debates on the Corporation and Test Acts.

The first is, that the House of Commons agree, very generally, in lamenting the amendments of the bill in the House of Lords, and wish it had been still more liberal. By this we may judge of the great mass of liberal opinion in that House, on matters connected with religion; and how it has been secretly increasing of late years.

In the next place, the House of Lords did nevertheless agree to the bill, as so amended; and by this we may guess at the increase of liberal opinion in *that* House; which cannot be expected to make such progress in philosophy as the other. Its titles alone naturally hamper it with sophistications, and make it jealous of the growth of benefits in which privileges are lessened, and nothing is taken for granted. The bill does it great honour.

Thirdly, "the true faith of a Christian," though it is a phrase apparently diminishing the bounds of the declaration, does not in reality do so; and yet by the introduction of the word "true," shows at the same time what an extensiveness of interpretation may be given to the words "faith of a Christian," in the opinion of the Noble Lords. They doubt whether the faith of a Christian may not reasonably be considered as something very wide of the mark of a great many specific Christian faiths, and therefore they

add the very sensitive and useless word "true;" as if anybody who believes his faith to be the Christian faith, does not believe it to be the true faith; or would haggle at declaring either, if he could declare one. *True*, as our friend of the Oriental Mission says, is only what a man *trows*, or *trusteth*, in consequence of *knowledge*; that is to say, what he believes to be true, and the right way of regarding anything: so that when a man says, that his faith is the true Christian faith, he only says he trusts that it is so;—that it is so, according to his *trowing*, or capacity of belief and *knowledge*. Now, the very nicety of this phrase will do the very thing which the Noble Lords appear not to have in their contemplation. It suggests an extreme latitude of interpretation. It is not only the ordinary dissenter who will be ready to declare it. The "free-thinking Christian," one of a numerous and growing body, will be most happy to do so; and the "Christianist" (to use another term lately come up) who goes farther than he, and looks upon the great Author of Christianity in the same light, though with greater reverence, as a Platonist regarded Plato, will think it most especially becoming *his* notion of the faith; for, argues he, the only faith which it is possible for a Christian to *trow*, is the practical part, which is therefore the true faith; and this he thinks is the only part of it which his divine master cared for, because all the remainder, at the very best, is but a means; and in arguing this point, he will quote his text if required, which is the famous one of St James, the most Christian of the apostles; who says, that "*true* religion and undefiled before God, is to visit the sick and the fatherless and to keep ourself unspotted from the world." That is to say, exclaims the Christianist, "the true faith of a Christian" consists in doing good and not being worldly-minded; and so saying, he takes the oath with delight.

Lastly, we are glad to see the Bishops have been so liberal. Of such men (if we must have official persons between ourselves and heaven) we trust the hierarchy will be always composed. We now see the value of having a bench of Bishops more well-bred than puritanical; more accommodating than zealous; more benevolent and good-natured, than mortified and exacting. We hail them, as having exhibited in this instance more of the "true faith of a

Christian" than any of their opponents, certainly than any of the violent among them; and it will be to their immortal honour, and not to their shame, if any future improvement receive the sanction of their voices in the same wise and truly Christian spirit. We were strolling the other day with a friend from village to village on the borders of Middlesex, admiring those beautiful old churches, seated upon tranquil meadows, and having church-yards by them, in which it seemed but a step out of the cottage windows into another bed near one's home and one's family; and we thought how well, under *any* change of opinion, provided the true faith of Christian benevolence were kept up, those preachers of peace in the House of Lords would look in the pulpits of those other houses, inculcating the great *ends* of religion amidst the kind and happy faces of the village family. Some of the greatest innovators (so thought) are the least, if all were known. They would get rid of evil or ignorance; but not a single good would they lose, if possible; no, nor a form of it, if the foolish evil could be cast out. Give us a village with its old trees and its old church; let the clergyman come down the avenue, if he will, drest in his old habiliments, for the children to pluck as he goes, and get a smile of him; let us hear the glorious church organ, opening the portals of space and time, and mingling with the winds of another world; and only let there be no such things as all leisure with some, and all poverty with others, and not a hair of the sacred head of antiquity should be touched. We would but give it the benefit of our experience, and of what it first helped us to learn; would but deliver it from what itself lamented in the old system of things; and enable it to recognize the real spirit of its own belief and its own liberated knowledge, walking forth beautifully in the new.

POETRY OF BRITISH LADIES.

WE have long owed a notice to the *Specimens of British Poetesses*, edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, and published by Mr Rodd of

Newport street : but the truth is, they pleased us so much, we wish the Editor had pleased us more; we mean, had taken more pains to render the volume complete, and what it ought to be. He seems an impartial man, duly alive to the amenities of his office; but the company of so many ladies appears to have been too much for him. He is so charmed to hear them speak, that he says little or nothing himself; and is so willing to think the best of what they say, that he does not always put down the best things they have said, but the poorest. The selections, for instance, from Anne Killigrew, might have been a great deal better. Mr Dyce says of Mrs Sheridan (mother of the dramatist) that "her Sidney Biddulph was once a popular novel, and her romance Nourjahad still finds readers." So does Sidney Biddulph.* Speaking of Mrs Brooke, he says, that with the exception of her "sweet and simple afterpiece Rosina" (which, by the way, is well said) "her various other works, novels included, are forgotten." This is a mistake. Her *Lady Julia Mandeville*, for example, is well known, and collected among the popular novels. Mrs Inchbald has put it in her collection. Of Mrs Greville, who wrote the *Prayer for Indifference*, some account might surely be found. We have met with one somewhere. Mr Dyce has been idle; which is a thing the ladies will not tolerate, even in a good listener. However, there is a pleasing spirit in what little he has done; and we think that all ladies who can afford it, and all their admirers who would see honour done them, are bound to hasten and buy up the first edition of this work, in order that their friend may give us a better. We should think that no intelligent woman, who prides herself on having a graceful set of books, and can afford to add this to the number, ought in honour to be without it. It is the only selection of the kind that has appeared for many years; is of course completer than any former one; and contains some beautiful flowers, brought from various quarters, field, park-ground, and cottage. We proceed to behave like proper critical rakes, and rifle the sweetest of the sweet.

* It was after reading this novel that Johnson said to the authoress, "he did not know whether she had a right to make her readers suffer so much."

Some verses attributed to poor Anne Boleyn are very touching, especially the second and last verses, and the burden; but our attention is drawn by the stately bluntness of Queen Elizabeth, who writes in the same high style that she acted, and seems ready to knock us on the head if we do not admire;—which luckily we do. The conclusion of her verses on Mary Queen of Scots (whom Mr Dyce has well designated as “that lovely, unfortunate, but surely not guiltless woman”) are very characteristic.

“ No foreign banish’d wight
 Shall anchor in this port;
 Our realm it brooks no stranger’s force;
 Let them elsewhere resort.
 Our rusty sword with rest
 Shall first his edge employ,
And poll their tops that seek
 Such change, and gape for joy.”

A politician thoughtlessly gaping for joy, and having his head shaved off like a turnip by the sword of the Maiden Queen, presents an example considerably to be eschewed. Hear however the same woman in love.

“ I grieve, and dare not shew my discontent;
 I love, and yet am forc’d to seem to hate;
 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;
 I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do prate:
 I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burn’d,
 Since from myself my other self I turn’d.

“ My care is like my shadow in the sun,
 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;
 Stands and lies by me, does what I have done;
 This too familiar care does make me rue it:
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be supprest.

“ Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
 For I am soft and made of melting snow;
 Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind,
 Let me or float or sink, be high or low:
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,
 Or die, and so forget what love e’er meant.”

Signed, “*Finis, Eliza. Regina*, upon Moun . . .’s departure,” Ashmol. Mus. MSS. 6969. (781) p. 142.

Moun is probably Blount Lord “Mountjoy,” of whose

family is the present Earl of Blessington. Elizabeth pinched his cheek when he first came to court, and made him blush.

Lady Elizabeth Carew, who "is understood to be the authoress of *The Tragedy of Mariam the fair Queen of Jewry, written by that learned, virtuous, and truly noble lady E. C. 1613,*" was truly noble indeed, if she wrote the following stanzas in one of the chorusses of that work :

" We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor ;
Great hearts are task'd beyond their pow'r but seld ;
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow ;
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

" A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn ;
To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong ;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind."

Lady Mary Wroth, a Sidney, niece of Sir Philip, has the following beautiful passage, in a song with a pretty burden to it.

" Love in chaos did appear ;
When nothing was, yet he seem'd clear ;
Nor when light could be descried,
To his crown a light was tied.
Who can blame me ?

" Love is truth, &c.

" Could I my past time begin
I would not commit such sin,
To live an hour, and not to love,
Since Love makes us perfect prove.
Who can blame me ?"

If the reader wishes to know what sort of a thing the shadow of an angel is, he cannot learn it better than from the verses of an anonymous Authoress to her Husband, published in the year 1652. She bids him not to wear mourning for her, not even a black ring ;

" But this bright diamond, let it be
Worn in remembrance of me,
And when it sparkles in your eye,
Think 'tis my shadow passeth by :
For why ? More bright you shall me see,
Than that, or any gem can be."

Some of the verses of Katharine Philips, who was praised by the

poets of her time under the title of "the matchless Orinda," and who called her husband, a plain country gentleman, Antenor, have an easy though antithetical style, like the lighter ones of Cowley, or the verses of Sheffield and the Frenchmen. One might suppose the following to have been written in order to assist the addresses of some young courtier.

TO LADY ELIZABETH BOYLE, SINGING A SONG OF WHICH ORINDA
WAS THE AUTHOR.

"Subduing fair! what will you win,
To use a needless dart?
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart?"

"I came expos'd to all your charms,
'Gainst which, the first half hour,
I had no will to take up arms,
And in the next, no power.

"How can you choose but win the day?
Who can resist the siege?
Who in one action know the way
To vanquish and oblige?"

And so on, for four more stanzas. "To vanquish and *obleege*" has a very dandy tone.*

The following are in the same epigrammatical taste, and pleasing. They are part of a poem "On a Country Life."

"Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

"Opinion is the rate of things;
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

"Silence and innocence are safe:—
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh,
That do the world subdue."

* Chesterfield, in this word, is for using the English pronunciation of the letter *i*; which we believe is now the general custom. The late Mr Kemble in the course of an affable conversation with which his present Majesty indulged him, when Prince of Wales, is said to have begged as a favour that his illustrious interlocutor would be pleased to extend his royal jaws, and say *oblige*, instead of *obleege*. Nevertheless all authority is in favour of the latter pronunciation,—French, Italian, and Latin. But it is a pity to lose the noble sound of our *i*, the finest in the language, and peculiar to the Teutonic.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, with all the fantastic state she took upon her, and the other absurdities arising from her want of judgment, was a woman of genius, and had a great deal of good sense, where others were concerned. The following apostrophe on “the Theme of Love” has something in it extremely pleasant, between gaiety and gravity.

“O Love, how thou art tired out with rhyme !
Thou art a tree whereon all poets climb ;
And from thy branches every one takes some
Of thy sweet fruit, which Fancy feeds upon.”

Her Grace wrote an Allegro and Pensieroso, as well as Milton ; and very good lines they contain, and to the purpose. Her Euphrosyne does not mince the matter. She talks like a Nell Gwynn, and looks like her too, though all within bounds.

“Mirth laughing came ; and running to me, flung
Her fat white arms about my neck ; there hung,
Embrac’d and kiss’d me oft, and stroked my cheek,
Saying, she would no other lover seek.
I’ll sing you songs, and please you ev’ry day,
Invent new sports to pass the time away :
I’ll keep your heart, and guard it from *that thief*
Dull Melancholy, Care, or sadder Grief,
And make your eyes with Mirth to overflow :—
With springing blood your cheeks soon fat shall grow ;
Your legs shall nimble be, your body light,
And all your spirits like to birds in flight.
Mirth shall digest your meat, and make you strong, &c.
But Melancholy ! *She* will make you lean,
Your jaws shall hollow grow, your jaws be seen.—
She’ll make you start at ev’ry voice you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.—
Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound,
She hates the light, and is in darkness found ;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.”

On the other hand, Melancholy says of Mirth that she is only happy “just at her birth ;” and that she

“Like weeds doth grow,
Or such plants as cause madness, reason’s foe.
Her face with laughter crumples on a heap,
Which makes great wrinkles, and ploughs furrows deep :
Her eyes do water, and her chin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, teeth-bare, like one that’s dead :
She fulsome is, and gluts the senses all,
Offers herself, and comes before a call :”

And then, in a finer strain—

“ Her house is built upon the golden sands,
 Yet no foundation has, whereon it stands;
 A palace 'tis, and of a great resort,
 It makes a noise, and gives a loud report,
 Yet underneath the roof disasters lie,
 Beat down the house, and many kill'd thereby :
 I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun,
 Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
 In summers hot down in a shade I lie,
 My music is the buzzing of a fly ;
 I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass,
 In fields, where corn is high, I often pass ;
 Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
 Some brushy woods, and some all champains be ;
 Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
 To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low ;
 In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
 Then I do live in a small house alone ;
 Altho' 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
 Like to a soul that's pure and clean from sin ;
 And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
 Not fill'd with cares how riches to increase :
 I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures,
 No riches are, but what the mind intreasures.”

Dryden's young favourite, Anne Killebrew, who comes next in the list, has no verses so unequal as these, and perhaps none so strong as some of them; but she is very clever, and promised to do real honour to her master. We regret that we have not by us the volume of her poems, which Mr Dyce mentions, and which contains better things than he has extracted. She was accused of being helped in her writing; probably in consequence of her intimacy with the poet; or perhaps from being one of a family of wits; though the latter consideration ought to have vindicated her. She repels the charge with spirit and sweetness. The lines “ Advanc'd her height,” and “ Every laurel to her laurel bow'd,” will remind the reader of Dryden. The concluding couplet is excellent.

Anne, Marchioness of Wharton, who follows, has an agreeable song, worthy of repetition; but these lady writers will beguile us out of bounds. She was daughter of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, ancestor of the present Dillon family. Should Mr Dyce come to a second edition, we recommend him to notice connexions of this kind with the living. It will give his book additional interest, and of a popular kind. Lady Wharton was a cousin of Lord Rochester,

and has written an elegy on his death, in which she represents him as an angel. We have the pleasure of possessing a copy of Waller's Poems, in the blank leaf of which is written "Anne Wharton, given her by the Authore." Her husband was at that time not possessed of his title.

A "Mrs Taylor," who appears to have been an acquaintance of Aphra Behn, has a song with the following beautiful termination. It is upon a rake whose person she admired, and whom, on account of his indiscriminate want of feeling, she is handsomely resolved not to love.

" My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain may seek for rest,
Finding no hope to fix my love,
Returns into my breast."

Next comes Aphra herself; and, we must say, affects and makes us admire her, beyond what we looked for. Her verses are natural and cordial, written in a masculine style and yet womanly withal. If she had given us nothing but such poetry as this, she would have been as much admired, and known among us all, to this day, as she consented to be among the rakes of her time. Her comedies indeed are alarming, and justly incurred the censure of Pope: though it is probable, that a thoughtless good-humour made her pen run over, more than real licentiousness; and that although free enough in her life, she was not so "extravagant and erring" as persons with less mind. We have to thank Mr Dyce for the good taste with which he has made his selections from her.

SONG IN ABDELAZER, OR THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

" Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic pow'r he shew'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires,
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

" From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free."

“ O Love! that stronger art than wine,
 Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,
 Wont to be priz'd above all wealth,
 Disease that has more joys than health;
 Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain,
 And of thy tyranny complain,
 We all are better'd by thy reign.

“ When full brute Appetite is fed,
 And chok'd the glutton lies, and dead;
 Thou new spirits dost dispense,
 And fin'st the gross delights of sense.
 Virtue's unconquerable aid,
 That against nature can persuade;
 And makes a roving mind retire
 Within the bounds of just desire;
 Cheerer of age, youth's kind unrest,
And half the heaven of the blest.”

“ In vain does Hymen with religious vows
 Oblige his slaves to wear his chains with ease,
 A privilege alone that Love allows;
 'Tis Love alone can make our fetters please.
 The angry tyrant lays his yoke on all,
 Yet in his fiercest rage is charming still:
 Officious Hymen comes whene'er we call,
 But haughty Love comes only when he will.”

Aphra Behn is said to have been in love with Creech. It should be borne in mind by those who give an estimate of her character, that she passed her childhood among the planters of Surinam; no very good school for restraining or refining a lively temperament. Her relations are said to have been careful of her; but they died there, and she returned to England her own mistress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANATOMICAL SUBJECTS.

WE understand that the difficulty of procuring subjects for dissection is likely to be done away, in consequence of the number of poor persons who are found to die in hospitals, and whose bodies are unreclaimed. It appeared from a letter in the *Morning Herald*, dated April 26, that this is the way in which the French surgeons obtain a superabundance; and a person was said to have arrived in Paris, whose object was to arrange a supply for us: but we have

discovered, it seems, that we can furnish ourselves.* As a preliminary step to any law on the subject, it would now be but decent to abolish the practice of giving up the murderer's body to the anatomist; otherwise the last wants of poverty and disgraces of crime will be most odiously confounded. It is said in the letter from Paris, on the authority of M. Dupin, that one-third of the population of that city dies in hospitals; to wit, 900,000 people! This appears astonishing; but there is no knowing in how reckless a manner half the inhabitants of that sprightly metropolis may live, nor how little they care where they die. It was stated the other day, that the suicides that take place there greatly exceed in number those of our own capital; and this was thought more extraordinary. People recollected the old jokes about our gloomy month of November, and wondered that the merry French should find more reasons for killing themselves. But generally speaking, suicides in England and France are most likely committed out of very different feelings; the former, from a gloomy temper, or an apoplectic fulness of blood; the latter, out of impulse. The Englishman kills himself, because he broods over his misfortune till it becomes intolerable; the Frenchman, because the same organization which leads him to be lively and thoughtless in prosperity, makes him impatient at the first incursions of adversity, and he kills himself out of the same levity with which he lived. We suspect, even in this country, that suicides are much oftener committed out of a first impulse, than people suppose; and that many a man has been tempted to it, who having a little more patience or strength of reflection than the others, has afterwards found, that his propensity was owing to no greater cause than indigestion, or some other want of health or the doctor. A Frenchman loses his money or his mistress; and it is the toss up of a die whether he laughs or kills himself. If the circumstances that surround him at the moment are favourable, he philosophizes and quotes a ballad: if otherwise, or some dandy cultivator of the grim and scornful has put into his hand a translation

* It is said, that a small steam-vessel was to be fitted out, solely to convey dead bodies from France. It would have been a very ghastly ship, roaring and fuming up the channel, with that mortal freightage.

of one of Lord Byron's demi-profundities, he had as lief kill himself as not; and goes out of the world, apostrophizing the *ciel*, or his *cœur*, or the miserable hopes of *L'Homme*. Joking apart, it is from half-thinking that most suicides are committed, whether in France or England; but we do it from a gloomy habit of half-thinking, the French from a more enthusiastic one. With us, it looks like an affair of the mind; with them, it is accompanied with a more obvious physical sensibility;—with all, the chief secret is a disturbed state of body, whether the first cause is bodily or not; and he that sets about mending his health, will stand little chance of troubling the coroner. After all, political changes must have to do with this matter in France.

To return to the subject of dissection. An end is now likely to be put to all questions on the subject; the benevolent will no longer have to struggle with their imaginations, or kindred be alarmed for one another's shoulder-blades. But meanwhile, if the accounts from Dublin are true, a physician there, Dr Macartney the anatomist, well known for his zeal in behalf of the co-operative system, has done himself immortal honour by bequeathing his body for dissection; and fifty other medical men have followed his example. The *Sheffield Iris* mentions another instance; and we are informed, that some time ago the same thing was done by the venerable Jeremy Bentham.

“ ONLY ONCE.”

WE know not whether the following joke is old. It was new to us, who boast of being great readers of anecdotes and jest-books. If it be objected, that it turns upon an infirmity, we answer that none could be more averse than ourselves to repeating stories of that kind, unless of infirmities obtruded or turned into vanities, like those ridiculed in the imitations of Mr Mathews; for which in our critical days we unwisely found fault with him. But although the case before us is not a similar one, all ungraciousness is taken out of the jest, by the fact of its having been told us by a wag of the first water, himself a stammerer.

A good-natured elderly gentleman, sick but smiling, was recom-

mended, for an impediment in his speech, to take the benefit of sea-bathing. He accordingly went down to Margate, and being no swimmer, but philosophical withal, committed himself into the hands of two or three strong fellows to be dipped. While preparing himself in the machine, he explained, with the usual difficulty of utterance, how it was that he came to be a bather; and then spoke of the confidence he had in the care and skill of the persons present, who took great pains to preserve their gravity before a gentleman so good-humoured; and as soon as he was ready, took him in hand. He had repeated some of his latter observations several times, and appeared anxious to repeat another, when they assured him that there was no necessity; that they understood the case very well; and doubted not that he would be satisfied.

The gentleman had four dips in all. After the first he came up, panting, and crying Oh, but smiling; and the men, construing a gesticulation he made into "farther orders," dipped him again. At the second, he came up, blind and panting, but still gesticulating; and was dipped again. Great earnestness and haste at the third, and was again dipped. At the fourth, he spoke, and was dipped no more; but how he exclaimed every time, and what he spoke at last, will be best seen, as follows:—

First dip;—up comes the gentleman, drenched and panting, but smiling, and crying out—"O-O."

Second dip;—drench as before—"O-O-O."

Third dip;—great vehemence and gesticulation—"O-O-O-O."

"Certainly, Sir."—Fourth dip;—"O-O-O—ONLY ONCE."

He was to have been dipped "only once;" but could not get it out.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents next week.

A writer in a Sunday paper has done us the honour to say, that our remarks on the Duchess of St Albans have modified some of his opinions on that lady; and he has added a sentence, in a style more than handsome. Next to the pleasure one cannot help feeling on such an occasion, our first impulse is to feel nothing but deference towards a spirit of so much candour; and our final one, to hope that we may continue to think alike.

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THE COMPANION.

No. XX. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

PASTA AND SONTAG.

WE were seduced the other evening to go and see, not the two rival, but the two harmonious queens, at the Opera House. The house was full to excess. The gallery hung in the air like a cloud of human faces. In the pit, despairing amateurs came in and out at the door; or tried to content themselves with sitting on the staircase, and hearing though they could not see. The boxes looked atrociously comfortable, and thereby increased the general sense of compression. This however was only while we remained; for unfortunately we could not stay long. We suppose they became as crowded as the rest of the house afterwards. The performance began very late; which made the matter worse. Much hatred of one's neighbour prevailed among the impatient: considerable internal “damn,” and a longing to be disagreeable. Our beloved countrymen are so apt to be discontented with themselves, that even the anticipation of delight does not enable them to be willingly at ease with one another.—At length, Rossini's overture comes scampering about, like a dog before a solemnity; the curtain rises; divers prefatory “first mobs” clamour and chorus it; a space is left in front; silence ensues; and Pasta, midst a thunder of welcome, as if the galleries were coming down, makes her appear-

ance as Othello. She is in a vest and turban, her face rather swarthy than black. She halts in front of the lamps; smiles with a beautiful mixture of emotion and self-resumption on her friends; and opening her arms gradually, and bending her head, receives the redoubled shower of applause with the utmost grace of acknowledgment.

It is not our intention to criticise the performance of this evening. We were present too short a time. We did but snatch an opportunity of seeing Pasta again, and getting a taste of the new singer Mademoiselle Sontag. The papers however say, that Pasta surpassed herself (a phenomenon which we are sorry we could not witness), and that the new singer, who was expected to fail in Desdemona, surprised the audience with turning out to be a good tragic actress. Desdemona is a favourite part of her friend's; and yet, they say, she completely acted up to her; and that the Othello and Desdemona of the Opera House, besides being beautiful singing, is worth going to see, in both performers, as a tragedy.

We can very well believe this, notwithstanding the difficulty we feel, in consequence perhaps of not having stopped long enough, in regarding Mademoiselle Sontag as a person tragical. Nor let it be any disparagement to that charming singer, for charming she is. All the outrageous flourishes of trumpets with which her appearance in this country was preceded, and the downfall with which she was threatened for it in public opinion, do not hinder us from feeling this truth, and from recognising in her something very different from the mere musical instrument, however perfect, which she was pronounced to be by the "indignant blind." But charming singers are of various descriptions; and it follows as little that Mademoiselle Sontag should be a mere flageolet or warbling image, because those trumpets went before her, as it does that she should be a tragic actress, because she made a suitable impression in Desdemona. The truth we suspect to be this, that she made a good Desdemona *in her way*, not because she brought any particular stock of tragedy to the part, or could make it a thing fine for its own sake, as Pasta does, but because she is *not* a tragic person, but (singing apart) a mere lovely, feminine creature, with more archness than gravity in her nature, and therefore (as Desdemona

was) the more touching for getting into those tragic circumstances. On this account we are not sure that we should not prefer her Desdemona to Pasta's; not because it had so much genius in it, but because it was more passive, less prominent, and in touching us more on the side of gentleness, affected us with a balmier pity. We have been told, that when Pasta sees the dagger upheld to kill her, she fairly seizes her petticoats, and shrieks, and runs for it. This is one of those great strokes of nature, by which she drives at once into the heart of the multitude; and nothing, as a thing tragic, can surpass it. Desdemona is here made human to us all; and does as any female would do, who, suddenly threatened with death, forgets every circumstance but that one, and the horror of its infliction. Perhaps Mademoiselle Sontag may imitate her in this passage;—if not, she has most likely had the benefit of her co-operation during rehearsals;—which is a remark intended to the honour of both parties. But we should guess of *her* Desdemona, that it is a thing less unsophisticate to the many, than touching to the other sex; that she looks more passive throughout, —less able to conflict with circumstances, or to fly from them; less agitating out of a certain dark, Italian ripeness for tragedy, than affecting for its total unsuitableness to her fair delicacy and bringing up;—in short, that she is

“The gentle *lady* married to the Moor;”

not the representative of all married and murdered womankind.—It may be thought presumptuous in us to make this criticism upon a catastrophe we have not seen; and we grant that it can only be excused as an avowed speculation, not injurious to either party. But we think we have grounds for it; and these are neither more nor less than the faces of the two performers. Madame Pasta's is too well known, and we have said too much about it, to need description. It is the mirror of impassioned truth. Mademoiselle Sontag is neither such a paragon of beauty as her foreign harbingers announced, nor on the other hand has she so little of it as some of the “blind” aforesaid would have made out. For our parts, we have rather a dread of your paragons of beauty, who are apt to be perfections of form and colour without a soul. When we first heard of Mademoiselle Sontag, we wondered how she could

have the soul as well as the beauty ; and when we found how she was depreciated as a singer of soul, we could not but fancy that she must be a waxen beauty of the first order. The fact is, she is a proper womanly creature, both face and figure, the figure buxom without grossness, and well turned ; the face more interesting than beautiful, with a genial mouth, a nicely-turned oval cheek, and a pair of eyes, of whose efficiency she is as well aware as any one else. How can it be otherwise ? Twenty thousand German students have conspired to tell her she has them ; and all women who have fine eyes, know it, and reasonably value them as much, though they may not equally show us they do so. Singers and performers are so praised and worshipped, that the wonder is they retain any modesty of pretension ; not that they occasionally roll their eyes a little too consciously, or turn round as if they took ours along with them. There is a lurking archness at the corners of Mademoiselle Sontag's mouth, which looks more comic than tragic ; and we have been told on good authority, that comedy is her forte. Upon the whole, we should sum up the description of her person and manners, at first blush, as those of a domestic charmer, by no means unconscious of her powers of pleasing, but deserving and desirous to be pleased ; and we doubt not, that a persuasion to this effect, in addition to her power of singing, is the secret of the uproar she has made abroad, and the passion she is said to have caused in a German prince. There are two things beyond all others that put men in a state of transport with a woman ; one is, the power of pleasing, united with a great readiness to be pleased ; the other, such truth of nature, that where pleasure is evinced, you can be certain of every particle of it. In these two things, we should say, consist the charm which multitudes feel without being able to define it, when they speak of Sontag and Pasta as women.

But Mademoiselle Sontag is also a fine singer. Her singing (though from what we heard of it, is not so true to the heart as Pasta's) is a great deal more true to the senses, than any instrumental warbling can be. Clear, correct, and voluble, she rains, it is true, thick showers of pearl ; but a soul tinges and swells them, when she likes. She threw forth, the other night, a set of notes,

one after the other, in such a way, that she seemed to push them as they went, and make each of them speak a double and a tenderer note.

We do not like to say more, till we see her again ; which we mean to do in spite of our abjurations of theatres and late hours. There is no rule, it is said, without an exception ; and far be it from us to do a rule a disservice, and deprive it of its property.

MUSICAL RAMBLE.

[“ A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, giving some Account of the Operas of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, &c. with Remarks upon the Church Music, Singers, Performers, and Composers ;” and upon the surface of society in that country. By a Musical Professor.]

WE have no hesitation in recommending this book to our readers, though written by a friend, and published by others. It would be hard indeed if we could not recommend a *good* book for those very reasons ; and as we know that it is not in us to speak what we do not think, we have the pleasure of discharging at once an office of friendship and a duty to the public.

The reader will find novelty in this book, for the subject has not been handled these fifty years ; and he will find truth in it, and gusto. The writer, like a proper musician, is inclined to relish all things harmoniously, whether music, or painting, or society, or a green solitude, or his “ ease at his inn ;” and the south of Germany rewards him. He gives a very pleasant, and to us in great measure unexpected picture of the lively state of existence in that country, with its social and enthusiastic inhabitants, its population, who learn music as they do their A B C, and its celebrated composers living in green neighbourhoods of their chapels, with a competent salary from some good-natured prince, and no compulsory lessons to give to little misses. Something of the colour given to all this may be attributed to his own enthusiasm ; and there is also the Rhenish wine, a thing highly conducive to satisfactory observations ; and our author, though old enough to be a good critic, and to know that truth is the great relish of what one writes, is not past the enthusiastic period of life. It is however, if we mistake not, is an enthusiasm

likely to last. He has informed us of some points, which besides the musical education they receive, go very materially to account for the liveliness of the southern Germans; to wit, that they are early risers, and great liverers in the open air. The cheapness of living is another, and none of the least; a consideration, which ought to make our exemption from being the seat of war very precious to us, seeing what a load of poverty, over-taxation, and bad spirits, we have consented to bear, in order to dictate to our neighbours. Having secured our melancholy thus far, we take all the remaining methods of completing it, which late hours and in-door habits can supply; and then wonder that our freedom (which was none of our getting, but our ancestor's) does not enable us to be more comfortable than these subjects of petty despots. Now freedom is only a means by which we could make all the world more comfortable, not the end of that means, nor a licence for brow-beating and thinking ourselves better than everyone else. But we must not introduce gloomy reflections in the midst of this musical paradise; or we shall be falling, like proper Englishmen, into the fault we cut up. Our author writes a style remarkably scholar-like, for a man who may be detected to be no scholar. He sometimes reminds us in that respect (and one other) of a real scholar, who wrote the other day that book full of wit and pleasantries, the *Two Hundred Days on the Continent*. But the spirit of scholarship is in him, and he is bound to complete the letter of it, and not let the real enjoyment he takes in the use of eclectic words and other learned pamperings of a joke be confounded with an affectation, which it certainly is not. He relishes it as truly as he does his music and his glass. He has been accused of being too learned in his musical taste, and redolent of the dust of cathedrals. We apprehend something of this kind ourselves, and yet hardly know why; except that musical professors, whatever they may feel, seem to think themselves bound to be supra-learned, when they come to criticise; but it was an agreeable surprise to us to find that he did so much justice to fancy and feeling *as well*. Indeed it would have been unnatural in one of his temperament, had he not done so; and the respect he has for science and Sebastian Bach will do him no harm, supposing even this Bach is only what he is taken to be by the unlearned, and that

his great river of harmony is a mere jumping and dashing of unconnected sounds, instead of having a thousand under-currents of melody in it, fresh and flowing. If our author likes passion and feeling, he may like science. The union of the two is understood to constitute the style of Mozart and the other great German composers; and perhaps northern genius has not pure animal spirit enough to be satisfied without something to act on its reflective as well as sensitive organs, and shew a difficulty overcome in addition to a sentiment expressed. The critical, and the non-creative, must be added, to see fair play to their melancholy. An angel singing in the air is not enough for it. The choirs of the hierarchy must join, and furnish a ground for the etheriality, a darkness for the light.

“ Deep from their vaults the Hosean murmurs flow,
And Pythia’s awful organ peals below.”

We must say, for our part; that we are of their faction, if faction it is to be called, and if we have a right to speak on such a subject; for after all it becomes critics, who are no musicians, to speak unpretentiously on the question. But to descend from these shadowy metaphors;—we concede that our author sometimes overdoes his style; but it is an excess arising out of enjoyment, and not of pretension. Occasional inaccuracies in words are more objectionable, but will easily be corrected by the time he writes another book, which we exhort him to do as soon as he has read and relished everything that comes in his way for the next two years. There is no such person in English literature as a good musical critic; and if he has any ambition to set the example of one, we think he may do it, and write books which poets and painters will be glad to read, as well as musicians; which is the only proper way; for the business in these things is to extend enjoyment, and show the links of art and nature one with another, in as universal a spirit as possible. And this is what we particularly like in our author’s *debut*. He is earnest, social, and unmercenary. The only serious fault we are inclined to find with him, is a tendency we observe once and away to coarseness. We do not mean voluptuousness, which is not a thing to quarrel with in a musical taste; but a condescension to certain associations of ideas, anything but pleasurable,

though too often to be found in the writings of the men of wit, whom he otherwise knows so well how to admire. With the exception of this little jarring, we have sailed with him down his river of song and Rhenish, with unmingled enjoyment.

We proceed to notice some points in the journey, which he has touched upon in his best manner. In the following passage we have some new atoms of information respecting Mozart, very precious ; and a good summary of the author's feelings about him.

“ Every music lover who visits Vienna will like to know that Mozart lived in the Rauhenstein Gasse, a narrow street leading down to the cathedral, in a house now a tavern or drinking-house, which, by some remarkable coincidence, wears on its front a badge of fiddles and other musical instruments. No one must be so deluded as to imagine, that when Mozart arrived at his own home he knocked at a street door as ordinary mortals do ; no, he walked under a gateway, and thence up stairs to his ordinary apartments. That Mozart gave his Sunday evening concerts, and enchanted people in a room on the first floor with a bow window to it, is a fact not to be despised ; for if we fancy the human being, we must give him a local habitation, else he is a spirit, and not one of ourselves. We do not wish to know the great performances of great men ; we wish to know their *little* actions, how they walked, looked, and spoke, their crooked habits and peculiarities ; and to know that Mozart had a restless and nervous fidgetiness in his hands and feet, and seldom sat without some motion of them, makes him more present to us than the most laboured picture. And here lived Mozart ; he who has thrown a fresh grace around the ideal of womanliness, who *could* ‘ paint the rose and add perfume to the violet ;’ and in love, while the subtle and metaphysical poets are trying to get at the heart of its emotions, gives us straight a language for sighs and tears, for tenderness and rapture. The difference between Mozart and other great composers, such as Haydn for instance, is, that while the latter economize their subjects, he could ever trust to the wealth of his feelings, he saved nothing on paper ; he took rural excursions, not to look for thoughts but to enjoy sensation, and began to write when the throng of ideas became insupportable to him. Music was with him, as a certain poet said of verses, a secretion. There is one melancholy of the style of Gluck, and another melancholy of Mozart : that of the first seems like the despondency of a lover who parts with his mistress for ever, the other has more of the caressing pensiveness which one may imagine in a being who enjoyed in a summer arbour by moonlight the song of nightingales, with his head all the time resting in the lap of his mistress. What an enviable perfection must have been Constance Weber’s in filling such a mind as Mozart’s with beautiful images, in suggesting such an air as ‘ Porgi Amor,’ or in creating the bitter sweet regrets of ‘ Dove sono.’ Almost the whole of the songs in Mozart’s operas are a continuation of the same spirit which made him in infancy ask his friends, ‘ Do you love me ?’ and they show that he who asked for affection could return it with interest. As the excess of the passion in a man of genius ever helps him in the completion of the greatest designs, let it be to the praise of women, that besides that one element in which he reigned supreme, Mozart was of all musicians at

once the best lover, and the most refined, various, and intellectual composer that the world has produced."

A passage respecting Weber is striking. It is preceded with a good portrait of a quaint old singing-master.

"There was plenty of amusement at rehearsal (at Prague), for the music-director and some women who were trying over songs for a new opera, seasoned their morning's work with a world of pleasantries.—The present maestro is a little wizened old man, remarkable for the quaint singularity of his dress, and his long hair, parted and streaming over his shoulders. Having found that his compositions will not do for the people of Prague, he ensconced himself in his strong-hold as singing-master, in which capacity he is really excellent. With a counterfeit surliness in his voice and look, he sometimes sits in the orchestra eyeing a poor girl on the stage, and as she sings doubtingly, points to some particular inch of the throat from which the sound proceeds; but he does not quit his remarks nor renewed beginnings until the tone comes forth from the proper quarter.—C. M. von Weber was formerly director of the opera in Prague, but quitted the place on his marriage, to reside at Dresden. At the time of his employment here, he had composed no work of importance, merely cantatas and songs, with full accompaniments; and the good fortune of this musician is worthy observation, as a circumstance I believe altogether unprecedented in the history of the art. That a man should live on to within a few years of forty in obscurity, not distinguished in Germany from a host of the same stamp; that he should be as little endowed by nature as any composer that ever lived with a store of melody such as the populace might troll about to gladden themselves; yet by one work just suited to the cast of his genius, to leap at once into the most extraordinary favour throughout Europe, not only gaining credit for that he had done, but a certain passport for what he might do; to be invited to foreign countries, wreathed with laurel in concert-rooms, deafened with applause, and made a show of everywhere, is a wonderful concatenation of events in the life of a middle-aged gentleman."

The picture of the interior of a Catholic chapel is like an oil painting, and reminds a traveller of Italy. It is composed of "dark mahogany, polished and variegated marble, pictures, gold and silver on the altar and organ, make up the colours. The effect of an excellent orchestra is heightened by the structure of this edifice, which admits of a fine echo and reverberation, and the deep bass pipes of Silbermann's organ roll their heavy notes into the square, arresting every passenger in the name of the high mass."

We were present at the following scene of enjoyment, though the author did not see us. He has made us so.

"The chief places of summer evenings' resort in Dresden are the great garden, the garden of the *Linkischen Bad*, and the terrace overlooking the Elbe. At the first of these places the music was generally excellent, and

it was my practice on a fine warm afternoon, having dined and duly discussed my glass of Würtzburger, to jump into a fiacre and drive there through pleasant avenues of trees and country houses; and the agreeableness of the ride was not lessened by seeing from time to time groups of handsome girls seated in the green trellised bowers of their gardens, bareheaded, reading or working together—then to leap out of the coach to the first finale in ‘Figaro,’ or something as good, and to take coffee seated under the fine old arm of a tree, looking upon the evening sun or the golden clouds about it, surrounded by a throng of happy faces.” * * *

“Great cheerfulness results from this open air existence in Germany; life runs good to the last here, for in no place have I seen so many happy old men, or met with more innocent or stedfast politicians, especially if England was the theme of discourse. One of these used to single me out every day with a fresh eulogium on *Herr* Canning, until the relation of his virtues became rather tedious.”

Is it not a mistake to say, that Gluck “lived only for one little capital in the north of Europe?” or does our author mean, that his admirers at Paris, during the celebrated dispute, did not understand him.

“The amateurs in Berlin are all little *maestri*; they dabble in composition, and have most of them the score of a mass, sinfonia, or overture locked up in their desks, the consciousness of which helps to sweeten their lives, and gives them the smiling self-satisfaction which Mr Bickerstaff discovered in the girl who wore embroidered garters. The question is not answered in Berlin as it used to be with us—‘Is Mr ——— musical?’ ‘Yes, he plays a *little* on the flute:’ after which the wary inquirer would be sure to avoid a demonstration of the fact. But the answer might run thus: ‘Yes, he plays Sebastian Bach, sings at sight, and has written a set of quintetts.’

WEIMAR AND HUMMEL.—“Weimar is a spot where the muses love to ‘haunt clear spring and shady grove and sunny hill:’ it is redolent of music and poetry, for here Hummel and Göthe reside, and the Grand Duke is well known as a Mæcenæ, who draws around him the highest genius of his country. Here an affable and unostentatious court is kept up without its endless formalities; it seems a place of gardens and retired leisure, where among the wood nymphs, the turmoil of worldly ambition may give way to the calm of contemplation, and the enjoyment of poetic ease. The arrangement of the royal grounds and plantations, the design of bridges and fountains, announce the elegant and tasteful mind of the proprietor. The library, leading at once into sylvan glades; the pavilion in the interior of the grounds, which cheats the wanderer with the appearance of a Gothic chapel; the monuments and baths, all replete with classical association, either by means of sculpture or inscription, make this the spot for ‘youthful poet’s dream.’ For the luxurious idler who chooses to throw away part of a sunny morning in watching the golden mouths and bellies of the perch, which here, unharmed by Isaak Waltons and impaling hooks, reveal themselves in sporting on the surface of a stream, the garden is Elysian; not to mention the delights of a wilderness of peacocks, besides many kinds of strange exotic fowl, that ‘hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes.’

“But to leave rhapsodies on garden pleasures, and to speak of the still more attractive union of amiability and genius in the person of a human

being, I must turn to Hummel, the Apollo of this sacred spot. This musician, who might be surnamed the good, with as much justice as any person who ever earned that appellation, shows how much unaffected simplicity and friendly and caressing manners become one who is the musical idol of his countrymen; and upon whom 'blushing honours' sit as easily, and are worn as carelessly, as his morning robe. It is delightful to meet a great musician in his *mental* undress, when he sits down to his pianoforte, and is liberal of what comes uppermost, lavishing thoughts and beauties with a noble prodigality."

Mozart's *extempore* playing, we are told, "was so exquisitely regular and symmetrical in design, that it was impossible for judges who heard him not to imagine that the whole had been written before."

We must give a specimen or two of our author's love of humour. In ascending the tower of Antwerp cathedral, he was accompanied by a great heavy woman, whose gallant ascent of the staircase he envied; but at a part of it, he says, "in which we were groping our way in utter darkness, my companion discovered amazing sensibility, and began to shriek like one possessed, vociferating a jargon of Flemish, in which, sounds like 'Ach! Ach! meun Gott! meun Gott!' were easily distinguishable. The woman was soon completely overcome with fright and exertion, and stood gasping for breath, and a hoarse deprecating voice, which now mingled in with her little ejaculations, did not tend to diminish my surprise; but after a due administration of snuff and apologies, my guide became calm, and the crowd of horrible imaginings which had rushed into my mind at first, now vanished, and gave place to fancies of a more agreeable kind. The cause of the sudden ebullition was this: a sailor lay up the stairs on his back fast asleep, his legs as usual apart; the woman had entered the cavity, and had also walked a considerable distance on his stomach before she was aware of the peculiar nature of the soil; and her outcries were raised, as she afterwards told me, not from remorse at travelling over his epigastric region without a passport, but from the horror that she was trespassing on the carcase of a huge dog, with whose notions of retributive justice she soon expected to be made acquainted. Since this adventure, my desires have been less aspiring; a first-floor window contents me, and I have abjured the society of those who live by the disbursement of the oil of their

knee-joints, and no longer countenance by example an extravagant expenditure of that secretion."

"The young Napoleon frequents the opera-house in Vienna; I have seen him there, but his face does not appear very intelligent; he may sometimes be found in the grounds. The palace and gardens of Schönbrunn are now a splendid solitude; in an hour's ramble I met only a student strolling along the broad garden walks, with a book for his companion. Here are also to be seen a melancholy, half-civilized old lion, a pensive elephant, and a bear or so, whose little intercourse with mankind renders them surly and unattractive after the elegant society and agreeable hyenas of Exeter 'Change."

We conclude with the following piece of information respecting the German musicians, which does honour to the writer's liberality and genuine sense of his art. It might do as much good to music in England, if we commenced with teaching the rudiments of the art at our schools, as a matter of course; which we take after all to be the great secret for getting the best musicians possible, and sinking pretenders to their proper level.

"No artists can be less mercenary in the exercise of their profession, none more ready to play for the pleasure of their friends, than the great musicians of Germany; but they have no skill in flattering the great, and no appetite for worthless praise. Most of them enjoy that enviable competency which enables them to pursue fame at their leisure; the little duties of their employment, such as directing an orchestra, or composing a few pieces for the entertainment of the noblemen of whose establishment they are part, are so easily discharged, as to leave them plenty of time for idleness if it was their taste to indulge in it. But this is not the case; they have "that last infirmity of noble minds," an appetite for fame, and labour as hard for the mere pleasure of inventing and combining as others do for the vulgar acquisition of wealth.

"The ennobling power of the divine art of music is best felt where among a number of professors each strives to penetrate the deepest into its mysteries without envy and without sordid interest; and I believe it is the advantageous equality upon which they all start in pursuit of their favourite science, which makes them liberal and ingenuous in the appreciation of contemporary talent. Until men of genius in other countries are placed out of the reach of vulgar wants or the fear of poverty, there can be no competition in any part of Europe with the musicians of Germany."

POETRY OF BRITISH LADIES.

(CONTINUED.)

WE now come to one of the numerous loves we possess among our grandmothers of old,—or rather not numerous, but select, and

such as keep fresh with us for ever, like the miniature of his ancestress, whom the Sultan looked for. This is Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton. "It is remarkable," says Mr Wordsworth, as quoted by Mr Dyce, "that excepting a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the Poems of Lady Winchelsea, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature."—*Essay in his Miscellaneous Poems.*

Some of these "delightful pictures" are furnished us by Mr Dyce. They are very fresh and natural. In the poem entitled *A Nocturnal Reverie*, she speaks of the summer's hour at night—

*"When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declin'd repelling day,
Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When thro' the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sun-burnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling hay-cocks thicken up the vale;
When the loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace, and lengthen'd shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-liv'd jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior world, and thinks it like her own:*

In such a night let me abroad remain,
 Till morning breaks, *and all's confus'd again*;
 Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd,
 Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd."

Mr Dyce has not omitted the celebrated poem of the 'Spleen,' which attracted considerable attention in its day, and still deserves a place on every toilet, and (as the ladies would justly add, if it had room) in every man's shaving-box. Göthe has said in one of the many delightful passages of the wisest book of this age, the 'Wilhelm Meister,' that people would do themselves a great deal of good, and set their taste to a proper pitch for the day, if every morning they made a point of reading one or two sentences out of some good author, or hearing some beautiful air. He thinks it would save them from any inferior liking, for the rest of the four and twenty hours; and alive to the beauties that lie ready to be fetched out from a thousand objects in art and nature. Some caveat against spleen and ill-temper would do well in this country, on the same principle. Lady Winchelsea's poem, and Green's with the same title (suggested to him perhaps by his fair predecessor) ought to be bound up together among every set of books, and an extract or two framed and glazed for every bed-room. Green's poem is full of wit, and proposes remedies;—the lady chiefly searches into the affectations of disease, but has something to say also on the worst symptoms of it.

"What art thou, Spleen, which everything dost ape?
 Thou Proteus to abus'd mankind,
 Who never yet thy real cause could find,
 Or fix them to remain in one continued shape.

* * * * *

In the imperious wife—

("Aye," cries the husband, "let us hear that.")

In the imperious wife thou vapours art,
 Which from o'er-heated passions rise
 In clouds to the attractive brain;
 Until descending thence again
Through the o'er-cast and showering eyes

("Just like 'em!")

Upon her husband's softened heart,
 He the disputed point must yield,—
Something resign of the contested field,—

("Aye, aye.")

Till lordly man, born to imperial sway,
 ("Undoubtedly.")

Compounds for peace to make that right away,
 ("To be sure. There it is.")

And woman, arm'd with spleen, does servilely obey
 ("Just so, by G—d; and I'll bear it no longer."—
 Stop, Sir, a moment:—let us proceed.)

Patron thou art to every gross abuse,
 The sullen husband—
 („Aye; now," says the lady, "comes justice.")

The sullen husband's feign'd excuse,
 When the ill-humour with his wife he spends,
 ("There, Sir, there; drawn to the life!")

And bears recruited wit and spirits to his friends.
 ("Charming! Can you deny *that*? All the Smiths and Mrs
 Joneses are in that line.

The son of Bacchus—
 ("There, Sir.")

The son of Bacchus pleads thy pow'r,
 As to the glass he still repairs;
 Pretends but to remove thy cares,
 Snatch from thy shade one gay and smiling hour,
*And drown thy kingdom in a purple shower.**
 When the coquette—

("There, Madam.")

When the coquette, whom every fool admires,
 Would in variety be fair,
 And changing hastily the scene
 From light, impertinent, and vain,
 Assumes a soft and melancholy air,
 And of her eyes rebates the wandering fires:
 The careless posture and the head reclin'd,
 The thoughtful and composed face,
 Proclaiming the withdrawn, the absent mind,
 Allows the fop more liberty to gaze,
 Who gently for the tender cause inquires,

("Ah! how often," cries the husband, "have I done it?")

The cause indeed in a defect of sense,
 Yet is the spleen alleged, and still the dull pretence."

[Here the gentleman bows, smiles, breathes, and looks victoriously happy;—saying nothing, because he thinks his silence more distressing. The lady speaks, out of feelings less controllable; and she speaks thus:—"Sir, you may triumph; and much honour may it do you. Airs of triumph are of course put on the most by

* This is a fine couplet.

those who deserve it best. Cæsar, I dare say, stood in his chariot with his arms a-kimbo. But, Sir, you will be pleased to recollect, that it was a lady who wrote these very lines; which shews that she was at least impartial; and I think it would better become your sex, if in their superior wisdom they would do us the justice of setting us a little better example, and endeavour to mend us (and themselves) by kindness and fair play; instead of assuming the only right to be wrong; and following up the consequences of their own narrow training of us, and flattering degradations, by those blows of the *mind*, Sir,—and those unmanly and shallow satires, which are only the substitutes of a refined age for the real bodily blows of a savage one; and assume a right to ill-treat us, solely (after all) because they can positively beat us if they will. Sir, if your sex were not the strongest, they would not have made the laws so much in their favour as they have; but as they are the strongest, pray make haste and let them become as much the wisest as they think themselves, *and then neither side need fear anything.*”]

A very sensible woman this, and speaks capitally well to the purpose, “though we say it,” as the old ladies observe, “who shouldn’t.”—So to return to our other fair philosopher. Hear what she says of the effects of spleen in religion.

“——These are thy fantastic harms,

The tricks of thy pernicious stage,

Which do the weaker sort engage:—

Worse are the dire effects of thy more pow’rful charms.

“By thee religion,—all we know

That should enlighten here below,—

Is veil’d in darkness, and perplex’d

With anxious doubts, with endless scruples vex’d,

And some restraint implied from each perverted text; }

Whilst ‘Touch not, taste not,’ what is freely giv’n,

Is but thy niggard voice, disgracing bounteous heaven.

“From speech restrain’d, by thy deceits abus’d,

To desarts banish’d, or in cells reclus’d,

Mistaken votaries to thy powers divine,

Whilst they a purer sacrifice design,

Do but the Spleen obey, and worship at thy shrine.” }

Lady Winchelsea is mentioned by Gay as one of the congratulators of Pope, when his *Homer* was finished:

“And Winchelsea, still meditating song.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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THE COMPANION.

No. XXI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1828.

“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

A FATHER AVENGED.

[DIEGO LAINEZ, a noble old Spaniard, has received a blow from LOZANO, another noble, which is avenged by Diego's son, RODRIGO de BIVAR, afterwards called the Cid.]

Scene.—A Room in DIEGO's House. Enter DIEGO and ARIAS.

Diego. I tell you, Sir, it is impossible.
Conceal it? What! Conceal? What with a face
That never yet could look the easiest lie,
Nor play the wax-lipped servant at the door,
Denying who's within! Conceal it? So!
And smite my conscience, as the dog smote me!

Arias. But, Sir, you live, upon the whole, retired :
Why not live quite so for a time ; and so
Let the thing die away, even in your looks.
The Count is sad, believe me ; and the King
Is most desirous of it.

Dieg. Sir, I'll tell you.
There is one person living in this city,
Who holds me busily in his respect,
And loves to hold ; and were I, as I shall,
To sit alone all day, and wake alone

All night, and almost hold my very breath
As tainted with dishonour, till redress
Free my old halting blood from this new clog,
It could not be concealed from *him* : and that
Would pull the blood up in my cheeks as much
As if the whole world knew it.

Arias.

Who is he ?

Dieg. Diego. Who'll conceal it from Diego ?
Who from that self-respecting (once) old man,
And from his haunted head ? I cannot stir,
I cannot turn me, but each thing I see,
Even inanimate, a chair, or wall,
Changing its old indifferent or glad aspect
To something dreary, looks of what has been.
The saintly images, as I go past,
Appear to follow me with sliding eyes.
Contempt, with a fierce hand, has scored a line
'Twixt me and joy, and dares my weak old age
To pass ; and so I stand, inwardly shrunk,
Doubting, confused, with shades that seem to press
Upon my dull-eyed brain, as if in me
The old house of Lain had fallen in
At top, and presently with a mad break up
Would dash its ribs together to the earth.

Arias. Believe me, reverend Sir, you think of this
Too much, although a Spaniard, since the king
Speaks as he does ; and you remember how
The count himself asked pardon of the king.

Dieg. He should have asked it, Sir, of me ; and shall.
Yes ; there's new life sometimes, although a short,
In this despair ; I feel it ; my dim eyes
Can flash yet ere they close ; this reckless hand
Perhaps may turn its small remaining strength
To one good sum, and spend it like a man.
Sir, to say nothing of myself, I beg
For your own sake you'll leave me : I do indeed :
I shall perhaps say something which I would not.

You are a distant kinsman of the house
Of which I once was head. Did I not feel
The opposite of what you seem to think,
And know that vengeance is the only thing
Can make me what I was, I should rebuke
You for not rousing up your distant blood
To sweep away the blot: but yes—I know
You feel that I am right, and justly leave me
To vindicate myself. Do leave me so.

Arias. I'll hurt you, Sir, no longer. I obeyed
The king, I now obey a kinglier spirit.

[*Exit* *ARIAS.*]

Dieg. There was a bastard of Lain Calvo's house,
Mударra, a half Moor, who when he heard
His father was ill-used among the Spaniards,
Left his own country, mother, friends and all,
To come and fight for him; and turning Christian,
He did such work, and dealt such gashy deaths
Upon the heads of his blest father's enemies,
That ever since his great old sword has been
Among us like a relic; and no eye
Turns to that closet where it lies alone,
Stretched in its giant sheath, but thinks it sees
Almost the sepulchre of a living thing.
It shall come forth.

[*He goes to the Closet, and takes out a gigantic Sword.*]

Alas! alas! I try
In vain to wield it; even despair will tighten not
This wrist hinge-broken, and this hand, which shakes
Like to a guilty one that is enforced
To hold some awful image. O age, age,
Remembering all good things, yet having none,
Fondest of lasting things when at thy last,
With not even strength enough to dig the grave
Where thou art forced to hide thee; thy poor eyes
Forsaken even of tears; thy wandering hands
Turned to habitual tremblers; thy grey locks
Tost in thy teeth with contumelious winds;

And all thy crazy being ready to fall
 To shatters with a blow—O too, too well
 Is the imaginary charm of reverence
 Hung round about thee, since the first vile hand
 That dares to break it, does; and there thou art,
 The ruin of a man, with piping scorn
 Through both thine echoing ears aching the brain.
 I do forget—no, not myself—but those
 Who may demand a better right to draw
 Upon their future strength. Rodrigo,—not first—
 And yet—but stay, old man. (*He calls out.*) Bermudo Lain!
[*He sits down.* Enter BERMUDO.

Come here, Bermudo. Are your brothers waiting,
 As I desired them?

Ber. Yes, Sir, and most anxious
 To know—

Dieg. Attend to me. What should be done,
 Think you, were any one to insult your father?

Ber. You, Sir?

Dieg. Ay, me, Sir; I am but a man,
 And an old man; or do you fancy, that
 Your father cannot be so treated, boy?

Ber. I should think any man so old and reverend
 Would be held sacred: but were he to be
 Really insulted, being unable too
 To reckon with the coward, he should ask
 Right of the king.

Dieg. What! And be coward too?
 Avoid me:—not a word: I shall not strike thee.
 Thou strik'st thyself, and dost not feel the blow.
 Every way are we struck. Avoid me, boy;
 Hunt butterflies again: go, strike a top,
 That sleeps on a sound beating. Begone, Sir.

[*Exit BERMUDO.*]

I must not sit and think. Now (*He calls again*), Hernan Diaz!
 This is my youngest. He is like his mother,
 More than even Rodrigo; and she, bl est saint,

Would have blushed through and through her gentleness
To see me make this doubting muster. Hernan !

Enter HERNAN.

Hernan, no words. I am not sick, nor dying,
Nor even in gentle mood. Yet hither : let me
Look in thy face. Thou art thy mother, Hernan,
Turned into man,—I hope. What shouldst thou do,
Thy father having been insulted, man ?

Her. Insulted, dearest father ?

Dieg. Ay, insulted.
What ! are my children turned to hollow things
That thus they echo my mere words ?

Her. Dear father,
I would have flown to comfort you at first
Had you but let me, and I'll stay with you
Now, if you please, and ever.

Dieg. Like a shadow.

Her. Ay, but not coloured so. Not even my mother—

Dieg. Name you not her. This day, for the first time,
I wished her spirit might not be looking at me ;
Now I must wish she cannot see her children.

Her. O, Sir ! What words are these ?

Dieg. Words ! All are words !
What is there else in old Diego's house ?
Go, get thee gone, child ; for thou art a child.
The mention of thy mother lets me call thee
That, and no more. Send Rodrigo in,—I say,
Send Rodrigo. He at least can play the man.

Rod. (Entering). Pardon this haste, Sir, but I thought you called.

Dieg. I like the haste, Sir, and the voice. How now ?
What is this girlish loitering ? (*Exit Hernan.*) Now the last,
Most hoped, and yet most feared, yet still most hoped. [*Aside.*

Rod. O my dear father, what's this mystery,
That must be shewn thus nicely to your sons,
And you the sufferer ?

Dieg. No embrace, boy. No :
'Tis a familiarity, of which
Both parties should be sure that each is worthy.

Rod. Father! Good God! And how am I unworthy?
How long—nay, tell me, Sir, and I will end
This hideous dream at once.

Dieg. That would not end it.

Rod. What, Sir? I never spoke you false, and would you
Be wilfully unjust? You cannot, Sir.
Nor ought not;—no—even a father ought not;
And most a father ought not.

Dieg. (Aside) Oh that this
Yet, boy, see, see the while; you dare to rail
Against your father by anticipation.

Rod. No, Sir, I dare do nothing that's unjust :
Nor dare to think you could.

Dieg. Dare not even think?

Rod. No, Sir. How dare I think of anything,
That would, one instant, make me hesitate
To vindicate your name?

Dieg. To vindicate?
Rodrigo, I have heard you dare to speak
Against a noble vengeance.

Rod. Against vengeance.
Against the common fury, which starts up
From weak impatience and self-love, to shew
How great a thing has fretted it, and scourge
Into bad blood those who most likely want
Mere teaching, like itself.

Dieg. Have done—have done,
Over-proud boy; for now I see 'tis so.
Is there no difference of injuries?
None punishable for good? No noble vengeance?

Rod. What could make vengeance noble, would convert it
To something not itself,—there is——

Dieg. (hastily interrupting him.) Suppose me,
Here as I stand, an insolent traducer,
Worldly and envious, wreaking the uneasiness
(If you will have it so) of my own vile

Inferior nature on each thing about me,
 Short of such worldly power as I could love ;
 Love ! no not love, but worship as myself,
 Because it raised me, met my understanding,
 And did not of itself imply desert.

Rod. I should despise, and pity you.

Dieg. But suppose,

A woman or a boy came in my way,
 Or, say, a man that had survived his strength,
 An aged man, and that I raised my arm . . .

Rod. (Hastily) You'd be struck first.

Dieg. (With the same quickness.) 'Twould not be the first time.

Rod. What ?

Dieg. Eldest born, I tell thee, this old body,
 Whose armour used to laugh in rattling peals
 Against a hundred scymitars, has been
 Bowed with a blow ! Ay, blow !

Rod. O ancient honour !

O father ! O most reverend old man,
 Whose vigour passed thee into these young bones,
 Who was the monster ?

Dieg. Will it be revenge

To punish him ?

Rod. Oh no ; most glorious justice,
 Most right, most noble, he shall bow his head
 To thee or to this arm.

Dieg. My son ! my son !

O let me have thee. [*They warmly embrace.*]

'Twas a thirsty grasp,
 And quenched my heart. O, my dear glorious boy,
 Eldest and best, true fire of my fresh love,
 Triumphant promiser, in whom the spirit
 Of our great house goes forth with young magnificence,
 Clear as he came to me, and as he went ;
 Thy brothers, boy, reflect thy gentler beams,
 But not thy grand ones, that shall smite the wicked
 Like the noon-arrow. Yet—thou art but young.

Rod. Who was it, father,
That shewed such loathsome ignorance?

Dieg. One
I hate to name, but strong in every strength,
Limbs, manhood, skill, and courage.

Rod. No, not courage;
There he's as weak as punish'd infancy,

Dieg. His courage equals not his rage; but still
'Tis great and counted so. He's no light champion,
Like that Arabian youth; but thou shalt fight him
Nevertheless, Rodrigo, my own boy,
Thou shalt; for first it must be so; and next
There seems a greatness in thee, even beyond
What my old customary eyes can see.
I called thee last, partly because I hoped
Most of thee, partly too because thou art
Mine heir, my eldest born, when thy young mother
Looked in my face and thought no envious eye
Could reach it.

Rod. Bless her memory; and may it
Bless me; for I am going to strike a blow,
Angels may look at. Who, my father, who?
Tell me where this strange beast, coward yet lion-like,
May be fetched forth.

Dieg. I will go say a prayer,
And send to him. Look upon that sword.

Rod. Mudarra's!
It is for me?

Dieg. It is, if thy young strength
Can wield it.

Rod. Come into my hand, thou sword
Of right and might, and up with my glad heart
Into the air! [*He wields it easily aloft.*]

Dieg. More than Mudarra's there;
A Michael! Glare, thou high, prophetic sword,
In my young angel's hand, and fall (oh name,
That shakes me still!) upon Lozano's head.

[*Exit DIEGO.*]

Rod. Lozano! My Ximena's! Oh, there's more
 Sorrow to come in this. And she to bear
 The shame of a bad father! This indeed
 Is work for thee, Rodrigo, and probes deep
 Thy courage to the heart. But I am right;
 I must reman so, even to deserve her:
 Some of us must be sufferers: it is fit
 I, who am young and stout, should bear the burden
 For my wronged father; she who is so virtuous
 Can bear to suffer hers: and he, alas!
 Who was compelled to lift it on her shoulders,
 Shall win it off by inches to its own,
 And worship her sweet pain, until it look
 Forgiveness in his face. Away, away,
 Fair image; and come thou, thought of my mother!
 Leaning and whispering from the sky, to keep
 My father in my mind.—[*He addresses his sword.*] Thou noble sword,
 Grandeur to me than any famous one
 Baptized in chivalrous blood, than Durlindana,
 Orlando's sword, or old Excalibar,
 That gave a light like twenty torches o'er
 The battle, or Joyeuse of Charlemagne,
 'Twas kindness made thee terrible; the arm
 Of strong indignant love swung thee around
 To winnow villanous chaff, and dash the teeth
 Of envy and oppression. Fling thou not
 From my young wrist; but let thy spirit rather
 Supply the strength, that, still, fights for a father.

[*Exit.*]

Various scenes take place in this interval between LOZANO and his friends, XIMENA and hers, &c. Then follows a scene, with a road over a hill, to which enter DIEGO and his Son.

Dieg. That hill, with its long task, reminded me
 Of my small sum of breath;—but thou?

Rod. Could shout, father,
 Orders to a whole army at its foot.

Dieg. Bless thee. I thought I saw, a little on,
Lozano. Was it so?

Rod. It was. I saw him.

Dieg. He will be there before us; and thy spirit
Must fret at these old clogs.

Rod. Oh no; 'tis calm,
Seeing you so. There, father, breathe a while;
The Count shall be well-bred for once, and wait
Our leisure.

Dieg. My great boy! I shall quite know you,
I think, when I'm in heaven, and see how angels
Go down to battle. I am calm, because
I must be. Put your hand forth: so; now look
At that. *[He compares his own with it.]*

There's trembling, boy, and age, and anger.
And there—

Rod. *[Kneeling down and kissing it.]* The hand that shall allay
them all.

Dieg. Come then.

Enter an Officer and Guards.

Officer. Castile!

Rod. Castile and right! Your errand, Sir.

Off. 'Tis only with the noble Count, your father,
Whom the king wills, on pain of his displeasure,
To keep at home till he hear further. There
I thought to have found him; and am sorry, Sirs,
To stop ye in your walk.

Rod. We thank you, Sir.

Dieg. *(Angrily).* Sir, I—

Rod. *(Aside).* Dear father! recollect you have left
All settlement to me.—I can go on.

Dieg. That's true. Come to me.

Rod. No; we are observed.

I'm in your heart, go where I will.

Dieg. 'Tis true,

Again most true. I am a child again,
And learn of thee.

Rod. Ay, ay. Besides, dear father, (*significantly*)
This gentleman will let you go with him
A little further to the palace gate;
And there, if you sit down on the old Stone
Of Justice,—why, I can return to you.

Dieg. Return! God grant it. You are strong, you tell me,
And confident?

Rod. As truth and right.

Dieg. And wield
The sword with ease?

Rod. It seems to have made itself
Lighter to ride my hand. [*Turning to the Officer.*

Be good enough, Sir,
To let my father in your company
Proceed a little further, and so rest himself
Upon the stone of justice.

Off. It is pleasant, Sir,
To do you service.

Rod. (*Grasping his father's hand*). For a little while.

[*Exit RODRIGO.*

Off. (*Offering his arm to DIEGO*). May I supply to reverend
Count Lainez
Awhile the office of his noble son?

Dieg. Nobody can, Sir—Pardon me: have you
A father living?

Off. Sir, I have.

Dieg. Your arm. [*Exeunt.*

Scene.—*The Square of the old Moorish Palace, the Vesper-bell going.*

Enter LOZANO and PERANZULES.

Loz. Nobody here—This is a stately place,
Fit for some great encounter.

Per. It was here
Mudarra fought with all that crowd at once.

Loz. Mudarra! So it was. We paint our ancestors

Too stout, I fear, if he escaped so well.

He was gigantic.

Per. Yes.

Loz. I wonder that

The king exchanges not his present house

For this, as he intended.

Per. There was something

Said of his coming here to-day to see it;

But it grows late.

Loz. Those Moors were singular architects,
Flowery and grand at once; arch, pile, and ornament,
Like mountain-building Nature. Is it not so?

Per. 'Tis true.—Will you then fight, Count, if the son
Or father dare it?

Loz. Fight! 'Tis not called fighting,
When you put back a bough that scratches you,
Or ruffles in your face. 'Tis idle.

Enter RODRIGO.

Loz. Well, Sir,
You are alone? What message from your father,
The reverend old Count?

Per. Reverend! Old!
You have bethought yourself, it seems (*aside.*) I saw her;
Great God! I saw her, as I came along;
And yet his presence makes me long to cut him
Down like a monster.

Loz. Youth, bethink yourself,
And state your errand briefly.

Rod. Count Lozano—
You have insulted a grey-headed man—
A man near eighty years of age, my father.
You struck him: yes, you suffered your strong hand
To fall on an old warrior, now grown helpless.

Loz. Well, young Sir.

Rod. Well! You should forget to use
That word in any way. I'll tell ye, Count;

My father has been intercepted by
 A message from the King. I come instead,
 To offer you the choice between a common
 And an uncommon thing; the uncommon one
 An honour to you, if you understand it;
 The common one, a mere necessity.

Loz. I wait while you repeat your lesson.

Rod. Have you

The spirit to undo a thing ill done?

Loz. What, you turn catechist! Your meaning, Sir.

Rod. Can you acknowledge to two noblemen
 Whom you have done a wrong to, and dishonoured,
 That you have done so?

Loz. Two! What mystery now?

Rod. You own to one:—the other is yourself.

Loz. Insolent minion!

Rod. 'Twas impossible,
 I thought, that you should comprehend me. Well, Sir;
 The alternative may still be understood.

Loz. Pray let us hear it.

Rod. He to whom you gave
 A blow, is old and helpless; I am his son.

Loz. What, would you trick me into another blow!

Rod. Trick you! The thought begins to make me doubt
 Whether you have any the least sort of courage.

Loz. Away, boy: have you not forgotten yet
 The smell of the red paint upon the handle
 Of your toy sword?

Per. Let me, brave youth, advise you.

Rod. Advise your friend, Sir, if you think him one;
 I say his valour's equal to his knowledge.

[*PERANZULES advances to calm LOZANO.*]

Loz. Well, well; I should but turn the flat of my sword
 Into a ferula, and teach the boy.

Rod. You teach me!

'Tis you that are the boy; you know not yet

Man's alphabet, one single jot of sentiment,
 Nor how much magic strength it can put into
 The weakest learner. Boy! By heaven, I tell you,
 Your spirit is a child; and, were your body
 As small, I'd take you here upon my knee,
 And dandle you in pity.

Loz. Idle boy!

I've spoilt your house enough.

Rod. Then, since you're teachable
 Neither by calmness, nor most just rebuke,
 Nor seem to think there's any way of teaching
 But one, I'll meet your understanding. Now;—
 My father sends you this.

[He runs at him, and gives him a blow.]

Loz. Back, Peranzules. This must be chastised.

Rod. Ay; and for your own sake, let me advise you,
 Spare not the edge. *(Aside.)* O that I yet could wound him
 All but to death;—or else that I myself
 Might—and yet then—Ximena! Father! Aye,
 Mudarra and my father! *[They fight with great fierceness and skill.]*

Loz. 'Tis better play than I expected.

Rod. Aye,
 It makes you breathe a little, and look grave.

Enter XIMENA with FATIMA hastily.

Xim. Rodrigo Diaz! Father! For God's sake!

Loz. Cousin, convey away that foolish girl.

Rod. That terrible sweet sight again! *[PERANZULES forces them out.]*

Loz. You're pale, Sir.

Rod. Sir, for the sake of your own child, be noble.

Loz. You seek a proper second in a girl.
 Entreat your life.

Enter DIEGO with Officers and Guards.

Dieg. *(Crying aloud.)* Me! me! I'll die instead.

Rod. Who talks of dying, father? Sit you down
 Upon the stone of justice! Sit you down:

I am not breathed yet. [*They continue to fight fiercely.*]

So you seek my life

At last, now stoop to that old reverend man,

Or I shall make you.

Loz. Scorn upon you both!—

Have I not bowed him down too low for any

But his own child to stoop to? Fall, and see.—

By heavens, I'm fiercely wounded.

Rod. To the heart!

[He thrusts him with a death-blow to his father's feet.]

Pardon him, Sir, for he's a dying man.

Dieg. He asks it not.

Rod. Then pity him the more,

For more his folly wants it.

Dieg. Fly, my son;

Fly, and I will.

[RODRIGO flies amidst a sound of clashing swords.]

Dieg. (*Holding his hands over LOZANO.*) I do pardon thee,
Thou low-laid man, at my great son's request.

Loz. Heap of dishonour! Hide—I die in the faith.

[He turns round, dashing his fist against the earth, and dies.]

Enter XIMENA wildly.

Xim. I'll die! There's some one dead!—I should have told it—
And now I'll tell it all—my heart—I—*Father!*

*[She unexpectedly sees her father's body, and sinks back in their arms:—
the curtain falls rapidly.]*

JOHNSON AND DRYDEN.

WE quoted a couplet, the other day, from Dr Johnson, with a remark that may have been thought irreverent. We have great reverence for some things in Johnson, but his verses are not among them; and we have the less scruple in expressing our opinion on that point, because he had no hesitation in treating

better verses than his own with contempt. The passage in the preceding article is at the commencement of one of his imitations of Juvenal, and is remarkable for its tautology.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, &c.

Hear how Dryden dashes into this at once :—

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.

He beats even the closeness of the Latin ; and never dreams of such a useless first line as that in Johnson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our middle-aged young friend *Zachary Tickleton* has a turn for humour, though his verses are inadmissible in our publication.

We received a letter some weeks ago from *C. W. E.*, which alluded to a mistake in a daily paper respecting *Madame Pasta*. The letter was unfortunately mislaid, and the time is gone by for noticing the mistake : but we mention the circumstance, lest our correspondent should think we had overlooked him.

Some correspondents enquire for certain works of Mr Shelley, and ask how they are to be procured. We are not aware of any mode, except that of giving special orders for the purpose to a bookseller.

Lionel was very welcome ; and we should find room with pleasure for the last of his sonnets on Mr Keats, did we not think ourselves bound to be very fastidious with verses,—our own perhaps excepted.

Our companion *S. G.* will forgive us on the same account.

The subject of *Gilbertus* would not be interesting to our readers.

In drawing upon a manuscript this week to supply a portion of our Companion, we have been perplexed by the nature of it to know where to begin with the extract and how much of it to give. The consequence has been, that it has run to much greater length than we looked for, and thrust out one or two other articles. Among them is an answer to a criticism in a Sunday paper, which will appear next week.

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THE COMPANION.

No. XXII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1828.

“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SEQUEL OF “ A FATHER AVENGED.”

[The reader must indulge us with permission to make another long extract from our port-folio. We have been ill, and occupied with other matters. Next week we hope to behave like proper Companions, and not inflict so many verses on his patience ; such too, as are a great deal more worthy of his patience than his regard. The passage, by the way, quoted from Johnson last week, and contrasted with one from Dryden, was not intended for that particular number of our work. It was waiting, ready composed, for any space that wanted it ; and the printer naturally inserted it where he did ; otherwise we should not let it stand after so many verses of our own.]

SCENE—*A Room in the late Count's Palace. Enter FATIMA from a door opposite the stage, listening, and looking cautiously about her.*

Fat. She comes.

Enter XIMENA.

Xim. You missed me, I fear, Fatima.

Fat. Dearest and best, I did. How pale you look,
And how you speak !

Xim. I'll tell you bye and bye ;
Not now,—not now. [FATIMA helps her to sit down.

Fat. Well, I have seen a man,
Was present at— [She kisses her cousin's hand.

Xim. Rodrigo's taken ?

Fat.

No;

Escaped.

Xim. Escaped! Thank God! and yet I should not
Thank God.*Fat.* Oh yes, you should: you should do everything
Your nature prompts you to.*Xim.*

My father—my father!

You make me recollect, cousin, that he
Was now and then a little ungentle with you.*Fat.* I never felt it half so much, as those
Ungentle words. But I'll forget them.*Xim.*

Do,

Pray do. I think, grief made Rodrigo cruel;
 And then it bows me so, it makes me mean;
 You know I utter desperate words at times,
 And they revenge themselves.—I will have justice;
 Ay, you may look as wild as I do, cousin;
 But I have asked it of the King already.
 My father's—he, I mean, who said he loved me,—
 Would have reproached me, and called me a bad child,
 Had I not done it.—Fatima,—last night, I dreamt
 My father slowly passed by my bedside;
 An angel led him, one with silvery wings
 And a grave happy face. I thought they trod
 On clouds, though close to me; and as they went,
 The angel said, " 'Tis painful to leave children:"
 At which, methought, my father looked at me—
 Oh, with so dreadful an indifferent face!
 Not meant for such,—but just as if he passed
 A stranger at a door, and answered, " Yes,
 But I had none!"—And it is true;
 No child; no, no; Rodrigo cut off father
 And child at once, or she would not stay thus;
 The slaughterer did not stay. I will have justice,
 Justice, most proper justice.

Fat.

O take patience.

You took it but just now.

Xim. I was too wretched,
Even to be impatient. But to hear
He has escaped, and I have scarcely stirred
In my great task meantime!

Fat. He has not quite
Escaped; not quite; he has escaped awhile;
But they may reach him yet.

Xim. Who may?

Fat. The officers
Of justice.

Xim. God forbid! I shall denounce him
Again, but not when present: no, not face
To face; nor even in my neighbourhood.
They will not find him: no, no; he is wise
As the serpent:—I thought him harmless as the dove.

[She weeps gently.]

Fat. But those who harbour him may give him up:
They may be told to do it:—a price may be
Set on his head.

Xim. A price upon his head!
Oh, I have gazed at it, until I thought
It made the air about it still and sacred.
Oh, blessed heaven! had but my father known
How I did love him!—Yes, yes, I alone,
I must denounce him; aye, and find him too,
I think I must do that. How can I do it?
Were he but here—

Fat. (Hastily). What would you do?

Xim. I'd take him
And throw this heap of tears and wretchedness
At the king's feet, and say, this is the man;
And I am sure I should have done all then,
For then my heart would break.

[RODRIGO bursts from the room door, and prostrates himself at her feet.]

Rod. Behold him taken.
O that I could have flung down at your feet
My heart like shattered glass. And yet not so,

Ximena; for 'twould pain your eyes to see
Even me punished.

Xim. O that voice! that face!
What a most dreadful thing has happened, since
I saw it last; and not to be recalled,—
No more than infancy. How couldst thou come,
Killer! within these walls, and yet not fear
That they would crush thee? Dost thou know who lies
I' the room above us?

Rod. One in blest forgetfulness.

Xim. How couldst thou think of him, and come?

Rod. I thought

Scarcely of anything but thee; and came
For nothing but to do as I do now,
And so begone again, as I will straightly,
Unless you bid me die.

Xim. You thought not of me
Before, before.

Rod. I did, Heaven is my witness!
How could I not? And when my father, after
I had engaged to be his champion, spoke
The name of him to whose renowned sword
I was to oppose myself, the fear of thee
Alone smote on me. Ere I went, I prayed
For thee, and called on thee through blinding tears:
And when I saw thee in that dismal place,
I could have wept blood at thy father's feet
To turn his heart, but he—

Xim. Ay, boast of that;
Boast that you begged him, as they say you did,
In my behalf, and that he cared not for me.

Rod. I said not so. He was too proud to think
His life in any danger from my hand.
I'll fly yet, if I can, and live:—and let me
Say, while those tears loosen thy gentle heart,
That if Lozano's daughter, as she will,
Plead to the king against me, I do not think

In any case, that he would take my life.
 Banished I may be, ever ; and with those
 Who knew some happy hopes which I was building
 Here in Castile, and do not hate me as
 A human being, 'twill be held enough.

Xim. Surely.—I'll leave thee now.—Thou hast a wound.

Rod. I have, but 'tis not dangerous.

Xim. If it pain thee,

My cousin here—

Rod. I would it pained me more.

'Tis very bearable.

Xim. 'Twill be night-fall soon,
 When thou canst go without the hazard of
 Making me risk the safety of a guest.

Rod. 'Twill be a dark thick night ; and, as I hoped,
 Rainy and stormy. I shall thus go shrouded.

Xim. Cousin, I'd say one word with you, before
 You take your leave.

Fat. Now ?

Xim. When you please.

Fat. Well, now ;

I have no speech. [*XIMENA prepares to take her leave silently.*]

Rod. (to Fatima) I'll wait till you're at leisure.—

Ximena !

Xim. Yes, I own here in the sight
 Of Heaven, which pardons us our weaknesses,
 That I must wish the task I have successful.
 And I could wish more, but I must not—no—
 'Tis past. And if Rodrigo recollects,
 He has been known to say, that in hard trials
 Such as these are, they show the kindest hearts
 Who keep abstaining looks,—who do not fret
 The ear of sad necessity, nor show
 They love their grief before another's quiet.

Rod. 'Tis well reminded. I'll not even thank you
 For those kind words. If ever you should have
 Your peace again, as I believe you will,

Being good and wise, I shall be told of it,
And pass the day-time lightly.—I believe
'Twere right I should go first.

Xim.

It must be spoken ;

It must ; but wake not, thou dead angry one,
To hear it ; nor do thou, Rodrigo, utter
One word in answer, but be dumb to the last,
And help me against thyself, when I declare
I love thee to the last ; I do, as full
And quick as my tears run—Oh Lord, how much !
From this day forth, my life is as a life
Borne in a world from which the sun has gone,
A desolate and ever-raining twilight,
Drenching the downard heads of dreary hours,
That creep to their own funeral.—Away,
For I shall pain him ; and I do,—being always
Of an inferior nature. Pardon me,
I cannot bear that smile ; only not that ;
There's hope in it :—nay, pardon me again :
I owe your quietness thanks—now—now—he's gone. [Exeunt.

Scene—A Room in DIEGO's House. Enter DIEGO.

Dieg. It is the time he mentioned in his letter
For snatching this farewell. The night is fierce
And dark, as if the spirit of Lozano
Were maddening to remain, and still disturb us.
But now its worst is best. Oh, my great son,
Whose rarity sends thee out of house and home
To walk the inclement world, like to the spirit
Of Nature whom thou lovest, every sound
Of the wide-washing rain and headlong wind
Makes me think piteously of thy lorn state
And filial martyrdom, till I resent
Those weak unhonouring thoughts, and see thee as
The blessed and the lofty thing thou art.
The crowd o' the elements is a pomp to thee,
Honouring at once and hiding,—with the wind

Thy trumpet, and the balmy rains thy blessing,
 Shed out of heaven's own cup; and so thou goest
 Attended in thy magnanimity
 By angels, who look at thee and each other.—
 He comes not.—Stay—a clapping of a door—
 'Twas what I heard before. Some one has left it
 To the impatient handling of the wind.
 A hundred voices are about the air,
 Which the ear hears but knows not, answering
 Like ministers to the lordly call o' the blast.
 They fall. No—I hear nothing—nothing, but
 The beat of my heart's blood up in my temples
 Ticking, and hurrying like a crazy clock.—
 The rain is over; and the freshened stars,
 Like glad eyes after tears, look busily
 And brightly forth. They look as if they saw him.
 I am so anxious and so tired, I cannot
 But walk on still out of mere restlessness;
 My feet and mind ache when I sit. That cry!
 'Tis my good hound Ardiente. Oh, perhaps
 He knows that some one comes. Pray God he may;
 Or strong desire, hurrying in all my limbs,
 Will, with the press of sudden impossibility,
 Snap my old wits. Hark! hark! 'Tis regular counting,
 And quick—a horse—it clutches the wet earth—
 Now quicker still—what passing! No,—a stop—
 A fiery stop—Ah ha! Look there! My boy!

[RODRIGO rushes into his arms.

Safe and alone?

Rod. Quite so, dear father.

Dieg. Ay,

Call me so twenty times, and make me proud.

Oh gracious God! What a great thing it is

To be tender and proud together. [He embraces him again.

Rod. You will now—

Eat, father, and be merry, and sleep, and live

An age out?

Dieg. Ay, so that thou flourishest too.—

His head was at my feet.—Oh my blest son,
What greater name, as fond, and yet more worthy,
As young and yet more reverend, can I find
To give my large love utterance? Something must
Be done, for it will not be said:—prevent me not
From satisfying my soul;—I'll kneel. [*He offers to kneel down.*]

Rod.

No, no, Sir:

My dearest father!

Dieg. I will, and kiss

That hand, that took these grey hairs from the dust.

Rod. You must not—

Dieg. And set them in white honour up again,
And made my old eyes happy till they wept.
Let me do this.

Rod. I cannot, Sir: nor if

I have done anything, and may demand
A pleasure in repayment, as I do,
Will you so hurt the unalterable religion
Of nature, and the first time in your life
Make your son blush.

Dieg. I am bound not to do it.

But yet I will stand from thee for a while,
To take thy nature's height, and reverence it;
And could I have received thee as I ought
In stately wise, with banquet and with song
Of victory, and lovely ladies' looks,
And all that makes a stately heart like thine
Seem what it is, I would have planted thee
Where thou shalt sit thee yet, at top o' the board
O'er canopied; for he that bowed the head
Which thou didst bow, shall be the head of the house
Of old Lain Calvo.

Rod. Sir, these stately words

Cannot but make my spirit rise within me
To look at least as though it had deserved
Such glory face to face; but oh, dear father,

Let my reward be to have kept our house
From falling in thy great respect, and worthy
Of thy true chieftainship.

Dieg. Be it as thou wilt.

But glory, my Rodrigo, still will follow thee,
And in a worldly shape ; sure as the ring
That waits aloof upon a saintly head.
You smile and yet look sad.

Rod. I was thinking, father,
How I should yearn amidst a heap of glories
For one small taste of home.

Dieg. 'Tis there, my son,
Thou'lt have it most. How I indulge myself
At thy expense ! Attend. You have heard the news ?

Rod. No : what ?

Dieg. The Moors, perhaps emboldened by
Rumours of our dissensions here at court,
Have again risen. There are five bands of them
Each headed by a king ; and 'twas but now
Fresh news arrived, that they have passed beyond
Burgos itself, and plundered all about.

Rod. I see

Dieg. Yes—yes, but stay. A special messenger
Came to me from your cousin, Alvar Fanez,
A noble boy, who knows his kinsman's wishes
At all such times,—to tell me that the enemy,
Such is their confidence, and hitherto
Too just a one, will take the shortest road
To the capital by a dangerous defile ;
Patience, dear boy—you shall be with them yet—
Trust me : 'tis that I meant to speak of. Now
I have ordered, on the instant, all my vassals
To get them ready for the king's assistance,—
A work that shews with double grace in me
Just now. They are assembling in the plain
Here to the left. Others as they march on
Will join them. They expect me to send out

A leader to them, when the trumpet's tongue
Asks for him twice; and think 'twill be Bermudo;
But—

Rod. It is I?

Dieg. Ay, boy; who else? Who else?
You'll join them with your vizor down, known only
By our white plume; not because any man of them
Would give you up, but that your nobleness
Would save them from all question with the king.

Rod. Oh father, if you talk of paying me,
Thus you pay all at once.

Dieg. Martin Antolinez
Will bear my snowy banner through the darkness;
And others of your youthful friends await you;
How will you turn upon them? Salvadores,
And Gustios, and Munoz, and Alvarez,
And Galin Garcia,—ay, your favourite set,
All, all, that murmur now you are away,
And meant to grow their plumes with you in war.
The rest you know.

Rod. I come up with the Moors
In the defile, and pierce them in that pound.

Dieg. You do; and at the least prevent their coming
Further, till other forces shall arrive.

And hark! *[A trumpet at a distance.]*

Rod. It is the call.

Dieg. The first. Your horse
Is ready saddled for you in the stable,
Your favourite Baya. You will find with him
The helmet and the rest,

Rod. I have a horse.

Dieg. What—not take Baya? Where did ye get the horse?

Rod. A lady gave it me.

Dieg. A lady? Not
A favourite too, I hope? Or what must I
Have made you suffer?

Rod. Not a favourite,
As you mean, father.

Dieg. So; and yet I wonder
That those who take delight— [Trumpet again.

Away, away;
I must not trust myself to hold you fast.

Rod. I'll have your blessing round me. (*He takes his father's arms, and brings them round his own body.*) There! My horse
Will carry me like lightening, as it brought.

Dieg. I shall look out and see your feather go,
Like my plum'd angel. I shall hear the shout too,
And then I'll sleep like an old soldier. You
Fight for a thousand fathers now.

Rod. Ay, and husbands,
Lovers, and sons, and carry a victory with me
From every one.

Dieg. Bravo, boy! And the result
Is easily guessed; you know my meaning, every way.

Rod. I hope so, and I think so. There, no more—
Look not on this as on a parting, father;
I only turn to speak to you 'twixt whiles
I'the battle. There—I shall look round at the window. [Exit.

Dieg. Armies of angels wheel about with you,
Like shooting walls of fire! Now—now he's mounted.

[*He opens and looks out of the window: something darts by,
and a little after a great shout. The curtain falls.*

[*Several scenes take place in this interval, among others the battle with the Moors. In the following and final scene, the King of Castile is seated on his throne with his Nobles about him, awaiting the issue of a proclamation and challenge made against RODRIGO, in behalf of DONNA XIMENA, who is present when an Officer enters hastily.*]

Officer. An armed crowd, my liege, are entering
The city; and the people gathering on with them
Cry for Rodrigo de Bivàr.

King. Keep still
And in your places. Go you forth, and see, Sir,
[Trumpets and other music growing nearer.

Enter another Officer.

2d Off. My lord, the strangest cavalcade is coming,—
The vassals of the old Count Lainez, headed

By the five Moorish Kings,—although the latter
Are said to be taken prisoners. They say too
Rodrigo took them, but he's not in the troop,—
And that he has been slain.

King.

Look to the lady.

[*XIMENA faints. A noise of trumpets growing nearer.*

Enter Third Officer.

3d Off. My lord, the strangest and the happiest news !
Rodrigo de Bivàr, at the head o' the vassals
Of the old Count his father, has surprised
The Moors in the defile, and sends their kings
Prisoners unto your greatness.

King.

What of the conqueror ?

3d Officer. He, Sir, in his great modesty
And deference to your late reproof of him,
Has turned out of the path to his father's house,
Where he awaits your pleasure.

King.

Go to him instantly,

And fetch both father and son. This is the noblest
Day of my life, though I am conquered too.

*A March.—Enter ALVAR FANEZ with the five Moorish Kings ; all but
the King and a few others uncover.*

Alv. Fan. (Kneeling and presenting a letter and a standard)—

My cousin, Sir, Rodrigo de Bivàr,
Having, he says, by fortune and his friends
Been blessed with quick prevention of the war,
Lays the green standard at your royal feet ;
And begs your princely hospitality
In favour of these great and gallant enemies.
This letter will speak farther.

King. (Uncovering with the rest, and descending from his throne)—

His wishes, and their own reverse of fortune,
Make it our business to receive them worthily.
These letters too enable us to shew
Our sense of the young lustre lately obscured
By some sad tears here. His own liberty,
Although unasked for, is restored to him,
And, as I think, to the delight of all.

You, royal Abdoulrahman, our great brother,
 Who shewed that sparing virtue to our fields
 In middle of all-wilful victory,
 Be held, together with our other brethren,
 Visitors at our court, which you will leave
 At your own pleasure, after staying awhile
 To heighten ours.

Abd. We are thrice conquered, Sir ;
 By your new general, his great soul, and yours.

Enter a Herald with a trumpet.

Her. My liege, the venerable Count Lainez
 And his victorious son, attend your bidding.

King. You and the other heralds usher them ;
 And let the music bid all hearts rise up
 With its most numerous and majestic voice.

A full and noble March.—Enter eight Heralds with Trumpets, two and two, and then RODRIGO supporting his Father. The King introduces DIEGO to the Moors, and then seats him in a Chair.

King. Rodrigo, you have made us pant for words
 With this great tide of glory. Let it suffice
 That all which by a father of his country
 Ought to be done for you, shall shew my thanks.

Rod. Sir, you do all for me in that one word.

King. Not so. After we have performed the ceremony
 So lately and unhappily broken off,
 Your knighting, there's a crowning conquest still,
 With which perhaps I may assist to make
 Your aspect happy as glorious.—You would speak of it
 Yourself, and win it otherwise ?

Rod. I have, Sir,
 I do confess, two favours still to ask ;—
 And I should blush to ask them openly,
 Had not a secret, as I understand,
 Escaped with sweet sad breath to most here present.

King. Ask on :—it has.

Rod. Then first, Sir, to explain
 That secret further. (*Turning to Almanzor*)—

My great-hearted friend,

Take up that veil from off thy nobleness.

Yes, Sir; it is Almanzor, once my combatant,
Who thought himself my rival in the affections
Of one whom he mistook for her fair cousin.

Your nephew, Sir, (*to Abd.*); and oh, my friend of friends,

[ALMANZOR and RODRIGO rush into each others arms.

You did not get my letter? You came here

And passed it on the road?

Alm.

It must be so.

But it has shewn for me that I have gratitude;

Shewn thee!

[*Embraces him again.*

Rod. And shewn another.—Sir, (*to the King*) they love
Each other nobly, as you now have seen;
And my first favour is, that you would make
Their union part of your festivity.

King. Theirs, and one more, I hope.

Rod.

Pardon me, Sir,

I ———

Dieg. Pardon me, my son.

[*Goes towards XIMENA.*

Sweetest young lady,

Whom, with my son, I have unknowingly,
Almost until this hour, tried with such pain,
I could, as a fond father, ask you much;
I can, as a fond father, ask you nothing.
Yet there's a difference, fair one; a great difference,
Though not for me to tell you. You will think of it.
But I may say, that had not this new taste
Of sorrow come to me through all these sweets,—
Why, I had died for joy ere long; and then
My boy might have been happy.

Xim.

Not for that, sir:

Not with such help. I do not speak in anger.

I wish not you nor him otherwise than

As you now are, except in one fond habit

That mars his well-earned happiness. I can look

Even on you, sir, not bitterly; and am firm,

Not out of hate, but duty; you may see it.

[*She weeps.*

King. Not to enlarge on the distinction, lady,
Which the Count speaks of, though I might well urge it
As witness to this matter, first and last ;
Yet as the King,—I mean, as princely father
Of all my Spanish family, I may advise you
To weigh the involuntary death of one
In balance with these thousands of glad lives
Saved by our young and conquering cousin,—one
Whom you yourself—

Rod. May I intreat you, Sir ?
I had one other favour. I would ask it.

Xim. My lord, to shew you all my heart at once,—
Its duties, its necessities, the shadow
Which the ever-present pall has cast upon it,—
To shew my sense, Sir, of your condescension,
Which I am forced thus publicly and painfully
To seem to undervalue ;—and I may add
To shew how justly (I feel pale to say it,
Not blushing, even at all these eyes) I loved,—
I will abide, my lord—I will abide
By the decision of Rodrigo's self.

Rod. O the futility of toils and dangers,
Of burning, and of cold, and torn-up wounds,
And all the aches that gnaw into all patience,
Compared with one such agony o' the heart!
Pardon me, Sir.—And do thou pardon me,
Ximena, for a thought, which like a whirlwind,
Took my right sense away, even of thee.
She means not, Sir,—instinctively, she means not
To exile me from all hope, and make me mock
The last most awful spirit of self-sacrifice,
The very exacter of these trials,—Justice.
She means it not : or if she thinks she does,
I tell her, she does not ;—the very favour
Which I was going to ask of you she construed
With the blest instinct of her heart too well.
Sir, I do ask that favour ;—'tis to let

Lady Ximena be secure and quiet
 From all solicitation ;—she will let
 Me in return, fancy at least I see
 A far-set hope, like to a star in heaven,
 Which I may try to journey to,—not frowned at
 Even by a single face that looks upon me
 Out of the placid world of the departed.

King. Be it so. Shall I not request her then
 Even to remain during this honouring ceremony?

Rod. I did intend to hope, Sir, that she would,—
 As my first hope, and for a toilsome while,
 My last ;—a sign, that at the least she recognizes
 The spirit in me still, which she held honourable.

[XIMENA slowly takes her seat again.]

Enter the proper Assistants with a Golden Bason, and Spur, and a Velvet Stool.

Abdoulrahman. Oh my most noble Cid, let me now grasp
 This hand again, which took me indeed a prisoner.
 Would it were I that had the knighting of thee!

King. What is that title, brother, which you give him?

Abd. I called him Cid ; for my heart could not help
 Speaking a native word : it signifies
 Master and Lord.

King. It shall henceforward be
 His most distinguishing title, both in honour
 Of him who first conferred it, and of qualities
 That make him understood so and admired
 By friend and foe.—Plant thy foot here, Rodrigo.

[A Herald throws a Mantle over his Shoulders, and the King puts the
 Spur on his Foot. Then rising, the King dips his Finger in the
 Bason, and crosses RODRIGO'S Forehead and his own.]

King. Be thou a faithful and right loyal knight
 For God and for Saint Jago and for Spain.—
 Cousins, my noble peers ; you other nobles,
 Officers, heralds, and all ye that hear,
 This is Rodrigo de Bivàr, the Cid.

[The Heralds, standing four on each side of the Company, blow their
 Trumpets loudly towards the Audience, and the Curtain falls.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is all right between S. G. and his Companion.

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THE COMPANION.

No. XXIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

MR HUSKISSON AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE facts respecting the late piece of dramatic surprise occasioned by Mr Huskisson's letter, are thus excellently stated by the *Atlas*, and followed by some remarks as excellent on the general spirit of the affair.

“After the vote on the East Retford question, Mr Huskisson, before he went to bed, wrote a “private and confidential” letter to the Premier, containing these words—“I lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as the only means in my power of preventing the injury which may ensue from the appearance of disunion in his Majesty's Councils.” Mr Huskisson next morning found, to his astonishment, that the letter containing this sentence was considered as a resignation, and had already been laid before the King. In no other light would the Duke of Wellington view it, in spite of Mr Huskisson's repeated explanations, that he only meant to disembarrass his Grace in any steps he might feel himself called upon to take. The Duke persisted: “It was no mistake—could be no mistake,—and should be no mistake;” and Mr Huskisson was obliged to go. The master sometimes *will* take the servant's muttered warning, whether he will or not; and as soon as his successor can be found, the unlucky varlet is obliged to doff the livery of his office, pack up his budget, and depart. This may take place when an excellent servant, esteeming his merits too highly, incautiously gives himself airs. Perhaps it is difficult to find so efficient a butler, or so handy a valet—but insubordination is not to be endured, if the master is of a decisive temperament: if indeed he is tired of his domestic—if the family dislike him, or if “voices in the air” have whispered that William is in the way—he will seize the first fair excuse to get rid of him. Mr Huskisson has undoubtedly made a great blunder; he confessedly wished to remain, and took the most obvious means to get turned out. It is remarkable, that in spite of his acknowledged ability, the sense of blunder

is so strong that little sympathy is felt for him. Had the Duke of Wellington been provided with a successor as efficient as the late Colonial Secretary, we have no doubt that his harshness would have met with a milder censure. When, after the lapse of some days, he can find no substitute for Mr Huskisson but his Quartermaster-General, people are apt to suspect that he has sacrificed the praise of discretion to that of "decision," and that the whole has been a matter of hasty pique, unworthy of a statesman, and dangerous to a great nation. The probability however is, that the Duke expected to get on more smoothly without than with his colleague, whilst Mr Huskisson, anxious to stay, and yet apprehensive that his East Retford vote would operate against him, perhaps imagined he should play a better game if he took the lead into his own hand—a fatal miscalculation."

Nothing can be better, we think, than this account of the affair : but we pause a little on two other remarks, with which the writer concludes.

"On the whole," (he says) "the affair is a childish one ; and it is unfit that the interests of a nation should thus be exposed to suffer by hasty notes written with a severe headache at two o'clock in the morning, which give offence to an angry and perhaps a bilious gentleman over his breakfast next day. Unless there were secret motives of party operating on either side, it was unbecoming in the Premier to turn out an able Minister, merely because he wrote a blundering letter."

Now the head-ache and the biliousness are well put. Montaigne says, he likes to rattle the word Pleasure in the ears of the philosophers, who affect not to seek the thing after their various modes, as well as other people. For a still better reason, we like to see the leaders of Government reminded of their common nature, and of the trivial causes to which their quarrels are owing ninety-nine times in a hundred. But we agree with those who think, that Mr Huskisson's letter contained a passage, which left the Duke no alternative but to shew a strong sense of it, glad as he may have been at the opportunity of being angry, and however extreme, beyond official usage, in resolving that there should be no mistake. Mr Huskisson says in that letter, "I owe it to you as the head of the Administration, and to Mr Peel as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as *the only means* in my power of *preventing the injury* to the King's service which may ensue from the appearance of disunion," &c. Now the Premier, by Mr Huskisson's own shewing, was either bound to agree with him in thinking this step "the only means" of preventing the injury, or he

was to make a friendly return to a hostile attack, and concede the first place in the matter to the inferior minister. This was clearly what Mr Huskisson desired. It was an attempt on the part of Ulysses to frighten Ajax; and Ajax not only stood upon his stubbornness, and was not to be frightened, but he turned the trick of Ulysses against himself. The letter, it was urged, was marked "private and confidential." True: this was part of the trick: that is to say, Ajax was to have a knock on the face, and to keep it all to himself, till he had propitiated his enemy. He did not chuse to do this, nor was it to be expected of him; and accordingly he followed up the private and confidential thump with a settler.

On the other hand, the mention of Ulysses reminds us of a person more worthy of that name, and of the greater quarrel, in which Ajax, as of old, was for the time defeated. It is all very well for the followers of this and that statesman to attribute to him nothing but generous motives, and to wonder that anybody can be so ungentle as to think him human. But without denying that statesmen, like other people, are capable of generosity, and influenced by as many thousands of little feelings, good as well as bad, it is quite clear to us that the Duke of Wellington has never forgotten or forgiven the intellectual ascendancy of Mr Canning, nor ceased to feel uneasy in the company of his friends. Even in his late speech in his behalf, which is made so much of, and which we venture to say was as poor a thing every way as might have been expected from one who is no speaker nor capable of appreciating speakers, we recognized a sneer at Mr Canning for not following the profession for which he was so "well fitted;" and which, the Duke might have added, "it would have been so pleasant to me, if he had followed." So much for Mr Canning; and as for Mr Huskisson, he, of all men, was the last to think himself an exception to the dislike of Mr Canning's friends; for besides being a very clever man, and a good speaker, he had set the Duke right on a question, openly disputed between them, and upon which the future Premier had committed a great blunder: and the Duke has evidently not talents enough, of the intellectual order, to afford to endure this correction, or the company of any one capable of bestowing it. His Grace has a character for sin-

cerity, which is almost all in all with us, provided there is good intention; and we were inclined to like him for it, and to hope that the grandeur of his position, as a man who had had the good fortune of settling the late wars, might supply him with a sort of moral superiority to his deficiencies, and enable him, in conformance with the spirit of the age, to discover the still higher glory of doing what Bonaparte himself had not done, and had repented for it. But from the way in which he has proceeded to fill up Mr Huskisson's place, joined with other evidences which now take a new and unfavourable aspect, we fear that he is what his enemies have represented him, a mere soldier, fond of mere power, unable to learn better, and thinking to rule us like a barrack-master. If so, we suspect that a greater "moral lesson" is preparing for him than he can imagine, and that he and his "Drawcansirs" will be rendered supremely ridiculous, both in and out of Parliament. Out of Parliament we are sure they will; and in Parliament we fancy certain civilians mustering up all the spirit of the toga against the sword, speeches and absurdities pulled to bits, and the debates next day powdered with parentheses of "Hear, hear!" and "A laugh," and "Loud laughter," and "Great indignation on the *military* benches."

If however we are mistaken, and the "great moral lesson" which he talked of in Bonaparte's case was not a mere phrase caught from the Emperor Alexander, or some other person at council, none will be more glad of it than ourselves, or louder in hailing the phenomenon. We confess we are great hoppers; and do think, that extraordinary circumstances may bring about others more extraordinary. The world are not to suppose that the speck of time, which they call the experience of ages, contains all that ever has been done, or ever will be: and if public opinion was ever a thing powerful (which it has never been denied), we have good reason to know, that never had it so many means of being powerful, and lifting up a multitude of voices, as at present. Thousands of presses are at work over the enlightened part of the globe, pouring forth knowledge, as from so many iron fountains; and whatever attempt may be made to the contrary, we no more believe that Wellington's soldiers, any more than Napoleon's, could be able to keep their feet

against the stream, than so many little boys against "the school-master." We thought to have made a grander simile; but this will do for the occasion. A prosing Archbishop, who talks of Moses where Christian charity is concerned, is now laughed at, even in the House of Lords; and state militant will be treated no better than church militant, if it comes to be absurd.*

PASTA IN DESDEMONA.

A CRITIC in a Sunday paper has found fault with our opinion of Pasta's behaviour under the dagger in this character. His argument is as follows.

"Wilkes's admirer protested that he did not squint "more than a gentleman ought to squint." The *Companion*, in the same mood of amiable enthusiasm, writes thus of Pasta. 'We have been told, that when Pasta (in *Otello*) sees the dagger upheld to kill her, *she fairly seizes her petticoats, and shrieks, and runs for it.* This is one of those great strokes of nature, by which she drives at once into the heart of the multitude; and nothing, as a thing tragic, can surpass it.' We too are vehement admirers of Pasta, but we must honestly confess that this action has not pleased us. Pasta's figure is not exactly the build for running; and when we have seen her scuttling over the stage, our minds have—we know not from what association—ranged to the bustle between the *phoca* or seal and Hector in Scott's *Antiquary*, and an unlucky sense of the comic has mixed with the horrible. Other people, it is true, may not think of that same *phoca* or seal who performs in the *Antiquary*, but they must surely see a particular awkwardness in Pasta's quick movements. The *Companion* tells us however that it is a great stroke of nature thus fairly to seize the petticoats and run for it—"to gird up the loins," as *Dominie Sampson* expresses it, and "fly incontinently." This *nature* is a word of immense convenience in criticism, because it is of such vague import. But as we are not savages *nature* varies considerably with persons and circumstances. It is natural to fly from death, but we know that persons who are conscious that death is inevitable do not attempt to fly from it; witness the conduct of individuals on the scaffold, who bend their heads to the block, or offer their necks to

* The Archbishop of Tuam brings up "the law and the prophets" to shew that the Catholics ought not to be emancipated, and says also that he has a few words to add "upon purgatory—(*a laugh*)"—"I could go on," said his Grace, "for hours, on the doctrine of purgatory (*a laugh*). The best proof of purgatory is, that the Catholics are in it at present. As to the law and the prophets, does his Grace remember what was said about them by the benevolent author of Christianity? "Love thy neighbours as thyself: in this are fulfilled the law and the prophets." This is the spirit of Christianity; and we are told in the same book, that "the letter killeth, and the spirit giveth life." But we are loth to quote texts, considering how many can be quoted on all sides, and all to undo one another. We all feel what true Christianity means, and that its essence consists in the very reverse of intolerance and want of progression.

the rope. Johnson, who was murdered by Lord Ferrers, did not endeavour to run away—not because he was unaware of his danger, or indifferent to escape, but because he perceived that the attempt would be useless, and in this case a feeling of dignity, which cleaves to us to the last, forbids a useless act of fear. We are sure that our memories would supply us with instances of many who have suffered death by assassination without flying from the stroke; and we are confident that, escape being hopeless, pride suggests such conduct. What is the case of Pasta's *Desdemona*? She is shut up in the same room with a man who has the habit of command over her, who is armed with a dagger, and resolved to take her life. She runs about wildly to escape the danger; many women, most women perhaps would do so, and it would therefore be said to be natural to them; and some of the best, of the highest natures, would not do so, and the patient surrender would also be natural to them. The only question then is, which of the two descriptions is the more proper subject for tragedy. * * * * * Shakspeare certainly did not intend *Desdemona* fairly to seize her petticoats and run for it; for he has, as if to preclude such pranks, taken her petticoats off, and put her to bed. In this predicament, *Desdemona* feels that she must not run about before a gentleman (not to mention the audience), let her be as much disposed to be fugacious as she may. It would be a great stroke of nature, if she were to kick the bed-clothes off when suffocating, but she does not even do that. Decorum prevails, and she dies with punctilious decency. Nevertheless, had Miss O'Neil knocked the counterpane and sheets about, and broken some articles of crockery, it might have been applauded by her admirers, and we could not have denied her right to struggle. * * *

It is not every horror that is dramatic—there are vulgar horrors as well as poetic horrors; and that in question is, we think, of the former class. In the stage directions of an old play, we remember to have seen it ordered, after an explosion, that heads, legs, and arms, should be scattered about the stage “*as bloodie as may be* :” this might have been horrible, but it was not tragic. It was a vulgar machinery. Pasta's flight in *Otello* is, to our minds, of the same “*as-bloodie-as-may-be*” order.”

“We express this difference of opinion with every respect for a remarkably exact taste. No judgment is however so straight and strong as to defy the warp of partiality—except, of course, our own.”

We thank our brother-critic for the courtesy of this conclusion, especially after the “austere regard” of his commencement. But we are compelled to say, that we still think him wrong, and that his argument is wrong throughout. First, as to the ocular demonstration of his exordium:—there would have been something in it, had we said that Pasta was no fatter than a heroine ought to be. On the contrary, we think she is, and have often said so; though we differ with the writer, as to the mode in which such things ought to be said of women, especially of those who delight us and deserve our respect. We are more than usually called on to be considerate with regard to a woman like Pasta, because an actress of her sort must go through a great deal of emotion, and thus render herself

peculiarly liable to the temptation of counter-excitement, and of a little excess in the mode of renewing her strength; and when we reflect how the time of such persons is taken up, and in how many ways of late hours, and studies, and flatteries, they are diverted from recruiting their health in a better manner, we must not be too hard upon them if the nature of their temperament is such as to make them a little too fat and festive in appearance, where others, who indulge more, may be liable to no such betrayals. For this reason we have omitted as much of our critic's ungraciousness on that head as possible. We have also left out an allusion to a person said to be now living, who is charged with having hidden himself in an hour of peril, and to have been at the same time one of the last persons who ought to have set so unmanly an example. The humiliation which this unhappy individual must undergo, is surely enough for him; and need not be brought in to shew that the exhibition of fear is unbecoming on the part of a woman. It is justly expected of a man that he should be brave, even should his individual nature be timid; but the question of fear and courage has, in truth, nothing to do with the subject. Inevitable death has nothing to do with it. Dignity has nothing to do with it. Desdemona is a young, fond, and innocent woman, suddenly threatened with death by the man she loves. Her natural impulse is to try and avoid the death, both in the horror that must be common to all such women, especially on such an occasion, and in the hope of avoiding it for the sake of both parties. We supposed, in our article on the subject, that Pasta, in her general performance of *Desdemona*, as well as in the particular passage here caricatured, adopted that mode of evincing her feelings, which is natural to womankind; but we drew at the same time a distinction, which the critic has overlooked, between her performance of the character as a mere, impassioned, unsophisticate woman, and what might be looked upon as a good, or perhaps still better personation of it by Mademoiselle Sontag as the *lady*. This distinction, if we mistake not (for we have not the article by us to refer to) followed upon the passage which our critic has quoted; and an attention to it, we conceive, would have overturned at once all necessity for his argument:—but unfortunately he is wrong also

respecting the *Desdemona* of Shakspeare. He appears to have had an inkling of this, when he says that Shakspeare seems to have put her to bed, purely to hinder her from attempting to run away. "Decorum," he says, "prevails; and she dies with punctilious decency." But what says Shakspeare?—

Des. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight.

Oth. Nay, if you strive—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. (*He smothers her*).

And see the whole scene. What a writer is Shakspeare! Reading onward, we came upon the following, and our eyes gushed with tears.

Emelia. Oh, who has done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: oh! farewell. (*Dies*).

This is delicacy, if you please; this is "dignity." *Desdemona* dreaded death, as a young and a tender woman; and she felt the greater horror of it, because it was to be inflicted by the man she loved; but having received it, she is still the tender woman; and dignity, which is the sense of worth, then speaks in its most generous language, and attempts to screen and to console the hand that harmed it.

We are not fond of giving ourselves airs of patronage, and indeed have no right to do so. We have also, in the days of our criticism, that is to say, of our youth and our want of thought, been great sinners in the article of severity. But assuming that our critic is young also in proportion as he is severe, and conceding that he may know a great many things better than we do, we would fain give him the benefit of our experience on what we do know; and accordingly we hope he will make haste to discover how much greater the delight is, as well as more honourable the difficulty, in finding out beauties than faults, and helping to create what he desires, as the sun does the flowers that it looks upon. In addition to evidences of talent, which we suppose have been long recognized, he gave one the other day (if we mistake not) of a capability of generous

feeling, far beyond the pale of talents in ordinary; and he who could do that, should afford to be differed with many times as well as once, and not mistake his dislike of objection for imaginary grounds of objection in others.

POETRY OF BRITISH LADIES.

Continued from p. 288.

WE now come to a specimen of the verses of poor Miss Vanhomrigh, who was in love with Swift. They are not very good; but they serve to shew the truth of her passion, which was that of an inexperienced and clever girl of eighteen for a wit of forty-four. Swift had conversation enough to make a dozen sprightly young gentlemen; and besides his wit and his admiration of her, she loved him for what she thought his love of truth. In her favour also he appears to have laid aside his *brusquerie* and fits of ill temper, till he found the matter too serious for his convenience.

“ Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.”

Swift, who was already engaged elsewhere, and with a woman too whom he loved, should have told her so. She discovered it, and died in a fit of indignation and despair. But we have discussed this matter in another place. The volume, a little farther, contains some verses of the other lady *On Jealousy*,—probably occasioned by the rival who was jealous of her. Poor Stella! She died also, after a longer, a closer, and more awful experience of Swift's extraordinary conduct; which to this day remains a mystery. We believe it has been conjectured that he might have doubted whether Stella (Miss Johnson, daughter of the steward of his early friend Sir William Temple) might not have been a daughter of his own. Perhaps he might have fancied her a sister,

if he had any notion (as some have had) that he himself was indebted to Sir William for his birth. But this will not exonerate him, for his conduct to Miss Vanhomrigh, nor lessen indeed the suspicions otherwise cast on him : for why, after all, did he marry Miss Johnson without living with her, and keep the secret from Miss Vanhomrigh if he meant nothing further? But we are getting out of our subject. The worst of it was, that both these ladies were eminently fitted for the enjoyments of an equal and genuine affection,—being young, pleasurable, liberal, clever, and sincere. One cannot help fancying, that there must have been two men, living somewhere, who ought to have had them for companions ; and that such persons will meet in another sphere. Swift was not properly fit for either, had he been as young and fit in every other respect. He has recorded some witticisms of Stella, which shew that she was not uninfected with his coarseness. Some of the rest are altogether excellent. We are sorry we cannot refer to them ; but we remember one, or the spirit of it. Steel medicines are reckoned good for melancholy. She was asked one day, in a game at forfeits, why melancholy was like an oyster. “ Because,” said she, “ it is removed by taking steel inwardly.”

Mr Dyce appears to be mistaken in attributing the lines at p. 149 to Rachel, Lady Russell, wife of the famous Lord William Russell. The Lady Russell, who here writes verses to the memory of her husband, records him as having been named John. She was most probably Elizabeth, one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cook, and widow of John, Lord Russell, who was called up to the House of Lords in the lifetime of his father Francis, Earl of Bedford, who died in 1585. The singular applicability of the last line to the mourning widowhood of Lady William Russell, seems to have misled Mr Dyce to overlook the name of the real husband. The concluding couplet is remarkable for shewing the effect to which real feeling turns the baldest common-places. Not that the words just alluded to are a common-place. They are a quintessence of pathos.

“ Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of Heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth,

His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
 My husband dear, more than this world his light,
 Death hath me reft.—But I from death will take
 His memory, to whom this tomb I make.
 John was his name (ah was! wretch, must I say)
 Lord Russell once, *now my tear-thirsty clay.*"

Gay Mrs Centlivre follows Lady Russell, like a sprightly chambermaid after a gentlewoman. She is all for "the soldiers;" and talks of the pleasure of surrendering, like a hungry citadel. The specimen consists of her prologue to the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. It is very good of its kind; gallant, and to the purpose; with that sort of air about it, as if it had been spoken by Madame Vestris, or the fair authoress herself, in regimentals. But partial extracts would be awkward; and we have not room for more. The idea of a female in officer's clothes always reminds us of one of the most beloved of our book-heroines,—poor little Marianna in Goethe's novel of Wilhelm Meister; and this puts us out of taste with all other fair captains. What a picture of her is that at the beginning of the novel! How satisfactory to the senses! And how deserving she proves herself of the heart! But circumstances hampered even her with deception; and these, though deception was sorely against her will, and she loved truly enough to break through it, were the death of her; which was a pity. What a pause is that, at the conclusion of Book the First! And how we pity her afterwards; and are mad with that impatient weakling her lover! But we are talking of what the reader may know nothing about. If so, we exhort him to procure the book immediately, and sit down and study it; for it is not a novel of the common sort, or to be read without a commentary of thought and experience. There is an excellent translation of it, in three volumes, published by Whitakers.

Mrs De La Riviere Manly, who wrote the *Atalantis*, and alternately "loved" and lampooned Sir Richard Steele, (which was not so generous of her, as her surrendering herself to the law to save her printer), has two copies of verses, in which we may observe the usual tendency of female writers to break through conventional common-places with some touches of nature. The least of them have an instinct of this sort, which does them honour, and sets them above the same class of writers in the other sex. The mixture however sometimes has a ludicrous effect. Mrs Manly, pane-

gyrizing a certain "J. M——e, Esq. of Worcester College," begins with this fervid and conversational apostrophe:—

"Oxford,—for all thy fops and smarts,
Let *this prodigious youth* atone;
While others frisk and dress at hearts,
He makes thy better part his own."

The concluding stanza is better, and indeed contains a noble image. Others, she says, advance in their knowledge by slow degrees,

"But his vast mind completely form'd,
Was thoroughly finish'd when begun;
So all at once the world was warm'd
On the great birth-day of the sun."

Mrs Manly is supposed to have been the Sappho of the Tatler. Besides the works which Mr Dyce mentions, she wrote political papers in the EXAMINER: and was undoubtedly a woman of talents. Swift often speaks of his co-adjutrix in terms of intimacy and respect, remarkable for one who affected a clerical punctilio on certain points. But this is one of the under-signs of those times,—if we may use such a phrase. Swift and others did not scruple to pay their court to Mrs Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), whom there is every reason to believe they regarded as the mistress of George the First. His own connexion with Stella must have had a very equivocal appearance to the world; yet nothing seems to have been said of it. Two single ladies living in the same house with Pope have called forth more scandal from one of his editors in our own time, than they appear to have done in his. Indeed we are not aware of their having received a single instance of disrespect. And one of the models of dress and good-breeding held up in the Tatler is said to have been the celebrated Mrs Oldfield, at that time living with Maynwaring, to whom a volume of the work is dedicated. There is a strange look of inconsistency in this, for Steele in his writings was a great advocate of chastity and the decorums. But in the relations of the sexes some improvement remains to be discovered, that shall remove the perplexities people feel between their admiration of real good qualities and the disadvantages to which women are so often subjected by the crimes of seducers and the unjust privileges of men altogether. It is a point, upon which virtue will never be consistent, nor society comfortable, till candid discussion take place upon it, and something just and generous be determined.

A "saint" in those days certainly did not miss approbation of her good qualities any more than a "sinner," and it could be more openly expressed. Congreve (who by the way lived openly with the Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of the great Duke, and heir to his title) is said to have been in love with Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a real angel upon earth, if all that is said of her was true (saving and except that she blessed nobody with her love, as an angel ought to have done); and Prior is supposed to have entertained a passion for Miss Singer, afterwards the celebrated Mrs Rowe, to whom he addressed a copy of verses. Miss Singer preferred a less witty, but probably a more refined and amiable poet, who is now known only from his union with the authoress of the *Letters from the Dead*, and the *Devout Exercises of the Heart*. There are one or two specimens of her poetry in the book before us, in which we have been disappointed. But she was a woman of real talents, and had a poetical soul; as may be seen in her very fervid prose, which is more like the writing of a St Catherine or Teresa, than one of our northern devotees. She writes as Mary Magdalen might be supposed to have done, without her remorse.

A Mrs Brereton, daughter of a Welsh gentleman, was author, it seems, of a well-known epigram on Beau Nash's picture "at full length" between the busts of Newton and Pope. It forms the conclusion of a poem of six stanzas, the whole of which are here very properly given, but from which it has been separated in ordinary, and with some difference in the reading. The stanza is as follows :

" The picture, plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length."

The poetry of Mary Chandler, " daughter of a dissenting minister at Bath," was commended, Mrs Dyce informs us, by Pope. The only copy of her verses here given is the following little poem on *Temperance*, the whole of which we extract, partly because in addition to a good word said in favour of that most useful, cheerful, and much neglected virtue, it contains a deeper moral than the writer suspected; and partly because in the midst of it there is a very beautiful image. A morning beam has never been more happily personified.

"Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
 We drink our poison, and we eat disease;
 Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
 Till sense is pain, and reason hurt, or lost.
 Not so, O Temperance bland! when rul'd by thee,
 The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
 Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
 His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes
 Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
 The joyful dawns of returning day,
 For which their grateful thanks the whole creation pay,—
 All but the human brute: 'tis he alone,
 Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.
 'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
 All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow;
 Vigour of body, purity of mind,
 Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,
 Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,
 Th' intemperate sinner's never failing curse."

Our fair philosopher may have added, that intemperance, or any neglect of health, will often give remorse to delicate consciences that do not otherwise deserve it: nay, even deserved remorse (so to speak) may be done away with, according to Plato, by due attention to health and exercise. Nor will the humanity of true virtue quarrel with him for saying it; since under no system of opinion has the frailty and ill education of mankind been denied some last resource under the most grievous of its errors,—change and better conduct being always supposed. And that is the wisest mode of correcting guilt and its consequences, which leaves us in the fittest way for being cheerful and useful.

Mary Leapor, "daughter of the gardener of Judge Blencow," and said to have been "some time cook-maid in a gentleman's family," was a born gentlewoman, and writes very pretty verses. Mr Dyce has given us an eclogue of hers, entitled the *Month of August*, in which Sylvanus, a courtier, attempts in vain to lure away Phillis, a country maid, from her cottage and her rustic love. It contains some pleasing natural images, which we are tempted to quote; but in thinking of filling out our Companions' pockets with plums and country delicacies, a base and unusual fear comes over us of being thought unmannerly.

Mrs Lætitia Pilkington, well known for her departures from the ordinary modes of her sex, which were not in the style of Mrs Oldfield, tells us, that

"Lying is an occupation,
 Used by all who mean to rise," &c.

Poor soul! We fear she practised a good deal of it to very little purpose. She had a foolish husband, and was beset by very untoward circumstances, to which she evidently fell a worse prey than she would have us think. But the weakest of women are so un-

equally treated by the existing modes of society, that we hate to think anything unhandsome of them.

Not so of my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; who was at once so clever, so bold, so well off, and so full of sense of every sort but the sense of delicacy, that she provokes us out of our philosophy. A want of sentiment was the ultimate ruin of her; for ruin it was, and a frightful one, for a woman of her beauty and talents to become the painted Jezebel and the mockery of all the young men who visited Florence. Walpole has given a revolting picture of her in this her melancholy state of old gaiety; and we must believe him, in spite of our dislike of his cynical way of drawing it. Her admirable letters are well known, and her introduction of inoculation into this country; so clever was she, and so fitted to be more than an ornament to society, in everything but this one deficiency. Among other instances of her capital good sense, she had a view with regard to the improvement of marriages, which bespoke real philosophical reflection, and would at any rate have managed matters better than they are at present. Her opinion was (and the practice is said to have been tried in one part of the world, and found successful) that marriages should be limited to the term of seven years, and renewed or not at will, as the parties found themselves disposed. They who think that everybody would be for parting, forget what they are so well aware of in all other circumstances, to wit, the power of habit; not to mention all the other and more cordial reasons, which certainly would not continue to influence people the less, when they were more generously encouraged. We do not say that Lady Mary's plan would be the best. We only say it is better than the present one. But nothing is more observable or more edifying, whenever this subject is broached, than the extraordinary compliments which the advocates of the present system pay their own cause, in thinking that they should all be in such haste to get rid of their obligations. Not having any such feelings in our own case, we the less scruple to speak out.

We must conclude our present attentions to Mr Dyce's book (which seduces us into so much gossip) with the whole of the ballad entitled *The Lover*, addressed by Lady Mary to Mr Congreve. One is curious to know what Congreve said to it. The first four stanzas are a little too much like a town-lady and intriguing; but pleasant and well-written. The two last come unexpectedly to the reader of the book, in turning over the leaf, and are a great improvement upon the sentiment. But a lady, who "so long has lived chaste," hardly ought to know so much about "champagne and a chicken."

THE LOVER.

A BALLAD.

TO MR CONGREVE.

"At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.

This stupid indifference so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame :
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head ;
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

“ But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh ! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd ?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design ;
Not over severe, nor yet stupidly vain,
For I would have the pow'r, though not give the pain :

“ No pedant, yet learned ; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me ;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust ;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

“ But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear ;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear !
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

“ And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe ;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

“ I never will share with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the drest fopling despise ;
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies ;
And as Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

REDI'S BACCHUS IN TUSCANY.

REDI, a celebrated naturalist and wit-poet of Italy, was physician to the Grand Dukes of Tuscany in the times of Charles and James the Second. He was a great experimentalist, and overthrew the doctrine of equivocal generation: but our business at present is with his poem of *Bacco in Toscana*, which he wrote on the Tuscan wines, and which is one of the most popular pieces of wit in Italy. Some years ago, Mr Mathias, the celebrated Italian scholar, published an edition of this in London. We no sooner saw it, than we longed to decanter it into English; but circumstances prevented us, till we happened to pay a visit to the poet's own country, when we proceeded to indulge ourselves accordingly, and dispatched the version home. It is said however that Italian wines will not keep in their exportation; and our transfusion certainly did not hold good. The bottle fell broken from the wine-press. To drop our metaphor, the translation of the *Bacco in Toscana* did not succeed. It would perhaps have been unreasonable to expect that it should, considering the nature of the subject, the English having no cognizance of Italian wines, and not caring for what they never tasted. Furthermore, whether the poem was calculated to succeed

or not, our own version may not have been the one to make it do so. But we confess we are willing to discover some further reason for a non-success so entire, as to enable us to venture the present summary of the poem with the reader, in default of being well enough to do better. And this reason, we think, may be two-fold; first, a newness and inaptitude to his work on the part of the publisher, who had been used to greater tasks; and second, the extraordinary fact of its being published with upwards of fifty mistakes of the press, and many of those of the most extraordinary and confounding description. We blame nobody for these accidents. The private circumstances under which the publication took place, partook of the extraordinary nature of the rest; the publisher, as well as the author, was occupied with many cares; the author was in another country; and the appearance of the work, after being delayed a year, could be hardly said to have been one after all. Of the extent to which the mistakes were carried, the reader may judge by the following specimens. "Plebeian home," at p. 6 of the book, ought to be "plebeian Rome." *An old stony giggiano* (a reverend mystery at p. 15) should be "And old stony Giggiano" (a place so called.) A line ("And much agrees with—") where an unseasonable hiccup cuts it short (for the worst of it is, that in a poem of this kind, people suppose such mistakes a part of the joke) ought to be

"And much agrees with me."

Mr Lamb, in the notes, at p. 59, is made to say that Bacchus's true Indian conquest "*warms the West*," instead of "*was from the West*." At p. 96, it is observed, that "the French began to speak with admiration of Milton, partly because Voltaire wanted them to like epics of all sorts, for the sake of puzzling opinion, and introducing the *steanned*." This is the *Henriade*! And at p. 139, where there is an endeavour to shew that a novelist is not likely to be a great poet, from a want of a turn for concentration, Boccaccio in his style is said to be "*over close and succinct*," instead of "*never close and succinct*." We do not wish to lay any more stress on these matters than our present purpose requires, and can join very heartily in laughing at them. We wish we had

never given printers in our time more cause to complain of us, than they have given us reason to find fault with them. But when our poor version, besides not being calculated to be popular in itself, finds its intention of being agreeable turned into these involuntary distortions,—has scores of blotches inflicted on the likeness it intends to represent,—an eye or so jammed in,—and a shrewd cut given to its hamstring when preparing to dance,—it may reasonably say to our friends in private (for such we always feel inclined to consider the readers of this paper)—“ I am not exactly what I have been taken for; and if you will allow me, I will shew you as much.”

To proceed then with our summary.

The poet feigns, that Bacchus, in taking his divine circuits about the globe, comes and seats himself with Ariadne on the lawn before the Grand-Ducal mansion in the neighbourhood of Florence. The object of the God is to see how the Tuscan wines go on, and to give his opinion of them. They are served up to him: he drinks and criticises, and at length (like a proper Bacchus of the time of Charles II) gets drunk, and fancies himself going in a boat.

“After all (says the Preface) what is the ‘Bacco in Toscana?’ It is an original, an effusion of animal spirits, a piece of Bacchanalian music. This is all; but this will not be regarded as nothing, by those who know the value of originality, and who are thankful for any addition to our pleasures. Common critics may chuse to confess, that they see as little in it as they undoubtedly do see. Good-natured intelligence is always willing to find something to be pleased with; and the poet, truly so called, discovers the merit that exists in anything really good, because he has an universal sympathy. I wish that, by any process not interfering with the spirit of my original, I could make up to the English reader for the absence of that particular interest in a poem of this kind, which arises from its being national. But this is impossible; and if he has neither a great understanding, nor a good nature that supplies the want of it; if he is deficient in animal spirits, or does not value a supply of them; and above all, if he has no ear for a dancing measure, and no laughing welcome for a sudden turn or two at the end of a passage—our author’s triumph over his cups will fall on his ear like ‘a jest unprofitable.’ I confess I have both enough melancholy and merriment in me to be at no time proof against a passage like the following :—

" Non fia già che il Cioccolatte
 V' adoprassi, ovvero il Tè :
 Medicine così fatte
 Non saran giammai per me.
 Berverei prima il veleno,
 Che un bicchier che fosse pieno
 De l'amaro e reo Caffè.
 Colà tra gli Arabi,
 E tra i Giannizzeri,
 Liquor sì ostico,
 Sì nero e torbido,
 Gli schiavi ingollino:
 Giù nel Tartaro,
 Giù nel Erebo
 L'empie Belidi l'inventarono ;
 E Tesifone, e l' altre Furie
 A Proserpina il ministrarono :
 E se in Asia il Musulmanno
 Se lo cionca a precipizio,
 Mostra aver poco giudizio."

" Cups of Chocolate,
 Aye, or Tea,
 Are not medicines
 Made for me.
 I would sooner take to poison
 Than a single cup set eyes on
 Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
 Talk of by the name of Coffee.
 Let the Arabs and the Turks
 Countit 'mongst their cruel works:
 Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
 Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
 Down in Tartarus,
 Down in Erebus,
 'Twas the detestable Fifty in-
 vented it ;
 The Furies then took it,
 To grind and to cook it,
 And to Proserpine all three pre-
 sented it.
 If the Mussulman in Asia
 Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
 I differ with the man extremely."

The anathema against Beer is celebrated ; and if spoken of small beer, the epithet *squalid* must be allowed to be admirable. As for ale and cyder, an Italian of those days, visiting England, might reasonably have objected to them from the habit of drinking his dinner-wines ; but we can only say at present, that bottled porter is in much request among his descendants. If Redi gave his opinion from anything but report, the beer and cyder he speaks of were probably as bad as importation could make them.

" Chi la squallida Cervogia
 A le labbra sue congiugne,
 Presto muore, o rado giugne
 A l' età vecchia e barbogia,
 Beva il Sidro d' Inghilterra
 Chi vuol gir presto sotterra :
 Chi vuol gir presto a la morte,
 Le bevande usi del Norte.
 Fanno i pazzi beveroni

" There's a squalid thing call'd
 Beer :—
 The man whose lips that thing
 comes near
 Swiftly dies ; or falling foolish,
 Grows, at forty, old and owlsh.
 She that in the ground would hide
 her,
 Let her take to English Cyder :

Quei Norvegi, e quei Lapponi.
 Quei Lapponi son pur tangheri,
 Son pur sozzi nel lor bere :
 Solamente nel vedere,
 Mi fariano uscir de' gangheri.
 Ma si restin col mal die
 S' profane dicerie,
 E il mio labbro profanato
 Si purifichi, s'immerga,
 Si sommerga
 Dentro un pecchero indorato
 Colmo in giro di quel vino
 Del vitigno
 Si benigno,
 Che fiammeggia il Sansavino."

He who'd have his death come
 quicker,
 Any other northern liquor.
 Those Norwegians and those Laps
 Have extraordinary taps :
 Those Laps especially have strange
 fancies :
 To see them drink,
 I verily think
 Would make me lose my senses.
 But a truce to such vile subjects,
 With their impious, shocking ob-
 jects.
 Let me purify my mouth
 In an holy cup o' the south ;
 In a golden pitcher let me
 Head and ears for comfort get me,
 And drink of the wine
 Of the vine
 Benign,
 That sparkles warm in Sansovine."

Bacchus, the season being hot, must have ice to his wine; and orders his Satyrs in fine rock-splitting style, to go and hew some for him out of the grotto of Boboli. We join the original to these extracts, partly in the hope of shewing that we have done justice to it, and partly as a temptation to study for the lovers of Italian.

" Torniam noi trattanto a bere :
 Ma con qual nuovo ristoro
 Coronar potrò 'l bicchiere
 Per un brindisi canoro ?
 Col topazio pigiato in Lamporec-
 chio.
 " Ch' è famoso castel per quel Masetto,
 A inghirlandar le tazze or m' ap-
 parecchio :
 Purchè gelato sia, e puretto,
 Gelato, quale a la stagion del gielo
 Il più freddo Aquilon fischia pel
 cielo.

" Meanwhile let's renew our
 drinking ;
 But with what fresh wine, and
 glorious,
 Shall our beaded brims be wink-
 ing,
 For an echoing toast victorious ?
 You know Lamporecchio, the cas-
 tle renown'd
 For the gardener so dumb, whose
 works did abound ;
 There's a topaz they make there ;
 pray let it go round.

Cantinette, e cantimplore
 Stieno in pronto a tutte l' ore
 Con forbite bombolette
 Chiuse e strette tra le brine
 De le nevi cristalline.
 Son le nevi il quinto elemento,
 Che compongono il vero bevère.
 Ben è folle chi spera ricevere
 Senza nevi nel bere un contento :
 Venga pur da Vallombrosa
 Neve a josa :
 Venga pur da ogni bicocca
 Neve in chiocca.
 E voi, Satiri, lasciate
 Tante frottole, tanti riboboli,
 E del ghiaccio mi portate
 De la grotta nel monte di Boboli.
 Con alti picchi
 De' mazzapicchi
 Dirompetelo,
 Sgretolatelo,
 Infragnetelo,
 Stritolatelo,
 Finchè tutto si possa risolvere
 In minuta freddissima polvere,
 Che mi renda il ber più fresco
 Per rinfresco del palato,
 Or ch'io son mortoassetato."

Serve, serve me a dozen,
 But let it be frozen ;
 Let it be frozen, and finished with
 ice,
 And see that the ice be as vir-
 ginly nice,
 As the coldest that whistles from
 wintery skies.
 Coolers and cellarets, crystal
 with snows,
 Should always hold bottles in
 ready repose.
 Snow is good liquor's fifth ele-
 ment ;
 No compound without it can give
 content ;
 For weak is the brain, and I
 hereby scout it,
 That thinks in hot weather to
 drink without it.
 Bring me heaps from the Shady
 Valley :
 Bring me heaps
 Of all that sleeps
 On every village hill and alley.
 Hold there, you satyrs,
 Your chuffs and your chatters,
 And bring me ice duly, and bring
 it me doubly,
 Out of the grotto of Monte di
 Boboli.
 With axes and pickaxes,
 Hammers and rammers,
 Thump it and hit it me,
 Crack it and crash it me,
 Hew it and split it me,
 Pound it and smash it me,
 Till the whole mass (for I'm dead
 dry, I think)
 Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my
 drink."

The *Bacco in Toscana* is much admired for its compound words after the Greek fashion; which an Italian, to the surprise of the English, can only well venture upon in the mock-heroic. Redi has indeed caricatured them, but with great spirit. Bacchus will have his wine *arcifreddissimo* (superultrafrostified); his boys

“ — become savage for
Greedy-great thirstiness” —

(*sete grandavida*); and he calls the Satyrs

“ *Capribarbicornipede* famiglia —
The goatibeardihornyfooted family.”

In the translation of the following passage, we have endeavoured to *grow* into a music and fervour, more obvious in some other parts of the poem, but highly characteristical of it altogether.

“ La rugiada di rubino,
Che in Valdarno i colli onora,
Tanto odora,
Che per lei suo pregio perde
La brunetta
Mammoletta,
Quando spunta dal suo verde.
S’ io ne bevo,
Mi sollevo
Sovra i gioghi di Permesso,
E nel canto sì m’ accendo,
Che pretendo, e mi do vanto
Gareggiar con Febo istesso.
Dammi dunque dal boccia d’ oro
Quel rubino ch’ è ’l mio tesoro :
Tutto pien d’ alto furore
Canterò versi d’ amore,
Che saran viepiù soavi,
E più grati di quel che è
Il buon vin di Gersolè.
Quindi al suon d’ una ghironda,
O d’ un’ aurea cennamella,
Arianna, idolo mio,
Loderò tua chioma bionda,
Loderò tua bocca bella.

“ The ruby dew that stills
Upon Valdarno’s hills,
Touches the sense with odour so
divine,
That not the violet,
With lips with morning wet,
Utters such sweetness from her
little shrine.
When I drink of it, I rise
Over the hill that makes poets wise,
And in my voice and in my song,
Grow so sweet and grow so strong,
I challenge Phœbus with his
Delphic eyes.
Give me then, from a golden
measure,
The ruby that is my treasure, my
treasure;
And like to the lark that goes
maddening above,
I’ll sing songs of love !
Songs will I sing more moving
and fine,
Than the bubbling and quaffing
of Gersole wine.

Già s' avanza in me l' ardore,
 Già mi bolle dentro 'l seno
 Un veleno,
 Ch' è velen d' almo liquore.
 Già Gradivo egidarmato
 Col Fanciullo faretrato
 Infernifoca il mio core :
 Già nel bagno d' un bicchiere,
 Arianna, idolo amato,
 Mi vo' far tuo cavaliere,
 Cavalier sempre bagnato."

Then the rote shall go round,
 And the cymbals kiss,
 And I'll praise Ariadne,
 My beauty, my bliss ;
 I'll sing of her tresses,
 I'll sing of her kisses ;
 Now, now it increases,
 The fervour increases,
 The fervour, the boiling, and ve-
 nomous bliss.
 The grim god of war and the
 arrowy boy
 Double-gallant me with desperate
 joy ;
 Love, love, and a fight !
 I must make me a knight ;
 I must make me thy knight of the
 bath, fair friend,
 A knight of the bathing that
 knows no end."

The following, we think, is genuine :—

" Su, trinchiam rincappellato
 Con granella, e soleggiato :
 Tracanniamo a guerra rotta
 Vin rullato, e a la Sciotta ;
 E tra noi gozzovigliando,
 Gavazzando,
 Gareggiamo a chi più imbotta ;
 Imbottiam senza paura,
 Senza regola, o misura :
 Quando il vino è gentilissimo,
 Digeriscesi prestissimo,
 E per lui mai non molesta
 La spranghetta ne la testa :
 E far fede ne potria
 L' anatomico Bellini,
 Se de l' uve, e se de' vini
 Far volesse notomia."

" Oh boys, this Tuscan land divine
 Hath such a natural talent for
 wine,
 We'll fall, we'll fall
 On the barrels and all ;
 We'll fall on the must, we'll fall
 on the presses,
 We'll make the boards groan with
 our grievous caresses ;
 No measure, I say ; no order, but
 riot ;
 No waiting, nor cheating ; we'll
 drink like a Sciot :
 Drink, drink, and drink when
 you've done ;
 Pledge it, and frisk it, every one ;
 Chirp it and challenge it, swal-
 low it down ;
 He that's afraid, is a thief and a
 clown.

Good wine's a gentleman ;
 He speedeth digestion all he can :
 No headache hath he, no head-
 ache, I say,
 For those who talked with him
 yesterday.
 If Signor Bellini, besides his apes,
 Would anatomize vines, and ana-
 tomize grapes,
 He'd see that the heart that makes
 good wine,
 Is made to do good, and very
 benign."

The famous Chianti wine, so much praised by travellers (health to the noble company we used to drink it in, on the other side of the Ponte Carraia!) is thus eulogized by the Tuscan wit:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>" Gusta un po', gusta quest' altro
 Vin robusto, che si vanta
 D' esser nato in mezzo al Chianti,
 E tra sassi
 Lo produsse
 Per le genti più bevone
 Vite bassa, e non broncone.
 Bramerei veder trafitto
 Du una serpe in mezzo al petto
 Quell' avaro villanzone,
 Che per render la sua vite
 Di più grappoli feconda,
 Là ne' monti del buon Chianti,
 Veramente villanzone,
 Maritolla ad un broncone.</p> | <p>" True son of the earth is Chianti
 wine,
 Born on the ground of a gypsy
 vine;
 Born on the ground for sturdy
 souls,
 And not the lank race of one of
 your poles:
 I should like to see a snake
 Get up in August out of a brake,
 And fasten with all his teeth and
 caustic
 Upon that sordid villain of a rustic,
 Who, to load my Chianti's
 haunches
 With a parcel of feeble bunches,
 Went and tied her to one of these
 poles,—
 Sapless sticks without any souls !
 " Like a king,
 In his conquering,
 Chianti wine with his red flag goes
 Down to my heart, and down to
 my toes :</p> |
| <p>" Del buon Chianti il vin decrepito
 Maestoso
 Imperioso
 Mi passeggià dentro il core,
 E ne scaccia senza strepito
 Ogni affanno e ogni dolore.
 Ma se giara io prendo in mano
 Di brillante Carmignano,
 Così grato in sen mi piove,</p> | |

Ch' ambrosia e nettar non invidio
a Giove."

He makes no noise, he beats no
drums;

Yet pain and trouble fly as he
comes.

And yet a good bottle of Carmig-
nan,

He of the two is your merrier
man ;

He brings from heav'n such a rain
of joy,

I envy not Jove his cups, old boy."

The god proceeds to anathematize water and water-drinkers; among whom, by the way, was the poet himself; at least he drank very little wine, and was a great diluter of it. The joke on himself at the end is very agreeable.

" Chi l' acqua beve

Mai non riceve

Grazie da me.

Sia pur l' acqua, o bianca, o fresca,

O ne' tonfani sia bruna;

Nel suo amor me non invasca

Questa sciocca ed importuna,

Questa sciocca, che sovente

Fatta altiera e capricciosa,

Riottosa ed insolente

Con furor perfido e ladro

Terra e ciel mette a soqqadro.

Ella rompe i ponti e gli argini,

E con sue nembrose aspergini

Su i fioriti e verdi margini

Porta oltraggio ai fior' più vergini:

E l' ondose scaturigini

A le moli stabilissime,

Che sarian perpetuissime,

Di rovina sono origini.

Lodi pur l' acque del Nilo

Il Soldan de' Mammalucchi,

Nè l' Ispano mai si stucchi

D' innalzar quelle del Tago,

Ch' io per me non ne son vago.

" He who drinks water,

I wish to observe

Gets nothing from me ;

He may eat it and starve.

Whether its well, or whether its
fountain,

Or whether it comes foaming
white from the mountain,

I cannot admire it,

Nor ever desire it :

'Tis a fool, and a madman, and
impudent wretch,

Who now will live in a nasty ditch,
And then grown proud, and full

of his whims,

Comes playing the devil and curs-
ing his brims,

And swells, and tumbles, and
bothers his margins,

And ruins the flowers, although
they be virgins.

Moles and piers, were it not for
him,

Would last for ever,

If they're built clever ;

E se a sorte alcun de' miei
 Fosse mai cotanto ardito,
 Che bevessene un sol dito,
 Di mia man lo strozzerei.
 Vadan pur, vadano a svellere
 La cicoria e raperonzoli
 Certi magri mediconzoli,
 Che con l' acqua ogni mal pensan
 di espellere.
 Io di lor non mi fido,
 Nè con essi mi affanno,
 Anzi di lor mi rido,
 Che contanta lor acqua io so ch'
 egli anno
 Un cervel così duro e così tondo,
 Che quadrar nol potria nè meno in
 pratica
 Del Viviani il gran saper profondo
 Con tutta quanta la sua matematica.
 Da mia masnada
 Lungi sen vada
 Ogni bigoncia
 Che d' acqua acconcia
 Colma si sta :
 L' acqua cedrata
 Di limoncello
 Sia sbandeggiata
 Dal nostro ostello.
 De' gelsomini
 Non faccio bevande,
 Ma tesso ghirlande
 Su questi miei crini.
 De l' Aloscia, e del Candiero
 Non ne bramo, e non ne chero.
 I Sorbetti, ancorchè ambrati,
 E mille altre acque odorose
 Son bevande da svogliati,
 E da femmine leziose.
 Vino vino a ciascun beber bisogna,
 Se fuggir vuole ogni danno :
 E non par mica vergogna

But no—its all one with him—
 sink or swim.
 Let the people yclept Mameluke
 Praise the Nile without any
 rebuke ;
 Let the Spaniards praise the
 Tagus ;
 I cannot like either, even for
 negus.
 If any follower of mine
 Dared so far to forget his wine,
 And to drink an atom of water,
 Here's the hand should devote
 him to slaughter.
 Let your meagre doctorlings
 Gather herbs and suchlike things ;
 Fellows, that with streams and
 stills
 Think to cure all sorts of ills.
 I've no faith in their washery,
 Nor think it worth a glance of
 my eye :
 Yes, I laugh at them for that
 matter,
 To think how they, with their
 heaps of water,
 Petrify their skulls profound,
 And make 'em all so thick and so
 round,
 That Viviani, with all his mathe-
 matics,
 Would fail to square the circle of
 their attics.
 " Away with all water,
 Wherever I come ;
 I forbid it ye, gentlemen,
 All and some ;
 Lemonade water,
 Jessamine water,
 Our tavern knows none of 'em,
 Water's a hum.

Tra i bicchier' impazzir sei volte l'
anno.

Io per me son nel caso;

“E sol per gentilezza

Avallo questo, e poi quest' altro
vaso :

E sì facendo, del nevoso cielo

Non temo il gielo,

Nè mai nel più gran ghiado m'
imbacucco

Nel zamberluccho,

Come ognor vi s' imbacucca

Da la linda sua parrucca

Per infino a tutti i piedi

Il segaligno e freddoloso Redi.”

Jessamine makes a pretty crown :
But as a drink, 'twill never go
down.

All your hydromels and flips
Come not near these prudent lips.
All your sippings and sherbets,
And a thousand such pretty sweets,
Let your mincing ladies take 'em,
And fops whose little fingers
ache 'em.

Wine ! Wine ! is your only drink ;
Grief never dares to look at the
brink :

Six times a year to be mad with
wine,

I hold it no shame, but a very
good sign.

I, for my part, take my can,
Solely to act like a gentleman ;
And acting so, I care not, I,
For all the hail and the snow in
the sky ;

I never go poking,
And cowering and cloaking.
And wrapping myself from head
to foot,

As some people do, with their
wigs to boot :

For example, like dry and shiver-
ing Redi,

Who looks like a peruk'd old
lady.”

The head of the Deity now begins to turn. He thinks there is an earthquake, and calls out for a boat. This reminds him of summer-sailing, and he addresses some very musical verses to Ariadne.

“ Oh bell' andare
Per barca in mare
Verso la sera
Di Primavera !

“ Oh what a thing
'Tis for you and for me,
On an evening in spring,
To sail in the sea !

Venticelli e fresche aurette
 Dispiegando ali d' argento,
 Su l' azzurro pavimento
 Tesson danze amorosette,
 E al mormorio de' tremuli cristalli
 Sfidano ognora i naviganti ai balli."

The little fresh airs
 Spread their silver wings,
 And o'er the blue pavement
 Dance love-makings.
 To the tune of the waters, and
 tremulous glee,
 They strike up a dance to people
 at sea."

Then ensues a passage which is much admired in Italy, but to which, we fear, it is impossible for us to do justice in English. Translators however ought not to fear; nor should we distrust at any rate a handsome bustle through our version, if we could be secure in these northern latitudes of falling upon none but readers with good spirits. *Cucurrucù* is the burden of a popular song, in which the singer imitates the voice and actions of a cock. Bacchus is now fairly drunk, and divides his slipper speech between his mistress and the fancied boatmen.

" Su voghiamo,
 Navighiamo,
 Navighiamo infino a Brindisi:
 Arianna, Brindisi, Brindisi:
 Passavoga, arranca, arranca,
 Che la ciurma non si stanca,
 Anzi lieta si rinfranca
 Quando arranca inverso Brindisi:
 Arianna, Brindisi, Brindisi:
 E se a te Brindisi io fo,
 Perchè a me faccia il buon pro,
 Ariannuccia, vaguccia, belluccia,
 Cantami un poco, e ricantami tu
 Su la mandòla la cuccurucù,
 La cuccurucù,
 La cuccurucù,
 Su la mandòla la cuccurucù.
 Passavò
 Passavò
 Passavoga, arranca, arranca,
 Che la ciurma non si stanca,

" Row, brothers, row,
 We'll sail and we'll go,
 We'll sail and we'll go, till we
 settle in Port—
 Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
 Pull away, pull away,
 Without drag or delay:
 No gallants grow tired, but think
 it a sport,
 To feather their oars till they
 settle in Port—
 Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
 I'll give ye a toast,
 And then, you know, you,
 Arianeeny, my beauty, my queeny,
 Shall sing me a little, and play to
 me too
 On the mandòla, the coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 On the mandòla, the coocooroocoo,

Anzi lieta si rinfranca,
 Quando arranca
 Quando arranca inverso Brindisi :
 Arianna, Brindis, Brindisi :
 E se a te,
 E se a te Brindisi io fo,
 Perchè a me,
 Perchè a me,
 Perchè a me faccia il buon pro,
 Il buon pro,
 Ariannuccia leggiadrihelluccia,
 Cantami un po',
 Cantami un po',
 Cantami un poco, e ricantami tu
 Su la viò,
 Su la viola la cuccurucù,
 La cuccurucù,
 Su la viola la cuccurucù."

A long pu—
 A strong pu—
 A long pull, and strong pull, and
 pull altogether !
 Gallants and boaters who know
 how to feather,
 Never get tired, but think it a sport,
 To feather their oars, till they
 settle in Port—
 Ariadne, in Port—in Port ;
 I'll give thee a toas—
 I'll give thee a toast—and then,
 you know, you
 Shall give me one too.
 Arianeeny, my quainty, my queeny,
 Sing me, you ro—
 Sing me, you ro—
 Sing me, you rogue, and play to
 me, do,
 On the viò—
 On the viòla, the coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 On the viòla, the coocooroocoo."

From this intoxication the God recovers in a manner a little too human, and returning to his cups, finally makes his election among the wines, and pronounces Montepulciano to be king of them all. For our parts, when in Italy, we should have voted for the wine of the place we lived in,—Maiano,—as by far the best of any we ever drank, Italian or otherwise ; but that was of a select vintage belonging to the lord of the ground. We should have preferred Aleatico and Chianti wine to Montepulciano ; but the scruple which we had of the latter was probably none of the best. We need not add, that the Tuscan poet ought to know best. " Fill, fill," cries the Deity—

" Ognun colmilo, ognun votilo :
 Ma di che si colmerà ?
 Bella Arianna, con bianca mano

" Fill, fill, let us all have our will :
 But with *what*, with *what*, boys,
 shall we fill ?

Versa la manna di Montepulciano:
Colmane il tonfano, e porgilo a me.

Questo liquore, che sdrucchiola al
core,

O come l' ughola e baciarmi e mor-
demi!

O come in lagrime gli occhj dis-
ciogliemi!

Me ne strasecolo, me ne strabilio,
E fatto estatico vo' in visibilio,

Onde ognun, che di Lio

Riverente il nome adora,

Ascolti questo altissimo decreto,

Che Bassareo pronunzia, e gli
dia fe.

Montepulciano d' ogni vino è il re.

A così lieti accenti,

D'edere e di corimbi il crine adorne,

Alternavano i vanti

Le festose Baccanti:

Ma i Satiri che avean bevuto a
isonne,

Si sdrajaron su l' erbetta

Tutti cotti come monne."

Sweet Ariadne—no, not that one,
—ah no;

Fill me the manna of Montepul-
ciano:

Fill me a magnum, and reach it
me.—Gods!

How it slides to my heart by the
sweetest of roads!

Oh, how it kisses me, tickles me,
bites me!

Oh how my eyes loosen sweetly
in tears!

I'm ravished! I'm rapt! Heav'n
finds me admissible!

Lost in an extacy! blinded! in-
visible!

" Hearken, all earth!

We, Bacchus, in the might of our
great mirth,

To all who reverence us, and are
right thinkers;—

Hear, all ye drinkers!

Give ear, and give faith, to our
edict divine—

*Montepulciano's the King of all
Wine.*

" At these glad sounds,

The Nymphs, in giddy rounds,

Shaking their ivy diadems and
grapes,

Echoed the triumph in a thou-
sand shapes.

The Satyrs would have joined
them; but alas!

They could'nt; for they lay
about the grass,

As drunk as apes."

SPECIMENS OF THE NOTES.

SENSATION OF PLANTS.—Redi was inclined to attribute a greater degree of animation to the vegetable world, than is generally assigned it. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to witness the sensibility of such plants as the Mimosa, and not associate with them the idea of sensation. Perhaps trees and flowers may receive a sort of dim pleasure from the air and sunshine, proportionate to the rest of their share of animal life. The stems of the vine look as vital as can well be conceived. I speak of them when they are fresh and red. A vineyard in the winter time, full of their old, crusty-looking, dry, tortuous long bodies, resembles a collection of earthy serpents. Who would suppose, that out of all that apparent drought and unfeelingness, were to come worlds of bunches of fruit, bursting with wine and joy?

STRANGE METAMORPHOSES OF ENGLISH WORDS BY FOREIGNERS.—The original word for “cask” is *Bellicone*, which is neither more nor less than the English word *Welcome*! “*Bellicone*,” says Redi, “is a new word in Tuscany, and comes from the German, who call it *Wilkomb* or *Wilkumb*. It is a glass in which they drink to the arrival of their friends. The Spaniards have got it, and call it *Velicomen*.”—These transmutations remind me of the arrival of my Lord Maryborough, then Mr Wellesley Pole, in France; which was announced to the wondering natives as the coming of “Milord Vesteveneypoel” But see a translation of the Travels of Redi’s master, Cosmo the Third, in England, which has been lately published. The word *Vittheal* (for Whitehall), which I find in Redi’s works, is nothing to what the reader will find there. *Kensington* is called by some such impossibility as *Imhinthorp*.*

* Upon recollection, I think this is in Bassompierre.

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

A WALK FROM DULWICH TO BROCKHAM.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

WITH AN ORIGINAL CIRCUMSTANCE OR TWO RESPECTING DR JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR,

As other calls upon my pilgrimage in this world have interrupted those weekly voyages of discovery into green lanes and rustic houses of entertainment, which you and I had so agreeably commenced, I thought I could not do better than make you partaker of my new journey, as far as pen and paper could do it. You are therefore to look upon yourself as having resolved to take a walk of twenty or thirty miles into Surrey, without knowing anything of the matter. You will have set out with us a fortnight ago, and will be kind enough to take your busts for chambermaids, and your music (which is not so easy) for the voices of stage-coachmen.

Illness, you know, does not hinder me from walking; neither does anxiety. On the contrary, the more I walk, the better and stouter I become; and I believe if everybody were to regard the restlessness which anxiety creates, as a signal from nature to get up and contend with it in that manner, they would find the benefit

of it. This is more particularly the case, if they are lovers of nature, as well as pupils of her, and have an eye for the beauties in which her visible world abounds; and as I may claim the merit of loving her heartily, and even of tracing my sufferings (when I have them) to her cause, the latter are never so great but what she repays me with some sense of sweetness, and leaves me a certain property in the delight of others, when I have little of my own.

“Oh that I had the wings of a dove!” said the royal poet; “then would I fly away and be at rest.” I believe there are few persons, who having felt sorrow, and anticipating a journey not exactly towards it, have not partaken of this sense of the desirability of remoteness. A great deal of what we love in poetry is founded upon it; nor do any feel it with more passion, than those whose sense of duty to their fellow-creatures will not allow them to regard retirement as anything but a refreshment between their tasks, and as a wealth of which all ought to partake.

But David sighed for remoteness, and not for solitude. At least, if he did, the cares of the moment must have greatly overbalanced the habits of the poet. Neither doves nor poets can very well do without a companion. Be that as it may, the writer of this epistle, who is a still greater lover of companionship than poetry (and he cannot express his liking more strongly) had not the misfortune, on the present occasion, of being compelled to do without it; and as to remoteness, though his pilgrimage was to extend little beyond twenty miles, he had not the less sense of it on that account. Remoteness is not how far you go in point of ground, but how far you feel yourself from your common-places. Literal distance is indeed necessary in some degree; but the quantity of it depends on imagination, and the nature of circumstances. The poet who can take to his wings like a dove, and plunge into the wood nearest him, is farther off, millions of miles, in the retreat of his thoughts, than the literalist, who must get to Johnny Groat’s, in order to convince himself that he is not in Edinburgh.

Almost any companion would do, if we could not make our choice, provided it loved us and was sincere. A horse is good company, if you have no other; a dog still better. I have often thought, that I could take a child by the hand, and walk with it

day after day towards the north or the east, a straight road, feeling as if it would lead into another world.

“ And think ’twould lead to some bright isle of rest.”

But I should have to go back, to fetch some grown friends.

There were three of us on the present occasion, grown and young. We began by taking the Dulwich stage from a house in Fleet street, where a drunken man came into the tap, and was very pious. He recited hymns; asked the landlady to shake hands with him; was for making a sofa of the counter, which she prevented by thrusting his leg off with some indignation; and being hindered in this piece of jollity, he sank on his knees to pray. He was too good-natured for a Methodist; so had taken to stiff glasses of brandy and water,

“ To help him to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.”

He said he had been “ twice through the gates of hell;” and by his drinking, poor fellow, he seemed to be setting out on his third adventure. We called him *Sin-bad*. By the way, when you were a boy, did you not think that the name of Sindbad was allegorical, and meant a man who had sinned very badly? Does not every little boy think so? One does not indeed, at that time of life, know very well what to make of the porter *Hindbad*, who rhymes to him; and I remember I was not pleased when I came to find out that Hind and Sind were component words, and meant Eastern and Western.

The stage took us to the Greyhound at Dulwich, where though we had come from another village almost as far off from London on the northern side, we felt as if we had newly got into the country, and eat a hearty supper accordingly. This was a thing not usual with us; but then everybody eats “ in the country;”—there is “ the air;” and besides, we had eaten little dinner, and were merrier, and “ remote.” On looking out of our chamber window in the morning, we remarked that the situation of the inn was beautiful, even towards the road, the place is so rich with trees; and returning to the room we had supped in, we found with pleasure that we had a window there, presenting us with a peep into rich meadows, where the haymakers were at work in their white shirts. A sunny room,

quiet, our remote five miles, and a pleasant subject (the Poetry of British Ladies) enabled the editorial part of us to go comfortably to our morning's task ; after which we left the inn to proceed on our journey. We had not seen Dulwich for many years, and were surprised to find it still so full of trees. It continues, at least in the quarter through which we passed, to deserve the recommendation given it by Armstrong, of

————— “ Dulwich, yet unspoil'd by art.”

He would have added, had he lived now, that art had come, even to make it better. It was with real pain, that two lovers of the fine arts were obliged to coast the walls of the college, without seeing the Gallery ; but we have vowed a pilgrimage very shortly to those remoter places, there to be found ; to wit, the landscapes of Claude, and the faces of Leonardo da Vinci ; and we shall make report of it, to save our character. We know not whether it was the sultriness of the day, with occasional heavy clouds, but we thought the air of Dulwich too warm, and pronounced it a place of sleepy luxuriance. So it appeared to us that morning ; beautiful however, and “ remote ;” and the thought of old Allan, Shakspeare's playmate, made it still more so

We remember in our boyhood, seeing Sir Francis Bourgeois (the bequeather of the Dulwich pictures) in company with Mr West, in the latter's gallery in Newman street. He was in buckskins and boots, the dandy dress of that time ; and appeared to us a lively, good-natured man, with a pleasing countenance ; probably because he said something pleasant of us. He confirmed it with an oath ; which startled us, but did not alter our opinion. Ever afterwards we had an inclination to like his pictures, which we believe were not very good ; and unfortunately, with whatever gravity he might paint, his oath and his buckskins would never allow us to consider him a serious person ; so that it somewhat surprised us to hear, that M. Desenfans had bequeathed him his gallery out of pure egard, and still more, that Sir Francis, when he died, had ordered his own remains to be gathered to those of his benefactor and Madame Desenfans, and all three buried in the society of the pictures they loved. For the first time, we began to think that his pictures must have contained more than was found in them, and that

we had done wrong (as it is very customary to do) to the gaiety of his manners. If there was vanity in the bequest, as some have thought, it was at least a vanity accompanied with touching circumstances and an appearance of a very social taste; and as most people have their vanities, it might be as well for them to think what sort of accompaniments exalt or degrade theirs, or render them purely dull and selfish. As to the Gallery's being "out of the way," especially for students, I am of a different opinion, and for two reasons; first, that no gallery, whether in or out of the way, can ever produce great artists;—nature, and perhaps the very want of a gallery, always settling that matter, before galleries are thought of;—and second, because in going to see the pictures in a beautiful country village, people get out of their town common-places, and are better prepared for the perception of other beauties, and of the nature that makes them all. Besides, there is probably something to pay on a jaunt of this kind, and yet of a different sort from payments at a door. There is no illiberal demand at Dulwich for a liberal pleasure; but then "the inn" is inviting; people eat and drink, and get social; and the warmth which dinner and a glass diffuses, helps them to rejoice doubly in the warmth of the sunshine and the pictures, and in the fame of the great and generous.

Leaving Dulwich for Norwood (where we rejoiced to hear that some of our old friends the Gipsies were still extant) we found the air very refreshing as we ascended towards the church of the latter village. It is one of the dandy modern churches (for they deserve no better name) standing on an open hill, as if to be admired. It is pleasant to see churches instead of Methodist chapels, because any moderate religion has more of real Christianity in it, than contumelious opinions of God and the next world; but there is a want of taste, of every sort, in these new churches. They are not picturesque, like the old ones; they are not humble; they are not what they are so often miscalled, classical. A barn is a more classical building, than a church with a fantastic steeple to it. In fact, a barn is of the genuine classical shape, and only wants a stone covering, and pillars about it, to become a Temple of Theseus. The classical shape is the shape of simple utility and beauty. Sometimes we see it in the body of the modern church; but then

a steeple must be put on it; the artist must have something of his own; and having in fact *nothing* of his own, he first puts a bit of a steeple, which he thinks will not be enough, then another bit, and then another; adds another fantastic ornament here and there to his building, by way of rim or "border, like;" and so, having put his pepper-box over his pillars, and his pillars over his pepper-box, he pretends he has done a grand thing, while he knows very well that he has only been perplexed and a bricklayer.

For a village, the old picturesque church is the proper thing, with its tower and its trees, as at Hendon and Finchley; or its spire, as at Beckenham. Classical beauty is one thing; Gothic or Saxon beauty is another; quite as genuine in its way, and in this instance more suitable. It has been well observed, that what is called classical architecture, though of older date than the Gothic, really does not look so old,—does not so well convey the sentiment of antiquity; that is to say, the ideal associations of this world, however ancient, are far surpassed in the reach of ages by those of religion, and the patriarchs, and another world; not to mention, that we have been used to identify them with the visible old age of our parents and kindred; and that Greek and Roman architecture, in its smoothness and polish, has an unfading look of youth. It might be thought, that the erection of new churches on the classical principle (taking it for granted that they remind us more of Greek and Roman temples, than of their own absurdity) would be favourable to the growth of liberality; that at least, liberality would not be opposed by it, whereas the preservation of the old style might tend to keep up old notions. We do not think so, except inasmuch as the old notions would not be unfavourable to the new. New opinions ought to be made to grow as kindly as possible out of old ones, and should preserve all that they contain of the affectionate and truly venerable. We could fancy the most liberal doctrines preached five hundred years hence in churches precisely like those of our ancestors, and their old dust ready to blossom into delight at the arrival of true Christianity. But these new, fine, heartless-looking, showy churches, neither one thing nor the other, have, to our eyes, an appearance of nothing but worldliness and a job.

We descended into Streatham by the lane leading to the White

Lion; the which noble beast, regardant, looked at us up the narrow passage, as if intending to dispute rather than invite our approach to the castle of his hospitable proprietor. On going nearer, we found that the grimness of his aspect was purely in our imaginations, the said lordly animal having in fact a countenance singularly humane, and very like a gentleman we knew once of the name of Collins. Not the Collins that your friends are acquainted with, but another.

It not being within our plan to accept Collins's invitation, we turned to the left, and proceeded down the village, thinking of Dr Johnson. Seeing however an aged landlord at the door, we stepped back to ask him if he remembered the Doctor. He knew nothing of him, nor even of Mr Thrale; having come late, he said, to those parts. Resuming our way, we saw, at the end of the village, a decent-looking old man, with a sharp eye, and a hale countenance, who with an easy self-satisfied air, as if he had worked enough in his time, and was no longer under the necessity of overtroubling himself, sat indolently cracking stones in the road. We asked him if *he* knew Dr Johnson; and he said, with a jerk up of his eye, "*Oh* yes;—*I* knew him well enough." Seating myself on one side of his trench of stones, I proceeded to have that matter out with Master Whatman (for such was the name of my informant.) His information did not amount to much, but it contained one or two points which I do not remember to have met with, and every addition to our knowledge of such a man is valuable. Nobody will think it more so than yourself, who will certainly *yearn* over this part of my letter, and make much of it. The following is the sum total of what was related. Johnson, he said, wore a silk-waistcoat embroidered with silver, and all over snuff. The snuff he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and would take a handfull of it out with one hand, and help himself to it with the other. He would sometimes have his dinner brought out to him in the park, and set on the ground; and while he was waiting for it, would lie idly, and cut the grass with a knife. His manners were very goodnatured, and sometimes so childish, that people would have taken him for "an ideot, like." His voice was "low."—"Do you mean low in a gruff sense?"—"No; it was rather feminine."—"Then perhaps, in one sense of the word, it

was high.”—“Yes, it was.”—“And gentle?”—“Yes, very gentle.” (This, of course, was to people in general, and to the villagers. When he dogmatized, it became what Lord Pembroke called a “bow-wow.” The late Mr Fuseli told us the same thing of Johnson’s voice; we mean, that it was “high,” in contradistinction to a bass voice.) To proceed with our village historian. Our informant recurred several times to the childish manners of Johnson, saying, that he often appeared “quite simple,”—“just like a child,”—“almost foolish, like.” When he walked, he always seemed in a hurry. His walk was “between a run and a shuffle.” (Master Whatman was here painting a good portrait. I have often suspected, that the best likeness of Johnson was a whole length engraving of him, walking in Scotland, with that joke of his underneath about the stick that he lost in the isle of Mull. Boswell told him the stick would be returned. “No, Sir,” replied he; “consider the value of such a piece of timber here.” The manner of his walk in the picture is precisely that described by the villager.) Whatman concluded, by giving his opinion of Mrs Thrale, which he did in exactly the following words:—“She gathered a good deal of knowledge from him, but does not seem to have turned it to much account.” Wherever you now go about the country, you recognize the effects of that “Two-penny Trash,” which the illiberal affect to hold in such contempt, and are really so afraid of. They have reason; for people now canvass their pretensions in good set terms, who would have said nothing but *Anan!* to a question, thirty years back. Not that Mr Whatman discussed politics with us. Let no magnanimous Quarterly Reviewer try to get him turned out of a place on that score. We are speaking of the peasantry at large, and then, not merely of politics, but of questions of all sorts interesting to humanity; which the very clowns now discuss by the road-side, to an extent at which their former leaders would not dare to discuss them. This is one reason, among others, why knowledge must go on victoriously. A real zeal for the truth can discuss anything:—slavery can only go the length of its chain.

In quitting Streatham, we met a lady on horseback accompanied by three curs and a footman; which a milk-man facetiously termed a footman and “three outriders.” Entering Mitcham by the green

where they play at cricket, we noticed a pretty, moderate-sized house, with the largest geraniums growing on each side the door that we ever beheld in that situation. Mitcham reminded me of its neighbour Merton, and of the days of my childhood; but we would not go out of our way to see it. There was the little river Wandle however, turning a mill, and flowing between flowery meadows. The mill was that of a copper manufactory, at which the people work night as well as day, one half taking the duties alternately. The reason given for this is, that by night, the river, not being interrupted by other demands upon it, works to better advantage. The epithet of "flowery," applied to the district, is no poetical license. In the fields about Mitcham they cultivate herbs for the apothecaries; so that, in the height of the season, you walk as in the Elysian fields,—

"In yellow meads of asphodel,
And amaranthine bowers."

Apothecaries' Hall, we understand, is entirely supplied with this poetical part of medicine from some acres of ground belonging to Major Moor. A beautiful bed of poppies, as we entered Morden, glowed in the setting sun, like the dreams of Titian. It looked like a bed for Proserpina,—a glow of melancholy beauty, containing a joy perhaps beyond joy. Poppies, with their dark ruby cups, and crowned heads,—the more than wine colour of their sleepy silk, and the funereal look of their anthers, seem to have a meaning about them, beyond other flowers. They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe.

The church of Mitcham has been rebuilt, if we recollect rightly, but in the proper old style. Morden has a good old church, which tempted us to look into the church-yard; but a rich man who lives near it, and who did not chuse his house to be approached on that side, had locked up the gate; so that there was no path through it except on Sundays. Can this be a lawful exercise of power? If people have a right to call any path their own, I should think it must be that which leads to the graves of their fathers and mothers; and next to them, such a path is the right of the traveller. The traveller may be in some measure regarded as a representative of wandering humanity, and claims relationship with all whom he finds attached to a place in idea. He and the dead, are all alike in

a place, and yet apart from it. Setting aside this remoter sentiment, it is surely an inconsiderate thing in any man to shut up a church-yard from the villagers; and should these pages meet the eye of the person in question, he is recommended to think better of it. Possibly I may not know the whole of the case; and on that account, though not that only, I mention no names; for the inhabitant with whom I talked on the subject, and who regarded it in the same light, added, with a candour becoming his objections, that "the gentleman was a very good-natured gentleman too, and kind to the poor." How his act of power squares with his kindness, I do not know. Very good-natured people are sometimes very fond of having their own way; but this is a mode of indulging it, which a truly generous person, I should think, will on reflection, be glad to give up. Such a man, I am sure, can afford to concede a point, where others, who do not deserve the character, will try hard to retain every little proof of their importance.

On the steps of the George Inn at Morden,—the rustic inn of a hamlet,—stood a personage much grimmer than the White Lion of Streatham; looking, in fact, with his fiery eyes, his beak, and his old mouth and chin, very like the cock, or "grim leoun," of Chaucer. He was tall and thin, with a flapped hat over his eyes, and appeared as sulky and dissatisfied, as if he had quarrelled with the whole world, the exciseman in particular. We asked him, if he could let us have some tea. He said, "Yes, he believed so;" and pointed with an indifferent, or rather hostile air, to a room at the side, which we entered. A buxom good-natured girl, with a squint that was bewitching after the moral deformity of our friend's visage, served us up tea; and "tea, Sir," as Johnson might have said, "inspires placidity." The room was adorned with some engravings after Smirke, the subjects out of Shakspeare, which never look so well, I think, as when thus encountered on a journey. Shakspeare is in the highway of life, with exquisite side touches of the remoteness of the poet; and nobody links all kindly together as he does.

We afterwards found, in conversing with the villager above mentioned, that our host of the George had got rich, and was preparing to quit for a new house he had built, in which he meant to turn gentleman farmer. Habit made him dislike to go; pride and his

wife (who vowed she would go whether he did or not) rendered him unable to stay; and so, between his grudging the new comer and the old rib, he was in as pretty a state of irritability as any successful non-succeeder need be. People had been galling him all day, we suppose, with shewing how many pots of ale would be drank under the new tenant; and our arrival crowned the measure of his receipts and wretchedness by intimating, that “gentlefolks” intended to come to tea.—Adieu till next week.

To the Worshipful and Right Social Master E. H.
and our other well-beloved *Companions*, one and all,—
these with all speed. Print, print; print for your life.

THE LATE FIRES.

It is astonishing how little imagination there is in the world, in matters not affecting men’s immediate wants and importance. People seem to require a million thumps on the head, before they can learn to guard against a head-ache. This would be little; but the greater the calamity, the less they seem to provide against it. All the fires in this great metropolis, and the frightful catastrophes which are often the result, do not shew the inhabitants that they ought to take measures to guard against them, and that these measures are among the easiest things in the world. Every man, who has a family, and whose house is too high to allow of jumping out of the windows, ought to consider himself *bound* to have a fire-escape. What signifies all the care he has taken to be a good husband or father, and all the provision he has made for the well-being of his children in after life, if in one frightful moment, in the dead of night, with horror glaring in their faces, and tender and despairing words swallowed up in burning and suffocation,—amidst cracking beams and rafters, sinking floors, and a whole yielding gulf of agony, they are all to *cease* to be!—to perish like so many vermin in a wall. Fire-escapes, even if they are not made so already (as we believe they are) can evidently be constructed in a most easy, cheap, and commodious manner. A basket and a double rope are sufficient. Or two or three would be better. It is the sudden sense of the height at which people sleep, and the despair of escape which consequently seizes them, for want of some such provision, that disables them from thinking

of any other resources. Houses, it is true, have very often trap-doors to the roof; but these are not kept in readiness for use; a ladder is wanting; or the door is hard to be got up; the passage to it is most likely difficult, and involved in the fire; and after all, the roof may not be a safe one to walk over; children cannot act for themselves; terror affects the older people; and therefore, on all these accounts, nothing is more desirable than that the means of escape should be at hand, should be facile, and able to be used in concert with the multitude below. People out of doors are ever ready and anxious to assist. Those brave fellows, the firemen, would complete the task, if time allowed, and circumstances had hitherto prevented it; and handle the basket, and the little riders in it, with confidence, like so many chickens. A time perhaps will come, when every window in a high bed-chamber will have an escape to it, as a matter of course; but it is a terrible pity meanwhile, that for want of a little imagination out of the common pale of their Mondays and Wednesdays, a whole metropolis, piquing themselves on their love of their families, should subject themselves and the dearest objects of their affection to these infernal accidents.

POETRY OF BRITISH LADIES.

(Continued from p. 336.)

MRS SHERIDAN'S verses are not so good as her novels. Miss Jones has a compliment to Pope, which Pope himself may have admired for its own sake.

"Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;
'Tis more than Pope with all his wit can do."

"Miss Jones," says a note in Boswell quoted by Mr Dyce, "lived at Oxford, and was often of our parties. She was a very ingenious poetess, and published a volume of poems; and on the whole, was a most sensible, agreeable, and enviable woman. She was sister to the Rev. River Jones, Chanter of Christ-church Cathedral, at Oxford, and Johnson used to call her the *Chantress*. I have heard him often address her in this passage from *Il Penseroso*, "*Thee, chantress, oft the woods among, I woo, &c.*"

This puts in a pleasant light both Johnson and the poetess. How is it that these women, who are at once clever and amiable, should so often die unmarried? A clever woman, who is unamiable, we can easily conceive to remain single. Amiableness without cleverness beats her to nothing (to use a very Irish metaphor). If we were a Shakspeare, we would rather marry a good-natured girl, who had nothing but the instinctive wisdom of her disposition to go upon (and there is a good deal in that) than the cleverest woman

upon earth, who would plague us with the folly of her bad temper. But head and heart at once, how is it that these are resisted? Want of fortune on the lady's part, and want of sense on the men's, are, we fear, the chief and the sordid reasons. It is curious to see the numbers of young men, who can pass by the most amiable of the other sex, and wait for what they call good matches. Indeed, it is thought a matter of common prudence, and admired as such; whereas, even considered in that light, it is prudence only as far as a bad state of society is concerned, and is at once a consequence and a cause of it: and one thing is always meanly kept in the background on these occasions; namely, that the men, however wanting meanwhile in a proper and tender imagination, are alive enough to the call of their senses, which they indulge at the expense of another part of the sex; ruining, in fact, one set of women, that they may not be able, now or ever, to do justice to another. But the cause of our poetess is carrying us away from the subject. There are some fine chants by a Mr Jones, one especially which is sung in St Paul's on some anniversary, and used to affect Haydn. Was this "Chanter" the Jones of Oxford? The composition we allude to is to be found in the 'Harmonicon.' We forget whether it is exactly a chaunt or a hymn; but remember being forcibly struck even in imagination with the effect which must result in a great cathedral from the alternate softness and loudness of the strains, one of them being sung gently by the choir, and then the response being shouted out by an army of young voices.

Frances Brooke, author of *Rosina*, of *Lady Julia Mandeville*, &c. was a better poetess in her prose than her verse. Her *Ode to Health*, here given by Mr Dyce, is not much. We should have preferred a song out of *Rosina*. But we will venture to affirm, she must have written a capital love-letter. These clergymen's daughters somehow (her father was a Rev. Mr Moore) contrive to have a double zest in those matters. Mrs Brooke was for some time, if we are not mistaken, one of the managers of the Italian Opera. Her novel of *Lady Julia Mandeville*, may be had of Mr Limbird for eight-pence, or some such modicum. One is almost ashamed to give so little for knowledge: yet the time will come, we trust, and that before long, when it will be still cheaper. If newspapers (which are so many thick volumes printed miraculously on a sheet) can be tossed off so cheaply, by thousands, through the means of the new might of the steam-engine, why may not books be printed in like manner, a hundred at a blow?

In the well-known *Prayer for Indifference*, by Mrs Greville, is a stanza, which has the point of epigram with all the softness of a gentle truth.

"Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too."

The pause in this last line is very exquisite. We are sorry we have not our books near us; or we could surely find out something respecting Mrs Greville, to make up for the Editor's want of information on that point. Is there nothing in Miss Hays's biography? In Nichols's collections? Or Collins's *Peerage*, by Egerton? We think we have a recollection, that Mrs Greville was allied by marriage to the noble family of that name.

Two poems by Lady Henrietta O'Neil, are taken out of her friend Mrs Charlotte Smith's novel of *Desmond*,—a work, by the way, from which Sir Walter Scott has borrowed the foundation of his character of Waverley, and the name besides. In a novel by the same lady, we forget which, is the first sketch of the sea-side incident in the *Antiquary*, where the hero saves the life of Miss Wardour. Lady Henrietta's verses do her credit, but seem to imply a good deal of suffering. One "To the Poppy," begins with the following melodious piece of melancholy:—

" Not for the promise of the laboured field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year:
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine:

" I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower," &c.

In other words, the fair and flourishing lady of quality took opium; which, we believe, was the case with her poorer friend. We believe the world would be astonished, if they knew the names of all the people of genius, and of all the rich people as well as poor, who had recourse to the same consolatory drug;—thousands upon thousands take it, of whom the world have no suspicion; and yet many of those persons, able to endure perhaps on that very account what requires all the patience of those who abstain from it, will quarrel with you for trying to alter the condition of society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FENCING-MASTER'S CHOICE.

As we have a great aversion to the repetition of old jokes, and in our ignorance of what is going forward in the festive parts of the town, can never be certain that any story we take for a new one is not well known, we always feel inclined to preface a relation of this kind with something that should serve for an apology in case of necessity, or give it a new grace in default of newness of a better sort. And this reflection always reminds us of that pleasant Milanese, whom nature made a wag and a jolly fellow, and Francis

the First made a bishop; to wit, Master Matthew Bandello, the best Italian novelist, after Boccaccio, and one who could tell a grave story as well a merry one. Monsignore Matteo, before he proceeds to relate how "*a jealous enamoured himself*" of a young widow, or how a pleasant "*beff*" was put upon a priest who became "*furious of it,*" and "*remained stordited,*"—makes a point of informing the reader, where he first heard the story, who told it, and in whose company, and how much better it was told than he, with his Lombardisms, can have any pretence to repeat it; on all which accounts he wishes to God, that people could have heard it fresh from the lips of that very amiable and magnificent Signor, the before-mentioned Signor Antonio, whom he recollects as if it was but yesterday, because he was standing at the time with a right joyous and genteel company by the balustrade of the gardens of the very illustrious and most adorned Signor, his singularly noble friend the Signor Gherardesco dei Gherardi, Conte di Cuviano, where there happened to be present the ladies equally eminent for their high birth and most excellent endowments, to wit, the right courteous, virtuous, and most beautiful Ladies the Lady Vittoria, Princess of Colombano, and the Lady Hippolita D'Este, widow of the most valorous and magnificent Signor, the ever-memorable Alfonso, Prince of Ferrara; which ladies, being very affectionate towards all argute sayings and witty deeds, did nigh burst themselves for laughter, in the which the very illustrious Signor Gherardesco aforesaid did heartily join, to the great contentment of that princely company, and all who overheard those urbane conceits and most graceful phrases, which he (the Bishop) utterly despairs of rendering anything the like to the reader. But he will do his best; and as the story is exceedingly curious (to wit, a little free) he had addressed it to the right virtuous and most adorned with all feminine dowries, the Lady Lucretia di San-Donnato, in return for one of a like nature which she was graciously pleased to relate to him one day; to wit, on the eve of the day of Corpus Domini, sitting in the windows of the Palazzo Rospoli, at that time inhabited by the very magnificent, most adorned, and most worthily given Signor, the Signor Prince Cesare Ottoboni, nephew of the most Holy Father.

By this process, the reader feels bound to like the story, if only out of a proper sense of the company he is in, and the respect that is due to all those fair and magnificent names; and then follows the *novella*, or new tale, perhaps not at all new, and no longer than the one we are about to relate.

We should like to call to ourselves an aid of this sort, and be able at the head of every one of our stories to state how it was told us by this person or that; how that, sitting one day in the gardens of Kensington, at a time when the dust of the streets rendered an escape into those green and quiet places agreeable, we had the pleasure of hearing it from the lips of that very

adorned and witty Mister, the Reverend Mister Samuel Smith, or the extremely magnificent and choice in his neckcloths, the admired Mr Tomlinson; or how dining with the very magnificent and grave Esquire, the Squire Jinks, of Jinks Hall, it was related to us by the facetious and extremely skilled in languages, the bachelor of arts, the hopeful Dick Watts, cousin of the high born and most beautiful lady, the Lady Barbara Jinks, consort of the said esquire, who being at that moment in the act of swallowing a cherry, was nigh to have thrown all the lovers of wit and elegance in those parts into mourning, in consequence of the extreme difficulty she found in swallowing the fruit and the facetiousity at once.

The story is this: that in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the celebrated fencing-master, Monsieur de la Rue, being at that time fencing-master to the gentlemen of the university of Cambridge, and grievously tormented in his vocation by the said gentlemen, who made no end of mimicking his grimaces, groaning out of measure at his thrusts, not repenting at his remonstrances, and shewing themselves otherwise insensible of the dignity and pains-taking of his profession, did one day, towards the end of the month of June, the weather being hot, the said Monsieur de la Rue in his jacket and night-cap, and divers of the said gentlemen standing idly about, laughing and making a vain sport, instead of pinking him as they ought to have done,—he, the said Monsieur de la Rue, did, I say, then and there sit down on the floor in the room in which he was fencing, and placing, one on each side of him, the two foils which he then happened to be holding in his hands, and being provoked out of the ordinary measure of his patience by the eternal gibes, and ungrateful levities of those his tormentors, the said gentlemen, was moved to utter the following speech, or representation expositulatory; which he did with great passion and vehemence, his eyes wide open, his hands and face trembling, and emphasis rising at every sentence:—

Jentlemens,—

If *Got Almighty*—vere to come down from *heaven*,—and vere to say to me, “*Monsieur de la Rue*,—vill you be fencing-master at Osford or Cambreege,—or vill you be *ETAIRNALLY* dam?”—

I should answer and say,—

“*SARE*,—if it is *all* the same to you,—I vill be *ETAIRNALLY* dam.”

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THE COMPANION.

No. XXVI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE PANTOFLES.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOZZI.)

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

IN Bagdad lived an old merchant, of the name of Abon Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice. His coffers were small to look at (if you could get a sight of them), and very dirty; but they were crammed with jewels. His clothes were as scanty as need be; but then, even in his clothes, there was *multum in parvo*; to wit, much dirt in little space. All the embroidery he wore was of that kind which is of necessity attendant upon a ragged state of drapery. It meandered over his bony form in all the beauty of ill-sewn patches. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting; a kind of canvass, and so mixed with

elementary substances, that its original colour, if it still existed, was invisible. But of all his habiliments, his slippers were most deserving the study of the curious. They were the extreme cases both of his body and his dirt. The soles consisted chiefly of huge nails, and the upper leathers of almost everything. The ship of the Argonauts was not a greater miscellany. During the ten years of their performance in the character of shoes, the most skilful cobblers had exercised their science and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great, and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that they were promoted to honours of proverbialism; and Abon Casem's slippers became a favourite comparison, when a superfluity of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened one day, as this precious merchant was walking in the market, that he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; and as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, and he made it still more so, he bought them. The vendor informed him, furthermore, that a perfumer having lately become bankrupt, had no resource left but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose-water; and Casem, greatly rejoicing at this news, and hastening to the poor man's shop, bought up all the rose-water at half its value. He then carried it home, and comfortably put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, and buoyant in his spirits, our hero, instead of making a feast, according to the custom of his fellows, thought it more advisable to go to the bath, where he had not been for some time.

While employed in the intricate business of undressing, one of his friends, or one whom he believed such, (for your misers seldom have any) observed, that his pantofles had made him quite the

bye-word of the city, and that it was high time to buy a new pair. "To say the truth," said Casem, "I have long thought of doing so, but they are not yet so worn, as to be unable to serve me a little longer;"—and having undressed himself, he went into the stove.

During the luxury he was there enjoying, the Cadi of Bagdad came in, and having undressed himself, he went into the stove likewise. Casem soon after came out; and having dressed himself, looked about for his pantofles, but nowhere could he find them. In the place of his own, he found a pair sufficiently different to be not only new, but splendid; and feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend, (not the less so, perhaps, because he wished it) he triumphantly thrust his toes in them, and issued forth into the air, radiant with joy and a skin nearly clean.

On the other hand, when the Cadi had performed the necessary purifications, and was dressed, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. Nowhere could they be found. Instead of the embroidered pantofles of the Judge, they detected, in a corner, only the phenomena left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt how their master's had disappeared. The slaves made out immediately for Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defence, sent him to prison. Now in the East, the claws of justice open just as wide, and no wider, as the purse of the culprit; and it may be supposed that Abon Casem, who was known to be as rich as he was miserly, did not get his freedom at the same rate as his rose-water.

The miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard, for beard is not a dear stuff; and being mightily enraged with the pantoufles, he siezed upon them, and threw them out of his window

into the Tigris. It happened a few days after, that some fishermen drew their nets under the window, and the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the pantofles. Furious against Casem (for who did not know Casem's pantofles?) they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The pantofles flew into his room, fell among his bottles, which were ranged with great care along the shelf, and overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose-water. Imagine, if you can, the miser's agony! With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, he roared out, "Accursed pantofles, will you never cease persecuting the wretched Casem?" So saying, he took a spade, and went into his garden to bury them.

It so happened, that one of his neighbours was looking out of window at the time; and seeing Casem poking about the earth in his garden, he ran to the Cadi, and told him that his old friend had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was requisite to excite the cupidity of the Judge. He allowed the miser to aver, as loudly as he pleased, that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded the treasure he had found. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his own asseverations, he paid the money, and departed, cursing the very souls of the pantofles.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy moveables, our hero walked to some distance from the city, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now fairly seen the last of them; but the devil, not yet tired of tormenting him, guided the pantofles precisely to the mouth of the conduit. From this point they were carried along into the city, and sticking at the mouth of the

aqueduct, they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountains seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage; and at length dragged into the face of day the old reprobate slippers, which they immediately took to the Cadi, complaining loudly of the damage they had caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before: but far was he from having the luck of seeing his chattels detained. The Cadi, having delivered the sentence, said, like a conscientious magistrate, that he had no power of retaining other peoples' property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted master. He carried them home with him; and meditating, as he went, and as well as he was able to meditate, how he should destroy them; at length he determined upon committing them to the flames. He accordingly tried to do so, but they were too wet; so he put them on a terrace to dry. But the devil, as aforesaid, had reserved a still more cruel accident than any before: for a dog, whose master lived hard by, seeing these strange wild fowl of a pair of shoes, jumped from one terrace to the other, till he came to the miser's, and began to play with one of them; in his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell heavy with hobnails and the accumulated guilt of years, on the tender head of an infant, and killed him on the spot. The parents went straight to the Cadi and complained that they had found their child dead, and Casem's pantofle lying by it, upon which the Judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine.

Casem returned home, and taking the pantofles, went back to the Cadi, crying out with an enthusiasm that convulsed everybody,

“Behold! behold! See here the fatal cause of all the sufferings of Casem; these accursed pantofles, which have at length brought ruin upon his head. My lord Cadi, be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all imputation of accident which these slippers henceforth may occasion, as they certainly will to anybody who ventures into their accursed leather.” The Cadi could not refuse this request; and the miser learned to his cost the ill effects of not buying a new pair of shoes.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES.

(Continued from page 366.)

Mrs ROBINSON, formerly mistress of the present King, appears to have been a complete victim of circumstances. She was married at fifteen; her husband turned out extravagant and profligate; she continued faithful, and the birth of a child made her doubly wish to love him; but he tired her out, being in fact of a cast of mind unworthy to associate with hers. Meantime she went on the stage; the wits and fine gentlemen came about her; royalty itself, aided by the attractions of youth and a fine person, paid her its homage; and her beauty, her vanity, her accomplishments, and even her heart, all conspired to make her give way.

Here now was a case for which society ought to have made provision; but there was none. Mrs Robinson, with a genial temperament and a poetical fancy, had to choose between the rigid self-denial exacted of women by the other sex, and all those natural pleasures of her youth to which the most rigid of those

exactors are the first to tempt them. She chose, and "fell." Let those, who with equal beauty, fancy, and temptation, have practised the denial, be the first to cast a stone at her; or rather let persons of the very reverse description do it; for the others will certainly not. We are not for blaming the King on her account. He was young, and beset with temptations likewise; and princes are not expected to practise self-denial, though *princesses* are. *That* is the sharpest word we would say on the occasion. We do not conceive that the King is abstractedly opposed to the growth of any liberal opinion; and that is saying much. But for everybody's sake, princes and princesses included, some reformation on these points is ardently to be desired, and will ere long, we think, be demanded by the voice of the community.

Mrs Robinson's verses are not much; but there is a sonnet in the present volume, which besides having a merit of its own, resembling the best sonnets of the second-rate Italian cultivators of that species of poem, acquires a deeper interest from the evident allusion it bears to her own history.

" SONNET.

" High on a rock, coeval with the skies,
A temple stands, rear'd by immortal powers
To Chastity divine! Ambrosial flowers
Twining round icicles, in columns rise,
Mingling with pendent gems of orient dyes!
Piercing the air, a golden crescent towers
Veil'd by transparent clouds; while smiling hours
Shake from their varying wings celestial joys!
The steps of spotless marble scatter'd o'er
With deathless roses arm'd with many a thorn,
Lead to the altar. On the frozen floor,
Studded with tear-drops petrified by scorn,
Pale vestals kneel the Goddess to adore,
While Love, his arrows broke, retires forlorn."

On the subject of the Della Cruscan school, of which Mrs Robinson was a suffering sister, Mr Dyce observés very well, that "a whip would have been a sufficiently formidable weapon to have scared them from the fields of song, but Mr Gifford pursued them with a drawn sword, cut them to pieces, and exulted over the slaughter." Unfortunately, he cut not only butterflies, but suffering women to pieces. It was this man, if man he is to be called, who not daring to lift up a finger at anything great or powerful, thought to get a reputation for wit and virtue by way-laying their discarded mistresses, and striking a blow at poor Mrs Robinson's rheumatism and crutches! He got his reputation among people as slavish and half-witted as himself; but it lingers now only among book-makers and other "artificers" in literature, and will very speedily be unheard of. He was a clever man in his way; but his way was one of those which lead to nothing but a man's own advancement; and when he disappears, the path is merged in the common high-way, and its dirt and himself alike forgotten.

The lady that follows in this interesting and very various procession, is Mrs Chapone, formerly Miss Mulso, who came out of the coterie of Richardson, and was a very moral person, but not the less sensitive under the rose. She is well known, as Mr Dyce says, for her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*. We believe they are very good of the sort; but the most interesting thing we remember about them, was their perusal, or rather non-perusal, by two young and very innocent lovers, who, busily occupied (to all appearance) over their pages, and with their cheeks close to one another, took about half an hour in turning over every leaf. Mrs Chapone's verses are not so good as her book.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who was "made," according to Gibbon, "for something better than a Duchess," follows with her celebrated ode on the *Passage of Mount St Gothard*, which awakened the enthusiasm of Coleridge. There are fine lines in it, and a vital liberality of sentiment. The writer seems to breathe out her fervent words, like a young Muse, her lips glowing with health and the morning dew.

"Yet let not these rude paths be coldly traced,
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod;
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God."

At stanza twenty, it is said finely,

"The torrent pours, and *breathes* its glittering spray."

Stanza twenty-four was the one that excited the admiration of Coleridge.

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm that first preserv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart."

"Oh lady!" cried the poet, on hearing this animated apostrophe,

"Oh lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
Where gat ye that heroic measure?"

This is the burden of an ode by Coleridge, which we regret we have not within our reach.—The Duchess of Devonshire got into the vortex of fashion, with a head more able to charm others than to direct itself; and became a victim, we believe, to difficulties such as Madame D'Arblay delights to paint. But the author of the *Passage of Mount St Gothard* must have been a glorious being by nature. It was she of whom it is said, that a man at an election

once exclaimed, astonished at her beauty, "Well,—if I were God himself, I'd make her Queen of Heaven."

Exit the Duchess ; and enter, in this curious alternation of grave and gay, the staid solemnity of Miss Carter, a stoic philosopher, who died at the age of eighty-nine. Here is her *Ode to Wisdom*, somewhat bitter against

" The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite :"

and some *Lines to a Gentleman on his intending to cut down a Grove*, which are pleasanter. A Hamadryad, who is made to remonstrate on the occasion, says

" Reflect, before the fatal axe
My threatened doom has wrought ;
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
The nobler growth of thought."

This line, by which thoughts are made to grow in the mind like a solemn grove of trees, is very striking. And the next stanza is good :

" Not all the glowing fruits that blush
On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
Of one idea lost."

Miss Carter translated Epictetus ; and was much, and we believe deservedly, admired in her day for the soundness of her acquirements. We were startled at reading somewhere the other day that, in her youth, she had not only the wisdom of Pallas, but the look of a Hebe. Healthy no doubt she was, and possessed of a fine constitution. She was probably also handsome ; but Hebe and a hook nose are in our minds impossible associations.

Charlotte Smith has been mentioned before. Some of her novels will last, and her sonnets with them, each perhaps aided

by the other. There is nothing great in her; but she is natural and touching, and has hit, in the music of her sorrows, upon some of those chords which have been awakened equally, though not so well, in all human bosoms.

“ SONNET.

Written at the Close of Spring.

“ The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
 Each simple flower, which she had nurs'd in dew,
 Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
 The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
 Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !
 Another May new buds and flowers shall bring ;
Ah ! why has happiness—no second Spring ?”

“ SONNET.

To the Moon.

“ Queen of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,
 Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
 And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest :
 The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
 Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere,
 And the sad children of despair and woe
 Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
 Oh ! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene !”

“ SONNET.

“ Sighing I see yon little troop at play,
 By sorrow yet untouch’d, unhurt by care,
 While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
 “ Content and careless of to-morrow’s fare.”
 O happy age ! when Hope’s unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
 Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
 To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
 Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
 And threw them on a world so full of pain,
 Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
 And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain !
 Ah ! for their future fate how many fears
 Oppress my heart, *and fill mine eyes with tears !”*

“ SONNET.

The Glow-worm.

“ When, on some balmy-breathing night of Spring,
 The happy child, to whom the world is new,
 Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,
 Or from the heath-bell beats the sparkling dew ;
 He sees, before his inexperience’d eyes,
 The brilliant Glow-worm, like a meteor, shine
 On the turf-bank ;—amaz’d and pleas’d he cries,
 ‘ Star of the dewy grass, I make thee mine !’
 Then, ere he sleep, collects the moisten’d flower,
 And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
 And dreams that fairy lamps illumine his bower ;
 Yet with the morning shudders to behold
 His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust ;
 So turn the World’s bright joys to cold and blank disgust.”

Mrs Smith’s love of botany, as Mr Dyce observes, “ has led her, in several of her pieces, to paint a variety of flowers with a minuteness and delicacy rarely equalled.” This is very true. No young lady, fond of books and flowers, would be without Charlotte Smith’s

poems, if once acquainted with them. The following couplet, from the piece entitled *Saint Monica*, shews her tendency to this agreeable miniature painting.

“ From the *mapped* lichen, to the *plumed* weed ;
From *thready* mosses, to the *veined* flow’r.”

Mrs Smith suffered bitterly from the failure of her husband’s mercantile speculations, and the consequent troubles they both incurred from the law ; which, according to her representations, were aggravated in a most scandalous manner by guardians and executors. Lawyers cut a remarkable figure in her novels ; and her complaints upon these her domestic grievances, overflow, in a singular, though not unpardonable or unmoving manner, in her prefaces. To one of the later editions of her poems, published when she was alive, is prefixed a portrait of her, under which, with a pretty ‘feminine pathos, which a generous reader would be loth to call vanity, she has quoted the following lines from Shakspeare :

“ Oh, Time has chang’d me since you saw me last ;
And heavy hours, with Time’s deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.”

Miss Seward is affected and superfluous ; but now and then she writes a good line

(“ And sultry silence brooded o’er the hills ”—)

and paints a natural picture. The strange, unheard-of luxury, which she describes, *of rising to her books before day on a winter’s morning*, is, we confess, not unknown to us, nor unenjoyed. In fact, we thought to have been new on that subject, and to have let our readers into the startling secret ; but the lady has been before us.

" SONNET.

December Morning, 1782.

"I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
 Winter's pale dawn ;—and as warm fires illumine
 And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
 Thro' misty windows bend my musing sight,
 Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
 With shutters clos'd, peer faintly thro' the gloom,
 That slow recedes ; while yon gray spires assume,
 Rising from their dark pile, an added height
 By indistinctness given.—Then to decree
 The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
 To Friendship, or the Muse, or seek with glee
 Wisdom's rich page :—O hours ! more worth than gold,
 By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
 From drear decays of age, outlive the old !"

Miss Seward ought to have married, and had a person superior to herself for her husband. She would have lost her affectation ; doubled her good things ; and we doubt not, have made an entertaining companion for all hours, grave or gay. The daughter of the Editor of " Beaumont and Fletcher " was not a mean person, though lost among the egotisms of her native town, and the praises of injudicious friends. Meanwhile, it is something too much to hear her talk of translating an Ode of Horace, " while her hair is dressing !"

The *Psyche* of Mrs Tighe has a languid beauty in it, probably resembling that of her own person. This lady, who was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, died in her 37th year ; we believe, of consumption. The face prefixed to her poem is very handsome. The greater part of her poem is little worth, except as a strain of elegance ; but in the more voluptuous scenes, here quoted (and not improperly so, by the editor), the fair author is

more at home ; and now and then, from the languor, she warms into the imagination of Spenser. Cupid, as he lies sleeping, has a little suffusing light, stealing from between his eyelids.

“ The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
 Disclos'd not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
 But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
 Some brilliant glances with a soften'd ray,
 Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
 And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
 Thus thro' some narrow space the azure day
 Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
 Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.”

This is the prettiest “ peep o' day boy,” which has yet appeared in Ireland.

Mrs Tighe's, however refined, is the passion of the senses ; nor do we quarrel with it. But we mean, the senses are predominant. In the stanzas that follow, by Mrs Brunton, authoress of *Self-Control* and other didactic novels, the passion is that of the heart. This includes the senses ; whereas the other, unfortunately, too often leaves out the heart. Mrs Brunton's stanzas, the last of which is very beautiful, do her more honour, and imply a superior order of person to her novels, if we recollect them rightly. Is not *Decision* one of them ? Such writings are mere beggings of the question. Indeed the best thing to say of them is, that they have candour enough to be almost avowedly so. The lines are of better material ; things of deep sympathy, and not of angered assumption

“ When thou at eventide art roaming
 Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
 Where, past, the eddying stream is foaming
 Beneath its tiny cataract,—
 Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh !

“ When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov’d
With thee, belov’d !

“ When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear !
And then her flight remembrance wings
To by-past things.

“ To me, thro’ every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night,
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star—for ever bright !
My solitary, sole delight !
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea,
I think of thee !”

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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THE COMPANION.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES.

(Concluded from p. 384.)

IN our last number, we omitted a panegyric on *Marriage*, which we had intended to notice. It was written by Mrs Cowley, the dramatist, authoress of the *Belle's Stratagem*. Mr Dyce reports of her, that “she had very little pleasure in theatrical representations.” It is to be hoped that she was too happy at home. The origin of her taste for dramatic writing is thus related by the biographers. “While sitting at one of the theatres with her husband, she told him that she thought she could write quite as good a comedy as the one that was then performing, and on his laughing at her, the next morning sketched the first act of the ‘Runaway,’ which met with so much success, that she was encouraged to proceed, and next produced ‘The Belle's Stratagem,’ which established her fame completely, and was soon ranked among the best stock pieces.”*

Mrs Cowley's poem, above-mentioned, is as follows:—

“O Marriage! pow'ful charm, gift all divine,
Sent from the skies, o'er life's drear waste to shine;
What splendours from thy bright tiara spring,
What graces round thy chasten'd footsteps cling!

* Gorton's General Biographical Dictionary.

Vengeance will surely crush the ideot land,
That drags the sceptre from thy hallow'd hand;
That dares to trample on thy holy rites,
And nuptial perfidy, unaw'd, invites."

Let us pause here. The "ideot land" was "France during the Revolution." But vengeance did not crush it. On the contrary, France was notoriously bettered by the Revolution; and is at this minute one of the freest and happiest countries in the world. On the other hand, "nuptial *perfidy*" was never in such flourishing condition as under the old system. The difference in that respect was that, under the old system, marriage was at once *indissoluble and despised*; whereas, under the new, it was made dissoluble, because philosophy had taught the union of the sexes to be more respected.

"The weeping world to thee its solace owes,
From thee derives its truest, best repose;
Not the cold compact subtle interest twines,
Not that which pale Submission trembling signs,
Is Marriage! No! 'tis when its polish'd chain
Binds those who in each other's bosom reign;
'Tis when two minds form one ecstatic whole,
One sweetly blended wish, one sense, one soul."

Very pretty: and this, we dare say, was Mrs Cowley's marriage when she wrote. Perhaps it lasted during her life. Her husband was a Captain in the East India service: his visits may have been "few and far between;" and as Mrs Cowley was amiable and sensible, she may have justly preferred the raptures of those renewals of their intercourse, with hope, and honour, and sweet thoughts in the interval, to those grosser and dull demands of habit, neither necessary nor flattering, which are the weakest and most ridiculous of all debaucheries, and waste away life in a bluster of insipidity.

But if such marriages as Mrs Cowley here describes are the only ones, what are we to call the rest? And how does she differ in her notion of marriage, or the spirit of it, from those who were ideots and to be punished? Francé never meant to say, that two persons who were suited to each other, might not remain so all their life. It was old France that laughed at such a notion. New France said, love one another as long as you please, but if you find that the mistakes of youth, or any other cause, have brought to-

gether two unsuitable persons, and that you are really and lastingly so, what good can it be to you or to society to continue miserable yourselves, and propagating dulness, error, and bye-words on marriage and human misery to all eternity? France said this, and twenty other things which the common sense of mankind had long been feeling; and the consequence was, that she rose again from the ashes of old customs, *double* the thing she was, in "mind, body, and estate."

According to Mrs Cowley, not above one pair in a thousand are married, and even that is a romantic calculation. May the rest then consider themselves as unmarried, and act accordingly? If not, what does her denouncement, or her panegyric, amount to?

"This was the gift the exil'd seraph curst,
When from hell's blazing continent he burst;
Eden's full charms he saw, without a groan,
Tho' Nature there had fixed her gorgeous throne;
Its rich ananas, and its aloes high,
Whose forms pyramidal approached the sky,
Its towering palms with luscious clusters crown'd,
Its shrubs, whose perfumes fill'd the regions round;
Its streams pellucid, and its bowers of shade,
Its flowers, that knew to bloom, but not to fade;
Its orb, that gave the new created day,
Night's lunar bow, that soothed with tender ray,
Its fields of wavy gold, its slopes of green,
By the fell fiend without a pang were seen—
'Twas then fierce rancour seized the demon's breast,
When in the *married pair* he felt mankind were blest!"

Good:—but suppose he had seen, not merely this first married pair in all the beauty of their youth, newness, and innocence, with no wish to be unfaithful, and nobody to be unfaithful with if they had it, but all the married pairs that were to issue from that union? What would he have said then? What *did* he say, according to Machiavel? Or, if this authority be suspected, what did *Milton* say on these two very points? There is a beautiful passage, the famous one beginning, "Hail, wedded love," which is often quoted from *Paradise Lost*, and adduced as shewing the author's opinion of marriage. It is an opinion however, like Mrs Cowley's, that supposes an *if*; nor can a proper conclusion be got at respecting the sentiments of the writer, without comparing it with his *Treatise on Divorce*, his own conduct, and a subsequent passage in the same

poem; which passage, as it is very remarkable, and always kept in the back-ground when the other is quoted, we shall here repeat. It is further remarkable, that the panegyric on Wedded Love is an imitation from Tasso, who was never married; while the subsequent account of wedlock is entirely Milton's, and evidently made up of all that he had felt and observed.

“ O! what are these,
 Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His brother: for of whom such massacre
 Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?
 These are the product
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou sawest;
 Where good with bad were matched, who of themselves
 Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd
 Produce prodigious births of body or of mind.”

Paradise Lost, Book Eleventh.

Mrs Hunter, “ wife of the celebrated John Hunter, and sister of the present Sir Everard Home, published a volume of Poems, some of which are written with much elegance and feeling. Several of her songs had previously been set to music: one or two are embalmed in the eternal melodies of Haydn.”—Among the latter, is a song extracted by Mr Dyce, beginning

“ The season comes when first we met.”

It is the first composition of Haydn that convinced us he could write with genuine passion, and stopped the mouth of divers blasphemies we used to utter on that point. It is to be found in an elegant selection of airs, trios, &c., in two volumes, well worthy the attention, and not beyond the skill, of the amateur, published by Mr Sainsbury, and entitled the *Vocal Anthology*. Mrs Hunter was author of the well-known Death Song of a Cherokée Indian,

“ The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day.”

A simple and cordial energy, made up of feeling and good sense, is the characteristic of the better part of her writings.

“ Hester Lynch Piozzi, more distinguished,” says Mr Dyce, “ as the friend and hostess of Johnson, than as an authoress, was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq. of Bodvel in Caernarvonshire: her first husband was Mr Thrale, an eminent brewer; her second,

Signor Piozzi, a music-master. The superiority of *The Three Warnings* to her other poetical pieces, has excited suspicion that Johnson assisted her in its composition."

There is no foundation for these suspicions. The style is a great deal too natural and lively for Johnson. If we suspected anything, it would be that Mrs Thrale had found the original in the French, the lax metre and versification resembling those of the second order of French tales in verse. Mrs Thrale was one who would naturally give rise to suspicion, for she was a lax talker, careless of truth. As to the objections against her for marrying Piozzi, we never could enter into them. "An eminent brewer" is a very good thing; but how it is to be considered *per se*, as superior to a music-master, we cannot conceive. On the contrary, the music-master, in himself, must be considered as having the advantage, for he at least has an accomplishment, whereas the other may know nothing but how to brew. The greatest composers have been music-masters: Haydn was one, Mozart was one, Sacchini, Gluck, Winter, Paesiello,—perhaps indeed every name famous in the art. Mr Thrale, it is true, besides being a brewer, was an agreeable host and a scholar, able to converse with Dr Johnson, and to spend his money handsomely; though all this (to judge from appearances) did not hinder him from killing himself with eating and drinking; but nothing, we believe, is known against Piozzi, except the wish of his enemies to find fault with him, which was probably owing to envy. A man whom we conversed with the other day at Streatham, had nothing to say in his disfavour, though he seemed to partake of the common opinion against the marriage. Piozzi, according to him, appears to have spent his money as handsomely as Thrale, and he seemed to consider him a respectable man. The last we heard of Mrs Thrale was a little before her death, when she sat for her portrait to an eminent artist, and appeared to be as lively as ever. She must have been then near eighty. The artist happened to have in his room an excellent copy which he had made of Johnson's portrait by Sir Joshua. She recognized it, and cried out, "Ah, my dear Doctor Johnson!" Here was at least no grudge on the score of old quarrels.

Mrs Radcliffe's verses are unworthy of her romances. In the

latter she was what Mr Mathias called her, “a mighty magician;” —or not to lose the fine sound of his whole phrase,—“the mighty magician of Udolpho.” In her verses, she is a tinselled nymph in a pantomime, calling up common-places with a feeble wand.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld is perhaps the chief poetess in the book. At any rate, she is one of the three best. The others are Anne Countess of Winchelsea, already noticed; and Lady Anne Barnard, of whom more presently. It is curious, by the way, to observe how the name of Anne predominates in this list of females. There are seventy-eight writers in all, besides anonymous ones, and two or three whose Christian names are not known; and out of these seventy-eight, eighteen have the name of Anne. The name that prevails next, is Mary; and then Elizabeth. The popularity of Anne is perhaps of Protestant origin, and began with Anne Boleyn. It served at once to proclaim the new opinions, to eschew the reigning Catholic appellation of Mary, and at the same time to appear modestly scriptural. But the sweet gentleness of the name of Mary was not to be put down, even by the help of the poor bigot of Smithfield.

Mr Dyce informs us that Mr Fox used to speak with admiration of Mrs Barbauld’s talents, and had got her songs by heart. This was an applause worth having. We must extract the whole of her *Summer Evening’s Meditation*, if it is only for the sake of some noble lines in it, and to present to the reader’s imagination the picture of a fine-minded female wrapt up in thought and devotion. She is like the goddess in Milton’s *Penseroso*.

A SUMMER EVENING’S MEDITATION.

“ ’Tis past ! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv’d rage : more grateful hours
Move silent on : the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight ; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper’d light, invite the cherish’d eye
To wander o’er their sphere ; where hung aloft
Dian’s bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Even in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften’d radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace ; while meeken’d Eve,

Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
 Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
 And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
 When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
 The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
 Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
 She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
 And, fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
 Moves forward ; and with radiant finger points
 To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
 One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling fires,
 And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
 Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
 O'er all this field of glories : spacious field,
 And worthy of the master : he whose hand,
 With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
 Inscrib'd the mystic tablet ; hung on high
 To public gaze ; and said, Adore, O man,
 The finger of thy God ! From what pure wells
 Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
 Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps
 For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
 To point our path, and light us to our home.
 How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !
 And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
 Their destin'd courses : Nature's self is hush'd,
 And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
 The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
 To break the midnight air ; tho' the rais'd ear
 Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
 How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise !
 But are they silent all ? or is there not
 A tongue in every star that talks with man,
 And woos him to be wise ? nor woos in vain :
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
 At this still hour the self-collected soul
 Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;
 An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
 (Fair transitory creature of a day)
 Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
 Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

“ Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods !
 Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
 Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
 With recollected tenderness, on all
 The various busy scenes she left below,
 Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
 As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
 Her infant hours—O be it lawful now

To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
 And with mute wonder and delighted awe
 Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in thought,
 On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
 From the green borders of the peopled earth,
 And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
 From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
 Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
 To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
 Where cheerless Saturn, midst his watery moons,
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
 Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
 Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day;
 Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
 And only less than Him who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
 Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
 Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
 Of habitable nature, far remote,
 To the dread confines of eternal night,
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
 The deserts of creation wide and wild,
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
 Sleep in the womb of chaos? fancy droops,
 And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
 But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
 Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
 Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
 Invoke thy dread perfection?—
 Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
 Support thy throne? O look with pity down
 Or erring, guilty man! not in thy names
 Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
 The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
 Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

“But now, my soul, unus'd to stretch her powers
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
 And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;
 A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
 And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
 Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
 And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
 When all these splendours bursting on my sight
 Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.”

So be it.—It is difficult to finish the perusal of a poem like this, without an aspiration in harmony with it. All that can be hoped for, consistent with the joy and the dignity of such contemplations, ought to be so; and with minds that have all their faculties, will be so: but the present state of existence need not, for all that, be “a fond and doting tale.” It is from this world that we see the other;—our planet, (to reason from analogy) helps to furnish other planets with similar hopes; and why should we not think that we have a piece of heaven in our keeping, to bring into its proper state, granting that there are other and better heavens to go to, as from a less garden into a greater?—The reader will excuse the introduction of these speculations into places that may not always seem fitted for them. There are thoughts which it is useful to keep alive, whenever opportunity occurs; and it is high time for the imaginative part of philosophy to speak out, and vindicate that tendency to natural piety, which is not inconsistent with the utmost liberality of speculation, and a refusal to beg questions of any sort.

Mrs Barbauld, like other persons of genuine fancy, had great good sense. Mr Hazlitt has mentioned somewhere her Essay on the Inconsistency of our Expectations. If ever she committed a mistake, she was one, we conceive, who would retrieve it, or bear the consequences, in the best manner. We believe that it is generally understood she did make one, when she married Mr Barbauld,—a “little Presbyterian parson,” as Johnson indignantly called him. Not that he was not a good man, but very much her inferior; a dwarf altogether, to one of her liberal dimensions. “Such tricks hath strong imagination,” even when united with the strongest understanding. The latter indeed sometimes only favours the trick, by using its levelling faculty with regard to the many, in vindication of the favoured object; and by a promise of being sufficient to itself, in case of the worst. But youth generally settles these matters, before the understanding is ripened; and knowledge and repentance are forced by society to grow on the same bough. To judge by her writings (and by what better things can we judge, if they have the right look of sincerity?) Mrs Barbauld ought to have had a Raleigh or Sidney for her lover. She had both intel-

lect and passion enough to match a spirit heroical. The song beginning

“Come here, fond youth, whoe’er thou be,”

has all the devoted energy of the old poets.

O Lady Anne Barnard, thou that didst write the ballad of Auld Robin Gray, which must have suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written, we hail, and pay thee homage, knowing thee now for the first time by thy real name! But why wast thou a woman of quality, when thou oughtst to have been (as thou wast at heart) nothing but the truest lady of thy time? and what close Scotch example was it, that joining with the sophistications of thy rank, didst make thee so anxious to keep thy secret from the world, and ashamed to be spoken of as an authoress? Shall habit and education be so strong with those who ought to form instead of being formed by them, as to render such understandings as thine insensible to the humiliation of the fancied dignity of concealment, and the poor pride of being ashamed to give pleasure? But alas! such vanities are practised by still greater wits than thine; and the more, for the world’s sake as well as their own, the pity.

The following is the interesting account given by Lady Anne of the birth and fortunes of her ballad: for interesting it is, and we felt delighted to meet with it; though our delight was damped by the considerations just mentioned. We used to feel as if we could walk barefoot to Scotland to see the author of the finest ballad in the world. We now began to doubt; not because we feared the fate of the person who endeavoured to “entrap the truth” from her (though the reception he met with, we think, was hard, considering that an author, at once popular and anonymous, is not likely to have escaped with too nice a conscience in matters of veracity) but because we lose our inclination to see uncommon people who condescend to wear common masks. We preface her Ladyship’s account with Mr Dyce’s introduction.

“Lady Anne Barnard, (born, died 1825) sister of the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of Auld Robin Gray. A quarto tract, edited by “the Ariosto of the

North," and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the Introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—

"‘Robin Gray,’ so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; ———, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy’s air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, ‘I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father’s arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.’—‘Steal the cow, sister Anne,’ said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, ‘Auld Robin Gray’ was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret.” * * *

“Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. ‘Robin Gray’ was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the ‘Ballad of Auld Robin Gray’s Courtship,’ as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.”

“The two versions of the second part were written many years after the first; in them, Auld Robin Gray falls sick,—confesses that he himself stole the cow, in order to force Jenny to marry him,—leaves to Jamie all his possessions,—dies,—and the young couple, of course, are united. Neither of the Continuations is given here, because, though both are beautiful, they are very inferior to the original tale, and greatly injure its effect.”

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

"Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound,* my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

"Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

"My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?'

"My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

"My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

"I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

"O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me."

Such is the most pathetic ballad that ever was written; and such are the marriages, which it is accounted a sin, not to suffer,

* "I must also mention" (says Lady Anne, in the letter already quoted) "the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing "To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea," say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whisper'd he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'"

but to throw off! The old man too, in this perplexity of perniciousness, is good and generous in everything but his dotage; and the parents not only take themselves for kind ones, but are so, with the exception of their will to sacrifice their child; and ignorance and example excuse that! Finally, the poor slaves who suffer from such abuses, and the cleverer, but in some respects not better taught ones, who think them to be tolerated, out of some fear of ill, or envy of alteration, agree to go on calling this world a "vale of tears," they themselves taking care all the while to keep up a proper quantity of the supply! To pierce into such old masses of absurdity is surely to prepare their general breaking up.

Miss Hannah More, a lady not out of harmony with these discords which the world have been so long taking for their melancholy music, is the one that comes next. It is the first time we ever read any of her verses; and she has fairly surprised us, not only with some capital good sense, but with liberal and feeling sentiments! How could a heart, capable of uttering such things, get encrusted with Calvinism! and that too, not out of fear and bad health, but in full possession, as it should seem, both of cheerfulness and sensibility! Oh strange effects of example and bringing up! when humanity itself can be made to believe in the divineness of what is inhuman! "Sweet Sensibility!" cries our fair advocate of eternal punishment—

"Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
 Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
 Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
 Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
 Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
 Instinctive kindness ere reflection's born!
 Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
 The swift redress of unexamined wrongs!
 Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
 But always apt to choose the suffering side!
 To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
 And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

And again:—

"Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And tho' but few can serve, yet all may please;
 O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence."

The whole poem, with the exception of some objections to preachers of benevolence like Sterne (who must be taken, like the

fall of the dew, in their general effect upon the mass of the world) is full of good sense and feeling; though what the fair theologian guards us against in our estimation of complexional good nature, is to be carried a great deal farther than she supposes. "As Feeling," she says,

" ——— tends to good, or leans to ill,
It gives fresh force to vice or principle;
'Tis but a gift peculiar to the good,
'Tis often but the virtue of the blood;
And what would seem Compassion's moral flow,
Is but a circulation swift or slow."

True; and what would seem religion's happy flow, is often nothing better. But this argues nothing against religion or compassion. Whatever tends to secure the happiest flow of the blood, provides best for the ends of virtue, if happiness be virtue's object. A man, it is true, may *begin* with being happy, on the mere strength of the purity and vivacity of his pulse: children do so; but he must have derived his constitution from very virtuous, temperate, and happy parents indeed, and be a great fool to boot, and wanting in the commonest sympathies of his nature, if he can continue happy, and yet be a bad man; and then he could not be bad, in the worst sense of the word, for his deficiencies would excuse him. It is time for philosophy and true religion to know one another, and not hesitate to follow the most impartial truths into their consequences. If "a small unkindness is a great offence," what can Miss Hannah More say to the infliction of eternal punishment? Or are God and his ways eternally to be represented as something so different from the best attributes of humanity, that the wonder must be, how humanity can survive in spite of the mistake? The truth is, that the circulation of Miss More's own blood is a better thing than all her doctrines put together; and, luckily, it is a much more universal inheritance. The heart of man is constantly sweeping away the errors he gets into his brain.

There is a good deal of sense and wit in the extract from *Florio: a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies*; but Miss More is for attributing the vices of disingenuousness, sneering, and sensuality, to freethinkers exclusively; which is disingenuous on her own part; as if these vices were not shared by the inconsistent of all classes. She herself sneers in the very act of denouncing sneerers;

nor did we ever know that a joke was spared by the orthodox, when they could get one. As to sensuality, we all know how many contrivances they put in practice, by the help of their butchers and wine-merchants, to enjoy it without scandal. The circulation of the blood does not stand still with them.

“Whate’er the subject of debate,
 ’Twas larded still with sceptic prate;
 Begin whatever theme you will,
 In unbelief he lands you still.
 The good, with shame I speak it, feel
 Not half this proselyting zeal;
 While cold their Master’s cause to own,
 Content to go to Heaven alone;
 The infidel in liberal trim,
 Would carry all the world with him;
 Would treat his wife, friend, kindred, nation,
 Mankind—with what?—Annihilation.”

Well said, but not true. It does not follow that a man must believe in annihilation, because he disbelieves in hell-fire; though if he did, the disbelief is a great deal better, and more creditable to God, than the belief. But the confession about “*the good*” who are “content to go to heaven alone,” is edifying. Miss More, at all events, is not one of them; but she need not be alarmed, nor reproach herself (as we think she sometimes must do) for having attained such a healthy and happy old age, and thinking so comfortably of going to heaven, while millions of her fellow creatures are going a different road. Wherever she finds herself, there will be a world of company; and an infidel will not be the less there, because he does not think he shall. What! Shall a child not be taken to see his father, and to receive kindness at his hands, purely because never having seen him, he has got a notion that he does not exist?

We must now bring our extracts to a conclusion. There are some agreeable specimens of Miss Baillie; an admirable ballad on *the Wind*, attributed to Mr Wordsworth’s sister; and some pieces by Miss Landon and Mrs Hemans, two popular writers, who would bring their pearls to greater perfection if they would concentrate their faculties a little, and be content not to manufacture so many of them. The passages from Miss Landon, we should guess, are not so favourably extracted as those from Mrs Hemans, who has

some noble verses on the Sea. The former of these ladies (to judge from their effusions, for we have not the pleasure of knowing either of them) is too indolent to take pains; and affects a thousand grave thoughts, for which she cares less than the trouble of writing them. The latter is too grand and gorgeous on all occasions; brings every one of her fancies out into the same prominence; and seems to think simplicity itself worth nothing but to make a show with. She stirs her tea with a sceptre; and sits among her domesticities, crowned. Yet she has both feeling and dignity; and Miss Landon ought to have been a very charming writer on the side of the pleasurable, instead of falling upon shallow admirers who fancied they understood her, and who have a natural instinct for the encouragement of wordiness and common-place. Both these ladies should take dozens of their poems at a time, and melt them down into single ones each; taking care to avoid that tendency to dancing measures and the modern Troubadour tone, which is a great encourager of rhyme for rhyme's sake, and beguiles effort into idleness by the complacency of its music. We beg pardon for taking this liberty of advice, which we do as friends and real admirers; being too great advocates of their sex in general, not to be struck, as we ought, with whatever is likely to exalt it in the particular.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of the *Glasgow Free Press* has been handed us, containing an article which has touched us on the score of our efforts and real wishes, beyond anything of the kind. We reserve the more particular expression of our feelings about it, for an occasion when the notice can be of greater use.

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THE COMPANION.

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“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

A BATTLE OF ANTS.—DESIRABLENESS OF DRAWING
A DISTINCTION BETWEEN POWERS COMMON TO
OTHER ANIMALS, AND THOSE PECULIAR TO MAN.

TAKING up, the other day, the last number of the Edinburgh Journal of Science, we met with the following account of a battle of ants. It is contained in the notice of a memoir by M. Hanhart, who describes the battle as having taken place between two species of these insects; “ one the *formica rufa*, and the other a little black ant, which he does not name (probably the *fofusca*.)” In other respects, as the reviewer observes, the subject is not new, the celebrated Huber having described a battle of this kind before; but as natural history lies out of the way of many readers (though calculated to please them all, if they are genuine readers of anything), and as it has suggested to us a few remarks, which may further the objects we have in writing, the account shall be here repeated.

“ M. Hanhart saw these insects approach in armies composed of their respective swarms, and advancing towards each other in the greatest

order. The *Formica rufa* marched with one in front, on a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses, composed of from twenty to sixty individuals.

“The second species (little blacks), forming an army much more numerous, marched to meet the enemy on a very extended line, and from one to three individuals abreast. They left a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend it against any unlooked-for attack. The rest of the army marched to battle, with its right wing supported by a solid corps of several hundred individuals, and the left wing supported by a similar body of more than a thousand. These groups advanced in the greatest order, and without changing their positions. The two lateral corps took no part in the principal action. That of the right wing made a halt and formed an army of reserve; whilst the corps which marched in column on the left wing manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army, and advanced with a hurried march to the hillock of the *Formica rufa*, and took it by assault.

“The two armies attacked each other and fought for a long time without breaking their lines. At length disorder appeared in various points, and the combat was maintained in detached groups; and after a bloody battle, which continued from three to four hours, the *Formica rufa* were put to flight, and forced to abandon their two hillocks and go off to establish themselves at some other point with the remains of their army.

“The most interesting part of this exhibition, says M. Hanhart, was to see these insects reciprocally making prisoners, and transporting their own wounded to their hillocks. Their devotedness to the wounded was carried so far, that the *Formica rufa*, in conveying them to their nests, allowed themselves to be killed by the little blacks without any resistance, rather than abandon their precious charge.

“From the observations of M. Huber, it is known that when an ant hillock is taken by the enemy, the vanquished are reduced to slavery, and employed in the interior labours of their habitation.”—*Bull. Univ. Mai* 1826.

There is no sort of reason, observe, to mistrust these accounts. The “lords of creation” may be slow in admitting the approaches of other animals to a participation of what they consider eminently human and skilful; but ants, in some of their habits, have a great resemblance to bees; and after what is now universally known

respecting the polity and behaviour of the bees, the doubt will rather be, whether a share in the arts of war and government is not disposed among a far greater number of beings than we have yet discovered.

Here then, among a set of little creatures not bigger than grains of rice, is war in its regular human shape; war, not only in its violence, but its patriotism or fellow-feeling; and not only in its patriotism (which in our summary mode of settling all creatures' affections but our own, might be referred to instinct), but war in its *science and battle array*! The red ants make their advance in a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses; the "little blacks," more numerous, come up three abreast, leaving a detachment at the foot of their hillock, to defend it against unlooked-for attack. There are wings, right and left; they halt; they form an army of reserve; one side manœuvres so as to turn the other; the hillock is taken by assault; the lines are broken; and in fine, after a "bloody battle" of three or four hours, the red ants are put to flight.

What is there different in all this from a battle of Waterloo or Malplaquet? We look down upon these little energetic and skilful creatures, as beings of a similar disproportion might look upon us; and do we not laugh then? We may for an instant, thinking of the little Wellingtons and Napoleons that may have led them; but such laughter is wrong on reflexion, and we leave it to those who do not reflect at all, and who would be the first to resent laughter against themselves.

What then do we do? Are we to go into a corner, and effeminately weep over the miseries of the *formican*, as well as the human, race? saying how short is the life of ant! and *Fourmis* cometh up, and is cut down like a Frenchman? By no means. But we may contribute, by our reflections, an atom to the sum of human advancement; and if men advance, all the creatures of this world, for aught we know, may advance with them, or the places in which evil is found be diminished.

A little before we read this account of the battle of the ants, we

saw pass by our window, a troop of horse; a set of gallant fellows, on animals almost as noble, the band playing, and colours flying; a strenuous sight; a progress of human hearts and thick-coming, trampling hoofs; a crowd of wills, composed into order and beauty by the will of another; ready death in the most gallant shape of life; self-sacrifice, taking out its holiday of admiration in the eyes of the feeble and the heroical, and moving through the sunshine to sounds of music, as if one moment of the very shew of sympathy were worth any price, even to its own confusion?

Was it all this? or was it nothing but a set of more imposing animals, led by others about half as thoughtless? Was it an imposition on *themselves* as well as the public, enticing the poor souls to be dressed up for the slaughter? a mass of superfluous human beings, cheated to come together, in order, as Mr Malthus thinks, that the superfluity may be got rid of, and the great have elbow-room at their feasts? or was it simply, as other philosophers think, because human experience is still in its boyhood, and men, in some respects, *are not yet beyond the ants*?

The sight of one of these military shows is, to us, the most elevating and the most humiliating thing in the world. It seems at once to raise us to the gods, and to sink us to the brutes. We feel of what noble things men are capable, and into what half-witted things they may be deluded. At one moment we seem to ride in company with them to some glorious achievement, and rejoice in constituting a part of all that strength and warm blood which is to be let out for some great cause. At the next, they appear to us a parcel of poor fools, tricked, and tricked out; and we, because we are poorer ones, who see without being able to help it, must fain have the feeble tears come in our eyes. Oh! in that sorry little looking-glass of a tear, how many great human shows have been reflected, and made less!

But these weaknesses belong to the physical part of us. Philosophy sees farther, and hopes all. That war is an unmixed evil, we do not believe. We are sure it is otherwise. It sets in motion many noble qualities, and (in default of a better instrument) often

does a great deal of good. That it is not, at the same time, a great and monstrous evil, we believe a little. One field, after a battle, with the cries of the wounded and the dying, the dislocations, the tortures, the defeatures and the dismemberings, the dreadful lingering (perhaps on a winter's night), the shrieks for help, and the agonies of mortal thirst, is sufficient to do away all shallow and blustering attempts to make us take the shew of it for the substance. Even if we had no hope that the world could ever get rid of war, we should not blind ourselves to this its ghastly side; for its evils would then accumulate for want of being considered; and it is better at all times to look a truth manfully in the face, than trust for security ourselves, or credulity from others, to an effeminate hiding of our eyes. But the same love of truth that disguises nothing, may hope everything; and it is this that shall carry the world forward to benefits unthought of, if men of genius once come to set it up as their guide and standard.

What we intended by our present article was this; to suggest, whether we ought to value ourselves on any custom or skill which we possess in common with the lower animals; or whether we ought not rather to consider the participation as an argument that, in that respect, we have not yet got beyond the commonest instinct. If the military conduct of the ants be not instinct (or whatsoever human pride pleases to understand by that term), then are they in possession, so far, of human reason, and so far we do not see beyond them. If it be instinct, then war, and the conduct of it, are not the great things we suppose them; and a Wellington and a Washington may but follow the impulse of some mechanical energy, just as some insects are supposed to construct their dwellings in a particular shape, because they partake of it in their own conformation. In either case, we conceive, we ought to remind ourselves, that the greatest distinction hitherto discovered between men and other creatures, is that the human being is capable of improvement, and of seeing beyond the instincts common to all. Therefore, war is not a thing we arrive at after great improvement; it is a thing we begin with, before any; and what we take for improvements in

the mode of conducting it, are only the result of such circumstances as can be turned to account by creatures no higher in the scale of being than insects.

We make very disingenuous use of the lower animals, in our reasonings and analogies. If we wish to degrade a man, we say he acts like a brute;—if, on the other hand, we would vindicate any part of our conduct as especially natural and proper, we say the very brutes do it. Now, in one sense of the word, everything is natural which takes place within the whole circle of nature; and being animals ourselves, we partake of much that is common to all animals. But if we are to pique ourselves on our superiority, it is evident that we are superior in proportion as we are rationally and deliberately different from the animals beneath us; while they, on the other hand, have a right to share our “glory,” or to pull it down, according to the degrees in which they resemble us.

The conclusion is, that we ought attentively to consider in what points the resemblance is to be found, and in what we leave them manifestly behind. Creatures, who differ from ourselves, may, it is true, have perceptions of which we are incapable, perhaps nobler ones; but this is a mere assumption: we can only reason from what we know; and it is to be presumed, that they are as inferior to us in all which we reckon intellectual and capable of advancement, as they are known to be so in general by their subjection to our uses, by the helps which we can afford them, by the mistakes they make, the points at which they stop short, and the manner in which we can put to flight their faculties, and whole myriads of them.

What faculties then have beasts and insects in common with us? What can they do, that we do also?—Let us see. Beavers can build houses, and insects of various sorts can build cells. Birds also construct themselves dwelling-places suitable to their nature. The orang-outang can be taught to put on clothes; he can sit up and take his wine at dinner; and the squirrel can play his part in a dessert, as far as the cracking of nuts. Animals, in general, love personal cleanliness, and eat no more than is fit for them, but can

be encouraged into great sensuality. Bees have a monarchical government: foxes understand trick and stratagem; so do hundreds of other animals, from the dog down to the dunghill-beetle; many are capable of pride and emulation, more of attachment, and all of fear, of anger, of hostility, or other impulses for self-defence; and all perhaps are susceptible of improvement *from without*; that is to say, by the help of man. Seals will look on while their young ones fight, and pat and caress the conqueror; and now it is discovered that ants can conduct armies to battle, can make and rescue prisoners, and turn them to account. Huber, in addition to these discoveries, found out that they possessed a sort of cattle in a species of *aphides*, and that they made them yield a secretion for food as we obtain milk from the cows. It appears to be almost equally proved, that animals have modes of communicating with one another, analogous to speech. Insects are supposed to interchange a kind of dumb language,—to talk, as it were, with fingers,—by means of their *antennæ*; and it is difficult to believe, that in the songs of birds there is not both speech and inflection, communications in the gross, and expressions modified by the occasion.

Let the reader, however, as becomes his philosophy, take from all this whatever is superfluous or conjectural, and enough will remain to shew that the least and lowest animals, as well as man, can furnish themselves with dwellings; can procure food; can trick and deceive; are naturally clean and temperate, but can be taught to indulge their senses; have the ordinary round of passions; encourage the qualities necessary to vigour and self-defence; have polity and kingly government; can make other animals of use to them; and finally, can make war, and conduct armies to battle in the most striking modes of human strategy.

Animals in general therefore include among themselves

Masons, or house-builders;

Getters of bread;

Common followers of the senses;

Common-place imitators;

Pursuers of their own interest, in cunning as well as in simplicity ;

Possessors of the natural affections ;

Encouragers of valour and self-exertion ;

Monarchs and subjects ;

Warriors, and leaders to battle.

Whatever, among men, is reducible to any of these classes, is to be found among beasts, birds, and insects. We are not to be ashamed of anything we have in common with them, merely because we so have it. On the contrary, we are to be glad that any quality useful or noble is so universal in the creation. But whatever we discern among them, of sordid or purely selfish, there, without condemning them, we may see the line drawn, beyond which we can alone congratulate ourselves on our humanity ; and whatever skill they possess in common with us, there we are to begin to doubt whether we have any reason to pique ourselves on our display of it, and from that limit we are to begin to consider what they do *not* possess.

We have often had a suspicion, that military talent is greatly overrated by the world, and for an obvious reason ; because the means by which it shews itself are connected with brute force and the most terrible results ; and men's faculties are dazzled and beaten down by a thunder and lightning so formidable to their very existence. If playing a game at chess involved the blowing up of gun-powder, and the hazard of laying waste a city, men would have the same grand idea of a game of chess ; and yet we now give it no more glory than it deserves. Now it is doubtful, whether the greatest military conqueror, considered purely as such, and not with reference to his accidental possession of other talents, such as those of Cæsar and Xenophon, is not a mere chess-player of this description, with the addition of greater self-possession. His main faculty is of the geometrical or proportion-giving order ; of which it is remarkable, that it is the only one, ranking high among those of humanity, which is partaken by the lowest ignorance and what is called

pure instinct; by arithmetical idiots, and architectural bees. Idiots have been known to solve difficult arithmetical questions, by taking a thought which they could do for no other purpose; that is to say, by reference to some undiscovered faculty within them, that looks very like an instinct, and the result of the presence or absence of something, which is not common to higher organization. In *Jame-son's Philosophical Journal* for April,* is a conjecture, that the hexagonal plan of the cells of a hornet is derived from the structure of its fore-legs. It has often struck us, that the architecture of the cells of bees might be owing to a similar guidance of conformation; and by the like analogy, extraordinary powers of arithmetic might be traceable to some physical peculiarity, or a tendency to it; such as the indication of a sixth finger on the hands of one of the calculating boys, that were lately so much talked of. We have sometimes thought, that even the illustrious Newton had a face and a set of features, singularly accordant with mathematical uniformity and precision. And there is a professional cast of countenance attributed, not perhaps without reason, to warriors of the more mechanical order. Washington's face was as cut and dry as a diagram.

It may be argued, that whatever proofs may exist of the acquaintance of insects with the art of war, or at least with their power of joining battle under the ordinary appearances of skill and science, it does not follow that they conduct the matter with the real science of human beings, or that they are acquainted with our variety of tactics, or have made improvements in them from time to time. We concede, that in all probability there is a distinction between the exercise of the most rational-looking instincts on the part of a lower animal, and that of the most instinctive-

* See the *Magazine of Natural History* for July, a work lately set up. We beg leave to recommend this, and all similar works, to the lovers of truth and enquiry in general; physical discovery having greater alliance with moral, than is suspected; and the habit of sincere investigation on all points being greatly encouraged by its existence on any one.

looking reason on the side of man; but where the two classes have so much in common in any one particular, what we mean to shew is, that in that particular it is more difficult than in others to pronounce where the limit between conscious and unconscious skill is to be drawn; and that so far, we have no pretension which other animals may not dispute with us. It has been often wondered, that a great general is not in other respects a man above the vulgar; that he is not a better speaker than others, a better writer, or thinker, or possessed of greater address; in short, that he has no qualities but such as are essential to him in his military capacity. This again looks like a proof of the mechanical nature of a general's ability. We believe it may be said exclusively of military talents, and of one or two others connected with the mathematics, that they are the only ones capable of attaining to greatness and celebrity in their respective departments, with a destitution of taste or knowledge in every other. Every other great talent partakes more or less of a sympathy with greatness in other shapes. The fine arts have their harmonies in common: wit implies a stock of ideas: the legislator—(we do not mean the ordinary conductors of government, for they, as one of them said, require much less wisdom than the world supposes; and it may be added, impose upon the world somewhat in the same manner as military leaders, by dint of the size and potency of their operations)—the legislator makes a profound study of all the wants of mankind; and poetry and philosophy shew the height at which they live, by “looking abroad into universality.”

Far be it from us to undervalue the *use* of any science, especially in the hands of those who are capable of so looking abroad, and seeing where it can advance the good of the community. The commonest genuine soldier has a merit in his way, which we are far from disesteeming. Without a portion of his fortitude, no man has the power to be useful. But we are speaking of intellects capable of leading society onwards, and not of instruments however respectable: and unfortunately (generally speaking) the greatest soldiers are fit only to be instruments, not leaders. Once

and away it happens luckily that they suit the times they live in. Washington is an instance: and yet if ever great man looked like "a tool in the hands of Providence," it was he. He appears to have been always the same man, from first to last, employed or unemployed, known or unknown;—the same steady, dry-looking, determined person, cut and carved like a piece of ebony for the genius of the times to rule with. Before the work was begun, there he was, a sort of born patriarchal staff, governing herds and slaves; and when the work was over, he was found in his old place, with the same carved countenance, and the same stiff inflexibility, governing them still. And his *slaves* were found with him. This is what a soldier ought to be. Not indeed if the world were to advance by their means, and theirs only; but that is impossible. Washington was only the sword with which Franklin and the spirit of revolution worked out their purposes; and a sword should be nothing but a sword. The moment soldiers come to direct the intellect of their age, they make a sorry business of it. Napoleon himself did. Frederick did. Even Cæsar failed. As to Alfred the Great, he was not so much a general fighting with generals, as a universal genius warring with barbarism and adversity; and it took a load of sorrow to make even him the demigod he was.

"Stand upon the ancient ways," says Bacon, "and see what steps may be taken for progression." Look, for the same purpose, (it may be said) upon the rest of the animal creation, and consider the qualities in which they have *no share* with you. Of the others, you may well doubt the greatness, considered as movers, and not instruments, towards progression. It is among the remainder you must seek for the advancement of your species. An insect can be a provider of the necessities of life, and he can exercise power, and organize violence. He can be a builder; he can be a soldier; he can be a king. But to all appearance, he is the same as he was ever, and his works perish with him. If insects have such and such an establishment among them, we conceive they will have it always, unless men can alter it for them. If they have no such establishment, they are of themselves incapa-

ble of admitting it. It is men only that add and improve. Men only can bequeath their souls for the benefit of posterity, in the shape of arts and books. Men only can philosophize, and reform, and cast off old customs, and take steps for laying the whole globe nearer to the sun of wisdom and happiness: and in proportion as you find them capable of so hoping and so working, you recognize their superiority to the brutes that perish.

ADAM'S FORESIGHT OF THE EVILS OF THE MARRIED SYSTEM, AS NOW PREVAILING.

IN our last number, there was a quotation from Milton upon this subject, which though apposite to it in one respect, was not the passage we intended to give. Not having our books with us, and being at a distance from them, we were obliged to trouble a friend to make the extract for us; and he, in his anxiety to hit upon the right one, missed it. If his zeal had been less, he would have found it as easily as the heart in his bosom.

We have since met with a reference to the very passage in one of Mr Hazlitt's Essays, and shall take the opportunity of strengthening our quotation with his own introduction of it.

"How few," says he, "out of the infinite number of those that marry and are given in marriage, wed with those they would prefer to all the world; nay, how far the greater proportion are joined together by mere motives of convenience, accident, recommendation of friends, or indeed not unfrequently by the very fear of the event, by repugnance and a sort of fatal fascination: yet the tie is for life, not to be shaken off but with disgrace or death: a man no longer lives to himself, but is a body (as well as mind) chained to another, in spite of himself—

'Like life and death in disproportion met.'

"So Milton (perhaps from his own experience) makes Adam exclaim in the vehemence of his despair—

‘ For either

He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him or mistake ;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain’d
By a far worse ; or if she love, withheld
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link’d and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate and shame ;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.’ ”

Table Talk, vol. i, p. 224.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES.

Yet once more, O ye fair ones, and once more
Ye ladies brown, with bright eyes ever dear,
We come to pluck your fancies, sweet and good,
And with pleas’d fingers rude
Borrow your leaves for our Companions here.

NOT having room enough in our last number for a charming domestic ballad attributed to Mr Wordsworth’s sister, we were compelled to omit it. Having a little too much in our present, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to lay it before the reader.

“ ADDRESS TO A CHILD DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

“ What way does the wind come? what way does he go?
He rides over the water and over the snow,
Thro’ wood and thro’ vale ; and o’er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb takes his sounding flight.
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see ;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There’s never a scholar in England knows.

“ He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp larum ;—but if you should look,
There’s nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

“ Sometimes he’ll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ;
Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place ?
Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he’s left for a bed for beggars or thieves !

“ As soon as ’tis daylight, tomorrow with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about ;
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That look’d up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show !

“ Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in battle :
—But let him range round ; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we’re snug and warm ;
Untouch’d by his breath, see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light ;
Books have we to read,—hush ! that half-stifled knell,
Methinks ’tis the sound of the eight-o’clock bell.

“ Come, now we’ll to bed ! and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care ?
He may knock at the door,—we’ll not let him in,
May drive at the windows,—we’ll laugh at his din ;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;
Here’s a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.”

We add the poem we alluded to, on the Sea, by Mrs Hemans.

“THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

“What hid’st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck’d of, and in vain.
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!

We ask not such from thee.

“Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining thro’ their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
—Sweep o’er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main,
Earth claims not these again!

“Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll’d
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill’d up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o’ergrown the halls of revelry,
—Dash o’er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

“Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather’d to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

“Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up thro’ midnight’s breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o’erthrown,
—But all is not thine own!

“To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o’er manhood’s noble head,
O’er youth’s bright locks and beauty’s flowery crown;
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
—Restore the dead, thou sea!”

In taking leave of this interesting work, we ought perhaps to apologize to the publisher for the very free use we have made of its pages, but as a bookseller, we hope we shall have not injured him ; and as a liberal man, we reckon upon his forgiveness, for the sake of the fair writers that have beguiled us. The work in truth has been of greater use, as well as pleasure to us, than we expected it to be ; for with buoyant hearts, we have great cares, and are subject to severe attacks of illness ; and these sometimes encompass us so strongly, and all at once, that having other writing to do as well as the present, we fear we make but a sorry business of some of our pages. Our health is really better than it was ten years ago ; but our tasks have increased ; and it is difficult for the greatest resolution to hold on an even course under all sorts of fluctuositities. Hold on we shall, and we trust successfully ; but this explanation must account meanwhile for any immediate failure of promise which we are unfortunate enough to make.

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THE COMPANION.

No. XXIX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1828.

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

A WALK FROM DULWICH TO BROCKHAM.

(Concluded from page 363.)

WE left Morden after tea, and proceeded on our road for Epsom. The landscape continued flat, but luxuriant. You are sure, I believe, of trees in Surrey, except on the downs; and they are surrounded with wood, and often have beautiful clumps of it. The sun began to set a little after we had got beyond the Post-house; and was the largest I remember to have seen. It looked through hedges of elms and wild roses; the mowers were going home; and by degrees the landscape was bathed in a balmy twilight. Patient and placid thought succeeded. It was an hour, and a scene, in which one would suppose that the weariest-laden pilgrim must feel his burden easier.

About a mile from Ewell a post-chaise overtook and past us, the driver of which was seated, and had taken up an eleemosinary girl to sit with him. Postillions run along a road, conscious of a pretty power in that way, and able to select some fair one, to whom they gallantly make a present of a ride. Not having a fare of one sort, they make it up to themselves by taking another. You may be pretty sure on these occasions, that there is nobody “hid in their vacant interlunar” chaise. So taking pity on my companions (for after I am once tired, I seem as if I could go on, tired for ever), I

started, and ran after the charioteer. Some good-natured peasants (by the bye they all appear such in this county) aided the shouts I sent after him. He stopped; and the gallantry on both sides was rewarded by the addition of two females to his vehicle. We were soon through Ewell, a pretty neat-looking place, with a proper old church, and a handsome house opposite, new, but in the old style. The church has trees by it, and there was a moon over them.—At Ewell was born the facetious Bishop Corbet, who when a bald man was brought before him to be confirmed, said to his assistant, “Some dust, Lushington:”—(to keep his hand from slipping.)

The night air struck cold on passing Ewell; and for the first time there was an appearance of a bleak and barren country to the left. This was Epsom Downs. They are the same as the Banstead and Leatherhead downs, the name varying with the neighbourhood. You remember Banstead mutton?

“To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead down;

“Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own.”

Pope seems to have lifted up his delicate nose at Twickenham, and scented his dinner a dozen miles off.

At Epsom we supped and slept; and finding the inn comfortable, and having some work to do, we stopped there a day or two. Do you not like those solid, wainscoted rooms in old houses, with seats in the windows, and no pretension but to comfort? They please me exceedingly. Their merits are complete, if they are wide and low, and situate in a spot at once woody and dry. Wood is not to be expected in a high street; but the house (the King’s Head) was of this description; and Epsom itself is in a nest of trees. Next morning, on looking out of window, we found ourselves in a proper country town, remarkably neat, the houses not old enough to be ruinous, nor yet to have been exchanged for new ones of a London character. Opposite us was the watch-house with the market clock, and a pond which is said to contain gold and silver fish. How those delicate little creatures came to inhabit a pond in the middle of a town, I cannot say. One fancies they must have been put in by the fantastic hand of some fine lady in the days of Charles the Second; for this part of the country is eminent in the annals of gaiety. Charles used to come to the races here; the

palace of Nonsuch which he gave to Lady Castlemain is a few miles off; and here he visited the gentry in the neighbourhood. At Ashted Park, close by, and still in possession of inheritors of the name of Howard by marriage, he visited Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, who probably used to come there also. They preserved there till not long ago the table at which he dined.

This Ashted is a lovely spot,—both park and village. The village, or rather hamlet, is on the road to Leatherhead; so indeed is the park; but the mansion is out of sight; and near the mansion, and in the very thick of the park and the trees, with the deer running about it, is the village church, small, old, and picturesque,—a little stone tower; and the churchyard, of proportionate dimensions, is beside it. When I first saw it, looking with its pointed windows through the trees, the surprise was beautiful. The inside disappoints you, not because it is so small, but because the accommodations, and the look of them, are so homely. The wood of the pews resembles that of an old kitchen dresser in colour; the lord of the manor's being not a whit better than the rest. This is in good taste, considering the rest; and Col. Howard, who has the reputation of being a liberal man, probably keeps the church just as he found it, without thinking about the matter. At any rate, he does not exalt himself, in a Christian assembly, at the expense of his neighbours. But loving old churches as I do, and looking forward to a time, when a Christianity still more worthy of the name shall be preached in them, I could not help wishing that the inside were more worthy of the out. A coating of shining walnut, a painting at one end, and a small organ with its dark wood and its golden-looking pipes at the other, would make, at no great expense to a wealthy man, a jewel of an interior, worthy of the lovely spot in which the church is situate. One cannot help desiring something of this kind the more, on account of what has been done for other village churches in the neighbourhood, which we shall presently notice. Epsom church, we believe, is among them; the outside unquestionably (we have not seen the interior); and a spire has been added, which makes a pretty addition to the scenery. The only ornaments of Ashted church, besides two or three monuments of the Howards, are the family 'scutcheon, and that of his Sacred

Majesty Charles the Second; which I suppose was put up at the time of his restoration or his visit, and has remained ever since, the lion still looking lively and threatening. One imagines the court coming to church, and the whole place filled with perukes and courtiers, with love-locks and rustling silks. Sir Robert is in a state of exaltation. Dryden stands near him, observant. Charles composes his face to the sermon, upon which Buckingham and Sedley are cracking almost unbearable jokes behind their gloves; and the poor village maidens, gaping alternately at his Majesty's sacred visage and the profane beauty of the Duchess of Cleveland, and then losing their eyes among "a power" of cavaliers, "the handsomest men as ever was," are in a way to bring the hearts, thumping in their boddices, to a fine market. I wonder how many descendants there are of Earls and Marquises living this minute at Epsom! How much noble blood ignobly occupied with dairies and ploughs, and looking *gules* in the cheeks of bumpkins.

Ashted Park has some fine walnut trees (Surrey is the great garden of walnuts) and one of the noblest limes I ever saw. The park is well kept, has a pretty lodge and game-keeper's house with roses at the doors; and a farm-cottage, where the "gentlefolks" may play at rustics. A lady of quality, in a boddice, gives one some how a pretty notion; especially if she has a heart high enough really to sympathize with humility. The late Earl of Exeter lived unknown for some time in a village, under the name of Jones (was not that a good name to select?) and married a country-girl, whom he took to Burleigh House, and then for the first time told her she was the mistress of it and a Countess! This is a romance of real life, which has been deservedly envied. If I, instead of being a shattered student, an old intellectual soldier, "not worth a lady's eye," and forced to compose his frame to abide the biddings of his resolution, were a young fellow in the bloom of life, and equally clever and penniless, I cannot imagine a fortune of which I should be *prouder*, and which would give me a right to take a manlier aspect in the eyes of love, than to owe everything I had in the world, down to my very shoe-strings, to a woman who should have played over the same story with me, the sexes being reversed; who should say, "you took me for a cottager, and I am a Countess; and this is the only deception you will ever have to forgive me." What a pleasure to strive after daily excellence, in order to show one's gratitude to such a woman; to fight for her; to suffer for her; to wear her name, like a priceless jewel; to hold her hand in long sickness, and look in her face when it had lost its beauty; to say, questioning, "You know how I love you?" and for her to answer with such a face of truth, that nothing but exceeding health could hinder one from being faint with adoring her. Alas! why are not all hearts that are capable of love, rich in the knowledge how to shew it; which would supersede the necessity of other riches? Or indeed, are not all hearts which are truly so capable, gifted with the riches by the capacity?

Forgive me this dream under the walnut-trees of Ashted Park; and let us return to the colder loves of the age of Charles the Second. I thought to give you a good picture of Epsom, by turning to Shadwell's comedy of 'Epsom Wells;' but it contains nothing of any sort except a sketch of a wittol or two, though Sedley is said to have helped him in it, and though (probably on that account) it was very successful.

Pepys, however, will supply us with a scene or two:—

"26th, Lord's-day.—Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr Minnes's house, and thence to Durdan's, and walked within the court-yard, &c. to the bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London). Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking; which is very pleasant, seeing how they are there without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. *But Lord!* to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there. We went through Nonesuch Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court; and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King, to carry up to court."—Vol. i. p. 241.

If the sign of the King's Head at Epsom is still where it used to be, it appears from another passage, that we had merry ghosts next door to us.

"14th.—To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the Well, where much company. And to the town, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house. Here Tom Wilson came to me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr Fuller (Tom), and Dr Pierson, and several of the great cavalier persons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and I talked with two women that farm the well at 12*l.* per annum, of the lord of the manor, Mr Evelyn, with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the king of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the king, at the ball I was at at our court last winter, and also their son, a knight of the bath, were at church this morning. I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, free from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; and *we took notice* of his woollen knit *stockings*, of two colours mixed."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

This place was still in high condition at the beginning of the next century, as appears from Toland's account of it, quoted in the 'History of Epsom, by an Inhabitant.' After a "flowery,"

as the writer justly calls it, but perhaps not undeserved account of the pleasures of the place, outside as well as in, he says—

“The two rival bowling-greens are not to be forgotten, on which all the company, after diverting themselves in the morning, according to their fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on the Saturday and Monday. Here are also raffling tables, with music playing most of the day; and the nights are generally crowned with dancing. All new comers are awakened out of their sleep the first morning, by the same music, which goes to welcome them to Epsom.

“You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house, with the choicest fruits, herbs, and flowers; with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, the rarest fish and venison; and with every kind of butchers’ meat, among which the Banstead Down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

“Thus to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, either accompanied by their amorous swains or aged parents, striking their bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors (where they hourly censure and are censured); and to observe how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and cozen one another, is to me one of the chief amusements of the place.

“The ladies who are too lazy or stately, but especially those who sit up late at cards, have their provisions brought to their bedside, where they conclude the bargain with the higher; and then (perhaps after a dish of chocolate) take another nap until what they have thus purchased is prepared for dinner.

“Within a mile and a half of Epsom, is the place, and only the place, where the splendid mansion of Nonesuch lately stood. A great part of it, however, stood in my own time, and I have spoken with those who saw it entire.

“But not to quit our Downs for any court, the great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every morning and evening on horseback, and that range either singly, or in separate companies, over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object.

“But whether you gently wander over my favourite meadows, planted on all sides quite to Woodcote Seat (in whose long grove I oftenest converse with myself); or walk further on to Ashted house and park; or ride still farther to Box-hill, that enchanting temple of nature; or whether you lose yourself in the aged yew groves of Mickleham, or try your patience in angling for trout about Leatherhead; whether you go to some cricket match, and other sports of contending villagers, or choose to breathe your horse at a race, and to follow a pack of hounds at the proper season: whether, I say, you delight in any one or every one of these, Epsom is the place you must like before all others.”

Congreve has a letter addressed “to Mrs Hunt at Epsom;”—Arabella Hunt, the lady to whom he addressed an ode on her singing, and whom he appears to have been in love with.

Epsom has still its races; but the Wells (not far from Ashted Park) though retaining their property, and giving a name to a medicine, have long been out of fashion. Individuals however, I believe, still resort to them. Their site is occupied by a farmhouse, in which lodgings are to be had. Close to Ashted Park is

that of Woodcote, formerly the residence of the notorious Lord Baltimore, the last man of quality in England who had a taste for abduction. Of late our aspirants after figure and fortune seem to have been ambitious of restoring the practice from Ireland. It is their mode of conducting the business of life. Abduction, they think, "must be attended to."

From Woodcote Green, a pretty sequestered spot between this park and the town, rooks are said to have been first taken to the Temple Gardens by Sir William Northey, Secretary to Queen Anne. How heightened is the pleasure given you by the contemplation of a beautiful spot, when you think it has been the means of conferring a good elsewhere! I would rather live near a rookery, which had sent out a dozen colonies, than have the solitary idea of them complete. In solitude you crave after human good; and here a piece of it, however cheap in the eyes of the scornful, has been conferred; for Sir William's colony flourish, it seems, in the smoke of London. Rooks always appeared to me the clergymen among birds;—grave, black-robed, sententious;—with an eye to a snug sylvan abode, and plenty of tithes. Their clerly character is now mixed up in my imagination with something of the lawyer. They and the lawyers' "studious bowers," as Spenser calls the Temple, appear to suit one another. Did you ever notice, by the way, what a soft and pleasant sound there is in the voices of the *young* rooks,—a sort of kindly chuckle, like that of an infant being fed?

At Woodcote Green is Durdans, the seat mentioned in Pepys as belonging to Lord Berkeley, now the residence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and said to have been built (with several other mansions) of the materials of Nonsuch, when that palace was pulled down. It is one of those solid country houses, wider than tall, and of shining brick-work, that retain at once a look of age and newness; promise well for domestic comfort; and suit a good substantial garden. In coming upon it suddenly, and looking at it through the great iron gates and across a round plat of grass and flowers, it seems a personification of the solid country squire himself, not without elegance, sitting under his trees. When I looked at it, and thought of the times of Charles II, I could not help fancying that it must have belonged to the "Dame Durdan" of the old glee, who had such a loving household.

There is a beautiful walk from Woodcote Green to Ashted, through the park, and then (crossing the road) through fields and woody lanes to Leatherhead; but in going, we went by the road. As we were leaving Epsom, a girl was calling the bees to swarm, with a brass pan. Larks accompanied us all the way. The fields were full of clover; there was an air on our faces, the days being at once fine and gently clouded; and in passing through a lovely country, we were conscious of going to a lovelier.

At Leatherhead begin the first local evidences of hill and valley, with which the country is now enriched. The modern way of

spelling the name of this town renders it a misnomer and a dishonour, and has been justly resented by the antiquarian taste of Mr Dallaway the vicar, who makes it a point, they say, to restore the old spelling, Lethered. I believe he supposes it to come anagrammatically from the Saxon name Ethelred; a thing not at all improbable, transformation of that sort having been common in old times. (See the annotations on Chaucer and Redi.) An Ethelred perhaps had a seat at this place. Epsom, formerly written Ebsham and Ebbesham (Fuller so writes it) is said to have been named from Ebba, a Saxon princess, who had a palace there. Ebba, I suppose, is the same as Emma, *cum gratiâ Mathews*.

Leatherhead, like all the towns that let lodgings during the races, is kept very neat and nice; and though not quite so woody as Epsom, is in a beautiful country, and has to boast of the river Mole. It has also a more venerable church. Mr Dallaway, like a proper antiquary, has refreshed the interior without spoiling it. Over the main pew is preserved, together with his *helmet*, an inscription in old English letters to the memory of "frendly Robert Gardner," chief Serjeant of "the *Seller*" in the year 1571. This was in the time of Elizabeth. A jovial successor of his is also recorded,—to wit, "Richard Dalton, Esq. Serjeant of the Wine Cellar to King Charles II." But it is on the memory of the other sex that Leatherhead church ought to pride itself. Here are buried three sister Beauclercs, daughters of Lord Henry Beauclerc; who appear to have been three quiet, benevolent old maids, who followed one another quietly to the grave, and had lived doubtless the admiration rather than the envy of the village damsels. Here also lies Miss Cholmondeley, another old maid but merry withal, and the delight of all that knew her, who by one of those frightful accidents that suddenly knock people's souls out, and seem more frightful when they cut short the career of the goodnatured, was killed on the spot at the entrance of this village by the overturning of the Princess Charlotte's coach, whom she was accompanying on a visit to Norbury Park. A most affectionate epitaph, honourable to all parties, and recording her special attachment to her married sister, is inscribed to her memory by her brother-in-law,—Sir William Bellingham, I think. But above all, "Here lies all that is mortal" (to use the words of the tombstone) "of Mrs Elizabeth Rolfe," of Dover in Kent, who departed this life in the 67th year of her age, and was "interred by her own desire at the side of her beloved Cousin, Benefactress, and Friend, Lady Catharine Thompson, with whom she buried all worldly happiness. This temporary separation," continues the epitaph, "no engagements, no pursuits, could render less bitter to the disconsolate Mrs Rolfe, who from the hour she lost her other self knew no pleasures but in the hopes she cherished (on which point her eyes were ever fixed) of joining her Friend in the region of unfading Felicity. Blessed with the Power

and Will to succour the distressed, she exercised both; and in these exercises only found a Ray of Happiness. Let the Ridiculers of Female Friendship read this honest Inscription, which disdains to Flatter."—A record in another part informs us, that Mrs Rolfe gave the parish the interest of 400*l.* annually *in memory of the above*, so long as the parish preserves the marble that announces the gift, and the stone that covers her grave.—Talking with the parish-clerk, who was otherwise a right and seemly parish-clerk, elderly and withered, with a proper brown wig, he affected, like a man of this world, to speak in disparagement of the phrase "her other self," which somebody had taught him to consider romantic and an exaggeration. This was being a little too much of "the earth, earthy." The famous parish-clerk of St Andrews, one of the great professors of humanity in the times of the Deckars and Shakspeares, would have talked in a different strain. There is some more of the epitaph, recommencing in a style somewhat "to seek," and after the meditative Burleigh fashion in the Critic; but this does not hinder the rest from being true, or Mrs Rolfe and my lady Thompson from being two genuine human beings, and among the salt of the earth. There is more friendship and virtue in the world, than the world has yet got wisdom enough to know and be proud of; and few things would please me better, than to travel all over England, and fetch out the records of it.

I must not omit to mention, that Elinor Rummyn, illustrious in the tap-room pages of "Skelton, Laureate," kept a house in this village; and that Mr Dallaway has emblazoned the fact, for the benefit of antiquarian travellers, in the shape of her portrait with an inscription upon it. The house is the Running Horse, near the bridge.

The luxuriance of the country now increases at every step towards Dorking, which is five miles from Leatherhead. You walk through a valley with hills on one side, and wood all about: and on your left hand is the Mole, running through fields and flowery hedges. These hills are the turfy downs of Norbury Park, the gate of which you soon arrive at. It is modern, but in good retrospective taste; and stands out into the road with one of those round over-hanging turrets, which seem held forth by the old hand of architecture. A little beyond, you arrive at the lovely village of Mickleham, small, sylvan, and embowered, with a little *fat* church (for the epithet comes involuntarily at the sight of it), as short and plump as the fattest of its vicars may have been, with a disproportioned bit of a spire on the top, as if he had put on an extinguisher instead of a hat. The inside has been renewed in the proper taste, as if Mr Dallaway had had a hand in it; and there is an organ; which is more than Leatherhead can boast. The organist is the son of the parish-clerk; and when I asked his sister, a modest agreeable-looking girl, who shewed us the church, whether he could not favour us with a voluntary, she told me he was *making hay!*

What do you say to that? I think this is a piece of *Germanism* for you. Her father was a day-labourer like the son, and had become organist before him out of a natural love of music. I had fetched the girl from her tea. A decent-looking young man was in the room with her; the door was open, exhibiting the homely comforts inside; a cat slept before it on the cover of the garden well; and there were plenty of herbs and flowers, presenting altogether the appearance of a cottage nest. I will be bound that their musical refinements are a great help to their enjoyment of all this; and that a general lift in their tastes, instead of serving to dissatisfy the poor, would have a reverse effect by increasing the sum of their resources. It would indeed not help to blind them to whatever they might have reason to ask or to complain of. Why should it? But it would refine them there also, and enable them to obtain it more happily, through the means of the diffusion of knowledge on all sides.

The mansion of Norbury Park, formerly the seat of Mr Locke, who appears to have had a deserved reputation for taste in the fine arts, (his daughter married an Angerstein) is situate on a noble elevation upon the right of the village of Mickleham. Between the grounds and the road, are glorious slopes and meadows, superabundant in wood, and pierced by the river Mole. In coming back we turned up a path into them, to look at a farm that was to be let. It belongs to a gentleman, celebrated in the neighbourhood, and we believe elsewhere, for his powers of "conversation;" but this we did not know at the time. He was absent, and had left his farm in the hands of his steward to be let for a certain time. The house was a cottage, and furnished as becomes a cottage; but one room we thought would make a delicious study. Probably it is one; for there were books and an easy chair in it. The window looked upon a close bit of lawn, shut in with trees; and round the walls hung a set of prints from Raphael. This looked as if the possessor had something to say for himself.

We were now in the bosom of the scenery for which this part of the country is celebrated. Between Mickleham and Dorking, on the left, is the famous Box Hill, so called from the trees that grow on it. Part if it presents great bald pieces of chalk; but on the side of Mickleham it has one truly noble aspect, a "verdurous wall," which looks the higher for its being precipitous, and from its having somebody's house at the foot of it,—a white little mansion in a world of green. Otherwise the size of this hill disappointed us. The river Mole runs at the foot of it. This river, so called from taking part of its course underground, does not plunge into the earth at once, as most people suppose. So at least Dr Aikin informs us, for I did not look into the matter myself. He says, it loses itself in the ground at various points about the neighbourhood, and rises again on the road to Leatherhead. I protest against its being called "sullen," in spite of what the poets have been pleased

to call it for hiding itself. It is a good and gentle stream, flowing through luxuriant banks, and clear enough where the soil is gravelly. It hides, just as the nymph might hide; and Drayton gives it a good character, if I remember. Unfortunately I have him not by me.

The town of Dorking disappointed us, especially one of us, who was a good deal there when a child, and who found new London-looking houses started up in the place of old friends. The people also appeared not so pleasant as their countrymen in general, nor so healthy. There are more *King's* and *Duke's Heads* in this neighbourhood; signs, which doubtless came in with the Restoration. The *Leg of Mutton* is the favourite hieroglyphic about the Downs. Dorking is famous for a breed of fowls with six toes. I do not know whether they have any faculty at counting their grain. We did not see Leith Hill, which is the great station for a prospect hereabouts, and upon which Dennis the critic made a lumbering attempt to be lively. You may see it in the two volumes of letters belonging to N. He "blunders round about a meaning;" and endeavours to act the part of an inspired Cicerone, with oratorical "flashes in the pan." One or two of his attempts to convey a particular impression are very ludicrous. Just as you think you are going to catch an idea, they slide off into hopeless generality. Such at least is my impression, from what I remember. I regret that I could not meet at Epsom or Leatherhead, with a Dorking Guide, which has been lately published, and which, I believe, is a work of merit. In the town itself I had not time to think of it: otherwise I might have had some better information to give you regarding spots in the neighbourhood, and persons who have added to their interest.

One of these however I know. Turning off to the left for Brockham, we had to go through Betchworth Park, formerly the seat of Abraham Tucker, one of the most amiable and truth-loving of philosophers. Mr Hazlitt made an abridgment of his principal work; but original and abridgment are both out of point. Either of them would surely sell at this moment, when the public begin to be tired of the eternal jangling and insincerity of criticism, and would fain hear what an honest observer has to say. It would only require to be well advertised; not puffed; for puffing, thank God, besides being a very unfit announcer of truth, has well nigh cracked his cheeks.

Betchworth Castle is now in the possession of Mr Barclay the brewer, a descendant, if I mistake not, of the famous Barclay of Urie, the apologist of the Quakers. If this gentleman is the same as the one mentioned in Boswell's Life of Johnson, he is by nature as well as descent worthy of occupying the abode of a wise man. Or if he is not, why shouldn't he be worthy after his fashion? You remember the urbane old bookworm, who conversing with a young gentleman, more remarkable for gentility than beauty, and under-

standing for the first time that he had sisters, said, in a transport of the gratuitous, "Doubtless very charming young ladies, Sir." I will not take it for granted, that all the Barclays are philosophers; but something of a superiority to the vulgar, either in talents or the love of them, may be more reasonably expected in this kind of hereditary rank than the common one.

With Mr Tucker and his chesnut groves I will conclude, having in fact nothing to say of Brockham except that it was the boundary of our walk. Yes; I have one thing, and a pleasant one; which is, that I met there by chance with the younger brother of a family whom I had known in my childhood, and who are eminent to this day for a certain mixture of religion and joviality, equally uncommon and good-hearted. May old and young continue not to know which shall live the longest. I do not mean religion or joviality! but both in their shape.

Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours.—Mine is not so novel or luxurious a journey as the one you treated us with the other day; which I mention, because one journey always makes me long for another; and I hope not many years will pass over your head, before you give us a second Ramble, in which I may see Italy once again, and hear with more accomplished ears the sound of her music.

THE COMPANION'S FAREWELL TO HIS READERS.

THE COMPANION here closes his public appearance in that character. I would have continued the work with pleasure, had circumstances allowed me; but though it has succeeded perhaps beyond what might have been expected during the present ostentatious and busy imposition of gross goods on the public, I could neither pay it attention enough, nor afford to wait time enough, to get it up to a sale that should indemnify all parties concerned, without more help than the speculation was thought to warrant. I therefore take leave of my readers; shaking them by the hand all round, after the fashion in which they have encouraged me; and hoping to meet them again under circumstances more favourable. It has happened, that the composition of this work, like that of the Indicator, has taken place at one of the most painful periods of my life; which I mention for several reasons; first, because I like to be explicit among friends; second, because it will serve to excuse the hurry and negligence of a great deal of the style; and third, because I think it useful as well as pleasant to be able to tell the reader, that the pleasures I have described myself as feeling on many occasions have nevertheless been as genuine as my cares, and that the love of nature, and the pursuit of truth and good, are never without their consolations.

At no time do I pretend to be exempt from error. So far from it, and so little claim for reputation do I seek, apart from that love of truth which it is within the power of every heart, not absolutely foolish, to learn the value of, that I could as soon compare notes with regard to my faults as my good qualities, in order to see what we might all do for the better, if in these midway times between past opinions and future, men's minds

were not so uneasy, and doubtful, and beset with false pretensions on all sides, as to dislike a premature look of reliance even on themselves, and be inclined to attribute simplicity to ostentation. They require (paradoxical as it may seem, and so much harm have certain desperadoes of egotism done them) to be encouraged to think better of their own natures, before they can believe that you do not pique yourself on your faults, or that it is possible for any man, under any experiences, to merge the idea of himself in the consideration of all. That they will think otherwise some day I have no doubt; because it is clear to me, that although they are still in that "minority" of their understanding which Bacon speaks of, they have already, by his assistance, outgrown that stationary look of error, which was kept upon them by the hand of authority; and if we consider for how short a period we know anything of the very existence of the world (a sorry four or five thousand years at the utmost, which is like a dot of ink in eternity) and yet what an amazing progress in the short space of two centuries the community have made in the use of those new instruments of knowledge which Bacon put into their hands, there seems to be no reason why they should not learn of him in things ethical as well as mechanical, and arrive at a period when they shall agree to lay down all gratuitous beliefs, in order to see how much of them they may retain, and with what discoveries they can improve them.

Now to afford some encouragement, if it were only an atom of it, towards the hope and furtherance of the arrival of this period, is all that I aim at in my writings. I have my opinions on certain points, for I cannot help them; but I do not pretend that they are infallible; I am not certain they are true: I have sometimes even doubts and misgivings about them; only less painful than what I should feel in returning to the dens of superstition. All that I claim is, a right to state them with decency, in vindication of the great human privilege which Bacon set free, and which (never let it be forgotten) concerns our moral as well as mechanical advancement; and all that I yearn for, and that I would die and be forgotten tomorrow to secure (paying myself in one great sum of anticipation for whatever I might lose) is the open, grave, and sincere discussion of these and all other points interesting to the welfare of every one of us.

"The efficiency of any science in improving the powers of the mind," says the writer of an admirable work lately published, "can borrow nothing from its incorrectness." Why should there be a difference in this respect between mathematical and moral science? The truth is, that all men cannot agree to keep up a lie, even if it could be supposed advantageous; and the doubt it produces, is the signal that the time is come for its overthrow. I do not mean any one lie in particular, but all:—and to think that the world cannot do without lying, is to confound the pleasures of imagination with the advantages of moral truth; all which may co-exist in men as well as in children, as long as the unknown exists with the known, or there is colour in the flower, or a star in the sky. To say that men cannot do without lying, is to say that they cannot do without the discord that lying produces, and that makes them complain of the very existence for which they defend it. "In fact," says a French writer, quoted by the one I have just mentioned, "the distinctive character of truth is to be equally and constantly beneficial to all parties; while falsehood, useful only for an instant to a few, is ever pernicious to all the rest." And as it is impossible to stop speculative principles, and nobody, if he could, would have any more right to do so than others have to dictate to his (thus setting up his arrogant knowledge, or ignorance, out of a pretended hatred of arrogance) it is of the last importance that the world should come to just

conclusions on the great points upon which they are at issue. "Mankind," (to return to our excellent unknown author) "can never err in their speculative views without endangering their real welfare. It follows, as a necessary consequence, that the sole end of enquiry ought to be, not the support of any particular doctrines, but the attainment of truth, whatever may be the result to established systems." And again, to conclude with a large extract, which we recommend to the earnest attention of our readers :

"The greater the number of inquirers, the greater the probability of a successful result. Some will come to the inquiry under circumstances peculiarly favourable to success, some with faculties capable of penetrating where less acute ones fail, and some disengaged from passions and prejudices with which others are encumbered. While one directs his scrutiny to a particular view of the subject, another will regard it in a different aspect, a third will see it from a position inaccessible to his predecessors ; and, by the comparison and collision of opinions, truth will be separated from error and emerge from obscurity. If attainable by human faculties, it must by such a process be ultimately evolved.

"The way, then, to obtain this result is to permit all to be said on a subject that can be said. All error is the consequence of narrow and partial views, and can be removed only by having a question presented in all its possible bearings, or, in other words, by unlimited discussion. Where there is perfect freedom of examination, there is the greatest probability which it is possible to have that the truth will be ultimately attained. To impose the least restraint is to diminish this probability. It is to declare that we will *not* take into consideration all the possible arguments which can be presented, but that we *will* form our opinions on partial views. *It is, therefore, to increase the probability of error.* Nor need we, under the utmost freedom of discussion, be in any fear of an inundation of crude and preposterous speculations. All such will meet with a proper and effectual check in the neglect or ridicule of the public : none will have much influence but those which possess the plausibility bestowed by a considerable admixture of truth, and which it is of importance should appear, that, amidst the contention of controversy, what is true may be separated from what is false.

"*The objection, that the plan of unlimited discussion would introduce a multiplicity of erroneous speculations, is in reality directed against the very means of attaining the end.* Though error is an absolute evil, it is frequently necessary to go through it to arrive at truth ; as a man, to ascertain the nearest road from one place to another, may be obliged to make frequent deviations from the direct line. In the physical sciences, through how many errors has the path to truth frequently lain ! What would have been the present state of knowledge, if no step had been hazarded without a perfect assurance of being right ? Even the ideal theory of Berkeley and the scepticism of Hume have had their use in establishing human science on its just foundation. We are midway in the stream of ignorance and error ; and it is a poor argument against an attempt to reach the shore, that every step will be a plunge into the very element from which we are anxious to escape. Mankind, it is obvious, are not endowed with faculties to possess themselves at once of correct opinions on all subjects. On many questions they must expend painful and persevering efforts ; they must often be mistaken, and often be set right, before they completely succeed. To stop them at any point in their career, to erect a barrier, and say, thus far your inquiries have proceeded, but here they must terminate, can scarcely fail to *fix them in the midst of some error.* It is prejudging all future efforts and all future opportunities of discovery, without a knowledge of their nature and extent. It is proclaiming, that *whatever events* may hereafter take place, *whatever new principles may be evolved*, whatever established fallacies may be exploded, how much soever the methods of investigating truth may be enlarged and enhanced in efficacy, and how gigantic soever may be the progress of the human mind *in other departments of knowledge* ; yet *no application of any of these improvements and discoveries shall be made to certain particular subjects*, which shall be as fixed spots, immovable stations, amidst all the vicissitudes and advancement of science."—*Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, &c.* Second Edition, p. 130.

Such are the thoughts, and the writers, that in the short space of time since Bacon existed, have overturned inquisitions, and absolute monarchies, and bastiles, and lettres-de-cachet, and feudal rights, and have taken twenty other eating chains out of the very bodies as well as hearts of humanity, besides throwing open the whole world of scientific experiment; and shall the world stop now that it is becoming a man? now that knowledge and kindness are manifestly seen to go hand in hand; and when the Divine Spirit (for aught we know to the contrary, and indulging an avowed guess by the right of avowing it) may look to this very consummation as the object for which it made the world; desiring nothing so much, as far as regards our planet; nor ever so touched with a likeness of the shadow of grief (if without blame we may imagine Deity or its essence at all), as when, in the sinking of their inefficient hearts, men make a virtue of despair, under the title of resignation, and even calumniate the garden given us to live in, out of a hope, otherwise good, that we may attain to a still better.

For my part (and much thought and experience, both of them forced upon me by circumstances, must be my warrant for speaking of myself at all, and running a farewell to a trifling paper into such large speculations as these) I cannot help thinking, among other guesses, that something divine in the universe is constantly urging the mind of man to come to this better condition; and I am certain, that endeavour is good at all events, and that we can only lose in every way by the rust of a sordid acquiescence. The mystery why there should be evil at all, ought to be no more hindrance to us in our attempts to do it away, than the waggoner (to compare great things with small) ought to sit wondering at his cart-wheel, instead of getting it out of the ditch. But if I might guess upon this point also (and guessing might be a reasonable pleasure of the fancy under any circumstances) I should say, that at any rate evil need not be so universal or so constant as we are apt to conceive it; and that a deluge, or some such catastrophe as appears occasionally to happen, may, in good physical probability, wipe out the knowledge and greater happiness existing on our planet, so as to force it to begin all over again, and acquire experience *as it is now acquiring*. This may happen so seldom, that the world, instead of "the vale of tears" we are accustomed to suppose it, may roll and bask through the sky, for myriads of ages, in a state of good, worthy of its beauty; and probably all the other planets are for ever in this state, agreeably to *their* beauty also, and to what we conceive the nobleness and benignity of nature, except when those momentary evils, great in the particular moment, but little or nothing in the accumulation of time, may seem to render it the melancholy riddle, which we, who live in that nonage of its renewal, are so apt in our weak presumption to pronounce it "ever has been, and ever will be;"—words, unfit for a mortal tongue.

In taking my leave, and repeating my thanks to all such of my readers as have encouraged me privately or in public (and I have received but two hostile letters in the course of the work, and those were anonymous, and unworthy of notice) I cannot but express my particular sense of the article alluded to the other day, which appeared in the *Glasgow Free Press*. It mentioned my "sincerity" as the point on which I had most reason to pride myself (which undoubtedly it is, if I have any at all); and the writer said,—with a justice which I hardly expected to have been done me, at least not in so many words, and at this time of my life, that he had no doubt I should hail any system of good with delight, let it differ as it might with my own preconceptions. Such acknowledgments would be well pur-

chased by many more years of suffering than have fallen to my lot. I cannot quote his words, or my pride would certainly do it; for a friend carried the paper with him afar off, and I had not Fortunatus's Cap to get another in Glasgow. Would that I had Fortunatus's purse for a season; I would lend it the writer to be generous with; and he should fill Scotland with believers in good like himself!

LEIGH HUNT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It would be difficult to say, whether *F. B.* will turn out "a poet" in his own sense of the word, or not. He has enthusiasm, and evidently talents of no common order for one of his age; and he can recognize, at all events, true poetry in another, or he would not be such an admirer of Mr Keats. His sonnets also are very "clever;" but if his poetry is all of the same cast, there may be a doubt, at present, whether with a good deal of strength of desire, and occasional felicity of expression, there is not a little too *much* vehemence and restlessness, compared with the more powerful requisite of a tranquil, pervading, and conscious truth of sentiment. The doubt which he feels in the very midst of his own determination to proceed, is against him. Mr Keats neither felt any such doubts, nor excited them. If I were *F. B.* (and knew as much of these things as circumstances have taught me), I would ask myself whether I had a passion for truth in general; and whether I felt the poetry of the heart as well as the imagination, or what is understood by that term;—Romeo and Juliet as well as the Tempest; Mr Keats's Ruth (in the Ode to the Nightingale) as well as the lofty imagery of Hyperion. He will turn out no vulgar person at all events, if he be "a true man;" and will pardon us, whatever sort of celebrity he may come to, for the sincerity of this reply. At all events, we would not have him depend for his *life* upon poetry, poet or not.

To our Correspondents *J. M. C.*, *J. F.*, *S. G.*, *S. C. B.*, *Gilbertus*, *Anacreon*, *Lionel* (who likes our verses) and *M.* (who does not, but who makes a salvo in favour of our prose), we can only say, in this our last number, that we are sorry to take leave of them. If *Lionel* will send to York street this day fortnight we will see if we cannot find him a specimen of Mr Keats's or Shelley's MS., perhaps both. *J. M. C.* is informed that the "writing" alluded to in our last, is a *book*, and not periodical writing. We regret being compelled to leave one part of our Companion unfinished; namely, the translation of Chapelle's Trip to Languedoc. The work has been mislaid, and we cannot find another copy. But, it enables us, to tell the friend who mislaid it, that anything of ours is at his service, and that we have more pleasure in thus shewing our magnanimity at the loss, than anybody could have had in reading our version.—And so, each and all, **GOOD NIGHT.**

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